

August 12, 1964

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The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SUCCESS  
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# THIS WEEK'S WINNERS



## MARVILLE Mother's Choice NATIONAL BAKING QUEST NATIONAL WEEKLY WINNER

Mrs. V. LEGGETT, Nebo, Qld., wins a Philips "Explorer 7" Transistor. For her recipe, see page 43.

### 120 OTHER WEEKLY WINNERS

Each wins a Crown  
4-pint Casserole.

N.S.W.: N. Bagnall, Newcastle; B. Bayliss, Quirindi; L. Blanch, Macks-ville; F. Brewer, Orange; M. Bullman, Yass; O. Burgess, Hamilton; J. Burns, Carrathool; Z. Carr, Campbelltown; H. Diatchenko, Gooma; E. J. Della, Ash-bury; E. Dickson, Panara; M. Dwyer, Bogan Gate; K. Evans, Come-by-Chance; M. Goldsmith, S. Lismore; J. Grimm, Bimbi; M. Hadden, May-field; U. Hancock, Catherine Hill; P. Heisham, Lorn; N. Hood, Collaroy Plateau; C. Hunt, Warialda; A. John-son, W. Pennant Hills; E. Kassianos, Mullumbimby; P. Reed, Pt. Mac-quarie; N. Kleja, Punchbowl; B. Kolts, Crenmore; K. Kovacs, Camden; H. Marshall, Currabubula; S. Maurer, Inverell; R. Morgan, Manning; P. M. Oates, Macereth; B. Price, Greenwich; E. Rawlings, Narwee; A. Riding, Wauchope; M. Saller, Bass Hill; G. Silvers, Bellevue Hill; A. Stewart, Collaroy; R. Tanswell, Goul-burn; E. Turner, Weston; J. Waddell, Inverell; M. Ward, Harbord; I. Wells, Walsand; D. Wightman, Lismore; E. Wise, Wollstonecraft; E. Woods, Sans Souci; O. Sandstra, Pyre.

VIC.: M. Altanoxel, Doveton; B. Andrich, Elwood; N. Bain, Beaufort; O. Barber, Coburg; J. Back, Spots-wood; G. Boyce, Pt. Melbourne; P. Brock, E. Bentleigh; A. Currie, Mon-bulk; E. Davidson, Wendouree; I. Elliott, Wendouree; R. Ewart, Beau-maris; O. Frazzetto, Menzies Crk.; E. Heeson, Traralgon; J. Hodgkinson, N. Balwyn; G. Ihinger, Mt. Eliza; G. Jenkinson, Glen Waverley; N. Johnson, Bendigo; A. Kilby, Maidstone; L. Kuehnel, Norlane; D. Lindsey-Smith, E. Ormond; N. Marriott, Seaford; W. Montgomery, Torquay; M. Norfolk, Dandenong; I. Osborne, Clematis; C. Pemberton, Balwyn; R. Petard, Mit-cham; M. Pratt, W. Preston; V. Roberts, Swan Hill; A. Vaughan, Mur-rumbidgee; G. Whinfield, Castlemaine.

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W.A.: E. Angus, Attadale; E. Clutter-buck, S. Perth; D. Coultas, Bedford; H. Karali, Marradong; J. Lana-gan, Cannia; K. Law, Floreat; R. Luckwell, Fremantle; P. McEae, S. Perth; I. Milutinovic, Albany; D. Phipps, Brentwood.

TAS.: F. Allen, Lenah Valley; M. Braid, Roland; E. Bugg, Montello; B. Easton, Haddon; E. Gossage, Riverside; W. F. Lee, W. Ulverstone; I. Rod-well, Claremont; G. Turnbull, Smithton.



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### OUR COVER

● You may remember Dutchman model Willie K. as the boy who won the girl on our January 1 cover. Now, having succeeded in New York (see page 17), Willie shows new glances in this cover picture taken by Gerry Low of New York.

## THE WEEKLY ROUND with WORTH REPORTING

WE agree that "opposites attract." But, week by week, when we're blending various features into an issue of the paper, it's often a case of "like unto like."

As sure as there is a feature on one subject, another will come along — and another.

This week, with a section featuring the new swimsuits and the picture (opposite page) of the sea cliffs in Victoria, "like unto like" has brought together two other ocean waves. One is grave, the other gay.

The first (page 4) concerns the wreck on a Barrier Reef island of a French family who were sailing round the world. You may remember our interview with the le Serrec family last January when they were happy and confident and their yacht was all romance and white wings on Sydney Harbor.

It seems doubly woeful that she should have been lost in waters most Australian city dwellers automatically consider halcyon.



Mr. and Mrs. Shadmi

The gay one (page 62), much more in the yo-ho-ho tradition, was written by contributor Eileen Cramer after a journey from the U.S.A. to Britain by cargo ship.

An Australian dancer, who has lived abroad for many years, Eileen Cramer is now Mrs. Baruch Shadmi (see picture above). "We met in Paris two years ago," she told us. "He is a film producer-editor. He was born in Poland and, like me, has travelled in many countries."

### Mrs. Patten's opinion of Australians

FAMOUS British cook Marguerite Patten has returned home, but before she left Australia she told our Adelaide staff that Australians were most wonderfully polite.

"I have the impression that they are true people," she said, "honest about themselves, and unaffectedly gracious."

"Before coming here, I'd heard a lot of nonsense about 'rugged Australian men.' Nothing could be further from the fact. In my opinion Australian men are outstandingly attentive, courteous, and considerate."

"Australians generally — men and women — have hearts as great as their vast and enormously fascinating country."

Mrs. Patten gave two demonstrations to teenage schoolgirls in South Australia and was impressed by their interest.

"Education in the domestic arts seems to begin much earlier here than it does in Britain," she said. "It was obvious that their mothers had encouraged them to try cooking."

"The response to my questions showed that the girls knew a good deal about the very important subject of food and how to prepare it."

Mrs. Patten said young people could be encouraged to take an interest, if they were taught to prepare exciting dishes, instead of dull things like rice pudding and stew.

Mrs. Patten said they should develop a palate, but not too much of an appetite, if they wanted to retain their girlish figures. She had to watch this aspect of her work carefully.

"I'm a terrible taster," she said, "my own and other people's cooking."

"People are often shy of offering me their cooking. If only I could convince them that so-called cookery expert or not, I — like every other woman — just love someone else's cooking."



RED-BEARDED six-footer Ian Harvie, 26, of Heathmont, Vic., meets his sister, Helen, in London after his 15,000-mile drive from Melbourne. Accompanying Ian on the trip were Englishman David Hunt, of Bristol, returning to England after 3½ years in Australia, and schoolfriend Peter Barnett, of Balwyn, Victoria.

Ian went to England to attend his sister's wedding to Swiss businessman Peter Wegmann. The four-month journey took the three men through India, Pakistan, Persia, Iraq (where they battled a desert storm for two days), Jordan, Israel, Lebanon, Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia, Austria, Germany, France. Ian's comment on the trip: "There's just no other way to travel."

### Ole for "Carmen" at Lae

MANY an old soldier shakes his head in disbelief at the changes in New Guinea since the time he slogged it out in the mud and kunai grass. But that he'd ever live to see the day when opera would resound in Lae and Moresby!

True, it won't be full-scale opera, with chorus, orchestra, extras, and all the trimmings. But it will be professional — by the State Opera Company of N.S.W.

They will give two performances each at Lae and Port Moresby.

The company — a cast of ten, with pianist-music director Dorothy Hobart and orchestral recordings — recently finished a smashing successful tour of Mt. Isa, Tennant Creek, Darwin, and Alice Springs with "Carmen."

### TRUE STORY

WE asked the youngster for a picture of Lenin. He brought us a nice one — of Beatle John Lennon.

ADELAIDE artist Jacqueline Hick, in Sydney recently for her first one-man exhibition, is an artist first, housewife second.

"I was a painter long before I became a housewife," said Miss Hick (Mrs. Frank Galazowski, of Rose Park).

She has been painting "longer than I care to remember," has studied in France, England, and Italy, and her figurative pictures, mostly Australian in theme and mood, have won many prizes.

With four young children, she at first found it hard to stick to a strict working schedule.

"But I have it down to a fine art now," she said.

"Fortunately, the children are all at school, so I paint all day and do the housework at night."

"There's a fine understanding in our house — everyone knows not to come near me when I'm painting."

"But I'll never know how I managed when the children were little and underfoot all day."

That last is the question we would personally like answered.

### Yacht-racing aged 65

TWO Melbourne yachtsmen rang to say that Northam, who, at 65, won selection for the Olympic Games as a sportsman, will not be the first sportsman ever chosen to represent Australia at the Olympics.

They claim the honor to another yachtsman, Harold ("Mick") Brooke, of St. Kilda, who was 61 when he won the elimination race for the Rome Olympics, and 61 when he raced at the 1960 Olympics.

Mr. Brooke is still sailing. He entered the Olympic elimination races at Adelaide off Largs Bay this year in the Dragon Class, but lost the fickle S.A. breeze to a trickier. His son, Paul, is also competing in the Flying Dutchman class.

Both will be in there sailing, says "Mick" Brooke, the 1968 Games (hell to this month).

He began sailing as a bailer boy aged about 12, and hopes to sail for the Prince Philip Club, formed in Melbourne next February.

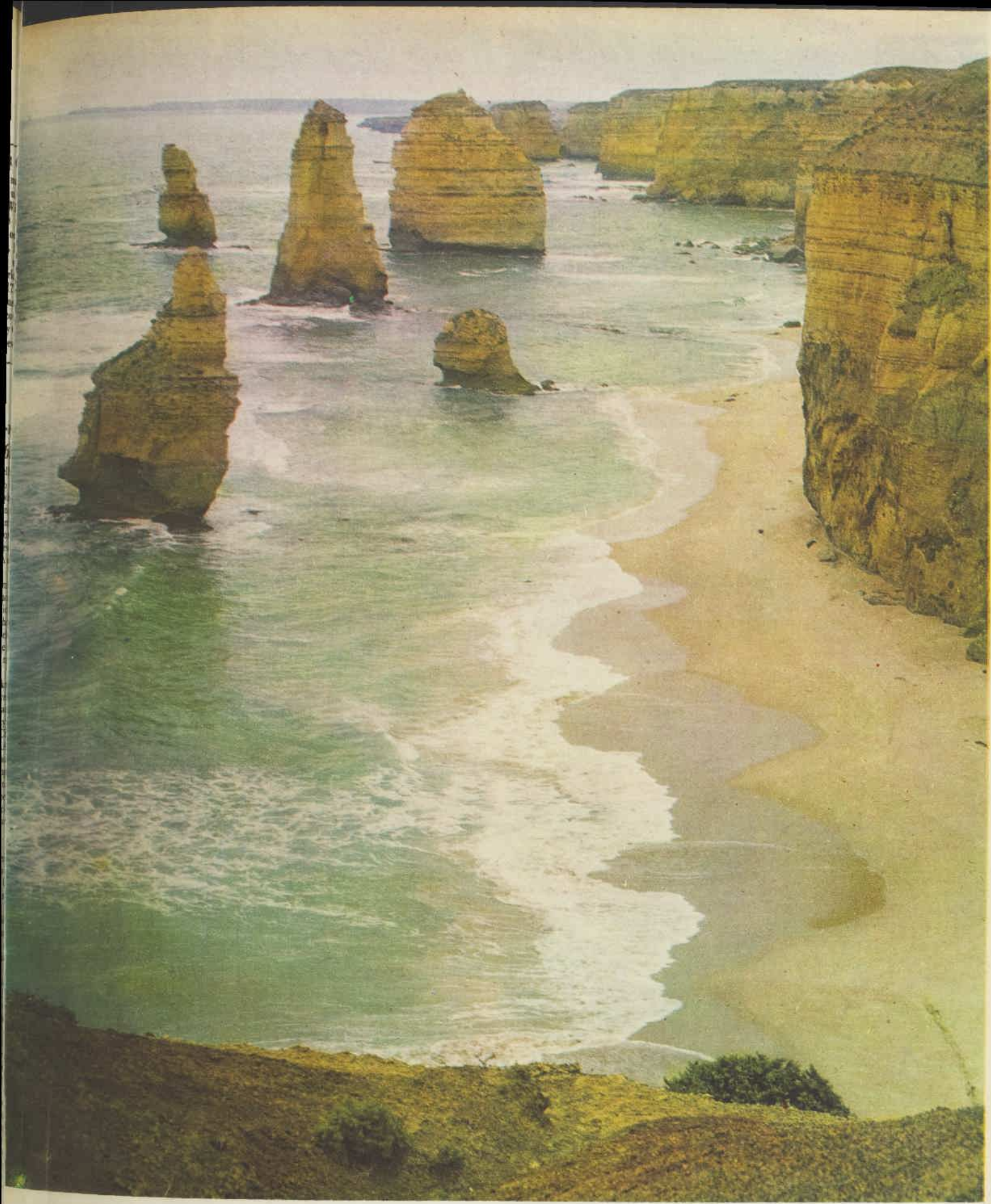
"We struck a bit of luck at the Rome Games," says Mr. Brooke, "because of what must have been a heavy disappointment in the yacht Ghost, which was winning in trials, was disqualified 36 hours before the race on the complaint of another competitor who measured it less than 11 inches. He could have lost this altered if he'd known the time, but his boat had already been passed and certificated."

The crew, Alan Cane, Jack Fitzgerald, set to sail him and readied the boat, but they were unprepared for such setbacks. "We have the use of only one sail, and sails left-armed."

"I've got a new lease of life," he says happily, "because two years ago I married a Canadian film passenger in Oronsay, America."

Mrs. Brooke had joined the ship to visit her daughter in Sydney to celebrate a birthday. Mr. Brooke had been visiting a sister in California. Both were in the typewriter business, with a widower, and they met on the lovely Inland Sea of Japan.





**BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA**

# The Apostles stand bravely

● Hewn and shaken by the pounding Southern Ocean, sculpted by the winds, the Twelve Apostles dominate half a mile of the coast of south-western Victoria; and here are several of them, rising to 150ft. above the sea. Sightseers marvel at the colorful coastline between Peterborough and Port Campbell—the brown, yellow, and orange cliffs have been eroded into deep coves, caverns, archways, and islands.

Picture by Adelle Hurley



# Round-the-world family from France meet disaster



**AFTER THE STORM:** Seven-year-old Annaich le Serrec, wearing her mother's pullover, tries to wring it out. At left, Gwenola, 3, and little Yves, 2. Both were born during the world voyage.



**LOADING THE DINGHY,** in which the castaways rowed 35 miles. They reached an island four days after leaving the wreck.



**ABOVE:** Strain shows on faces. From left, Joan Gordon, of Waverton, N.S.W., Raymonde le Serrec with Gwenola; Robert Gordon. **BELOW:** On the island, from which they were taken by a ship. Men are Robert Gordon, Sydney Forrester, of Leichhardt, and Hank De Jong, of Wahroonga, N.S.W.



● Four years ago the le Serrecs left France to sail around the world in the Saint Yves d'Armor (right). They were recently wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef off the coast between Rockhampton and Mackay. With them were four friends who joined them in Sydney. The mother tells the story of four days of peril.



## SHIPWRECK

By Raymonde le Serrec

**T**HE weather was clear as we approached the Great Barrier Reef. At 3.30 p.m. on June 5 our position was well defined, with High Peak Island eight miles away.

At 4.30 it began raining; visibility was reduced, and at night we could not pick up any of the lights.

Worried about rocks which extend off the Percy Isles, we tried to pass between these islands and the outer reefs. Currents dragged us from our course and caused the disaster.

Aware of the danger, I could not sleep that night. At 10 I heard a shout from Hank on watch at the bow: "Breakers! Breakers ahead!"

We rushed on deck and I saw the white line of surf just 200 yards away.

We manoeuvred to get away under sails, but a strong current was taking us toward the reef. My husband rushed to the engine. By the time he had started it our keel was already touching the bottom.

A bigger wave threw us on the coral with a terrible shock.

The older men started to inflate the rubber life-raft. I was ordered below with Joan and Hank. The children were screaming, alarmed by the water invading their cabin.

### Wait in dark

I dressed them quickly in some of my jumpers — the closest things at hand — and gave them their life-belts. My husband and I had sometimes discussed what would be done in case of a disaster. I just had to follow the plans.

Tinned food, milk, and water in cans were handed to the men to put in the raft on the deck. A sextant, charts, compass, waterproof matches, blankets were quickly gathered.

We sent an SOS on the radio, but the antenna was damaged. Now we all climbed on deck for fear the ship might fill suddenly.

A terrible waiting began. With the incoming tide the waves struck harder. Every time they pushed us higher on the reef. Every time more damage was done to the hull.

The deck reached an angle of 45 degrees. Higher and higher came the water. Joan and I joined the children in the raft. The men stood with knives in their hands ready to cut the lashings.

The children were huddled round me. Used to an adventurous life, they had promptly regained confidence. They were even arguing among themselves in the dark about a blanket.

I asked myself a terrible question: "Will I see my children die tonight?"

At 3 a.m. the water came so high that it went into the raft at times, raising protests among the children. What would happen if we had to launch the raft in the turbulent waters?

I asked myself a terrible question: "Will I see my children die tonight?"

All night we were shaken and soaked by the breakers. But as the tide went out the seas gradually died down. At 9 a.m. on Friday we embarked in the rubber life-raft and wooden dinghy in a lagoon in the coral reef.

We drifted for a few hours. The wind had now veered and we could make no progress toward land. We dropped our little anchor, fearing to be driven out to the open sea.

We had taken food and water for a few days. Our heavily laden boat could not take more weight.

And here we were, unable to reach safety or back to the wreck for our provisions. What if the contrary winds persisted?

Anxiety filled us. As supper we had a tin of beef between the nine and a few nuts, and half an apple each. The two children could not understand the sudden change in diet and kept asking for more. We gave them tiny bits of nuts until they fell asleep.

### Baby cried

We assembled all the gear in the dinghy and gathered in the raft for warmth. The canopy had torn during launching, and the strong wind now blowing drove rain and spray through it.

Our wet clothes became even more soaked. We failed to bail out the raft and sleep was impossible.

We could not stretch our legs. Sitting in the dark we shivered all night under our drenched blankets. The baby cried most of the time, making the situation more tense.

In the middle of the night the wind reached gale force. For hours we bounced on the furious chop, praying for a line to hold.

Squeezed in between my husband and Bob, crushed by the weight of the baby resting on my chest, I was experiencing the most horrible hours of my life.

To our great relief the wind again eased in the morning. We could not see any trace of the St. Yves, whose masts had still been visible on the horizon the previous evening.

At low tide we landed on the reef, which remained uncovered for a couple of hours.

We tried to warm up by running, but there were too many little streams of water.



## off the north Queensland coast



**ON THE WRECK:** Raymonde le Serrec looks out from the shelter of the life-raft lashed to the steeply sloping deck, in which the women and children took shelter from the pounding seas before leaving the doomed yacht. The sea is calmer now.

Our noon meal consisted of a few beans, more nuts, and a piece of apple. To make it more substantial we collected a few clams, and I had the pleasure of seeing the children eat with appetite the raw shellfish, which were rather tough.

Under the grey skies the sea looked sinister. The clothes and blankets remained wet in the cold water.

Using a nail as a needle, I repaired the hole in the tarp cover. The second night was less cold after that, but it was a nightmare just the same, for our nerves were frayed and our skins started to become irritated.

The next day was the same: cold and miserable, with the wind still from the north.

To our horror we had to spend a third day on the rocky reef and a third night in the tossing raft. Braving the cold, Bob and Sid slept in the gear filling the dinghy.

We in the raft did not spend a much better night, however, because sores were already developing on our bodies, an effect of the salt accumulated in our clothes two weeks after the rescue (they were not healed).

The baby was the most affected. For hours he would cry, making our wait more intolerable.

### Kept cameras

Gradually we sank into despair. I started to think that little Yves would not last if the bad weather persisted. On the big, comfortable yacht it had never been a great responsibility to have children around; now I was facing a different situation.

Without our noticing it the weather improved during the third night. At daylight the sea was calm and blue, and a warm breeze came from the east.

Exulting, we embarked in the 11ft. dinghy and started

to row toward an island, a tiny blue peak we could see for the first time above the horizon.

We left the raft behind, tied to the coral. This rubber raft was safe in a sea, but almost impossible to manoeuvre.

We had a better chance of survival in the dinghy, although we would be doomed if the wind became too strong.

We brought only the most necessary things, with the exception of a box containing cameras. When all was in with us, the dinghy had only eight inches of freeboard.

The men rowed two at a time, taking turns every two hours. They rowed furiously all the morning without much progress because of the current.

**WHEN** Robert and Raymonde le Serrec sailed from France their family consisted of Annaïch, aged 3. A year later Gwenola was born at Casablanca, North Africa, and one year after that Yves was born in the Bahamas. The parents paid their way by making films, giving lectures in ports, and taking occasional paying guests. When the yacht, a former Breton fishing boat, was wrecked they were bound for the Indian Ocean on the last leg of the voyage—which they still hope to complete in some other yacht.

At noon Joan and I took the oars while the men ate. It was almost better than having one's eyes glued to the too-slowly-nearing island. All day we rowed, rowed, and rowed.

Slowly the Percy Isles rose on the horizon, one after the other. As the wind freshened in the afternoon my heart sank.

But our dinghy proved seaworthy. She lifted with ease on the waves despite the weight. Confidence returned to me.

Night came. The island we wanted to reach was still miles away. Impressed by

the darkness, the men rowed more furiously, fearing a change in the weather. There was a terrific tension among us.

Finally, the shape of the trees became distinct. We were almost safe. Then we found ourselves in a turmoil of water. We were in a tidal rip, where currents meet.

With the energy of despair we used the five oars at the same time and rowed with all our energy.

Inch by inch we moved ahead. The water became smoother, the noise of the tidal rip ceased. We entered a small cove, and delightful scents from the land reached us. We dropped the hook.

It was too dark to find a landing-place among the rocks. We feasted joyously on three tins of meat and one of milk. But gradually we were seized by the cold.

Our happiness faded. The fifth and most horrible night began.

There was much less room and more cold. We were still wet, and now weaker. Our sores had grown. I almost wished we had drowned.

When the sun rose we landed on a small beach of yellow sand. After I had warmed myself at a huge fire of driftwood, I could not believe it was all true.

Water was plentiful in holes in the volcanic rock. We bathed in it, rinsed all the clothes and blankets. The sun shone above the green and mountainous island. By noon we were

wearing dry clothes. Life was good again.

The Percy Isles are on one of the passages used by the big ships, but as none was showing we picked shells and prepared to spend the night under a primitive tent.

Late in the afternoon a large freighter appeared in the channel. It was Mittagong, a bulk ore carrier. We fired a powerful flare to attract attention, and a launch was lowered to rescue us.

### Men's banquet

At 6 p.m. we were aboard the modern ship. We were directed to the showers and then to the officers' saloon. Blinking in the light, we must have looked as though we had never before seen the conveniences of modern life.

We all ate ravenously. Baby left the table as round as a balloon. The four men kept the staff busy for an hour; among other things they ate two pounds of butter and a bucketful of fruit, and they drank 12 bottles of beer.

Strangely, they suffered no ill-effects after the banquet.

The crew gave us clothing, toilet necessities, sweets, and cigarettes. A donation was raised which brought generous results. In the Mittagong we had fallen on a grand ship.

We disembarked at Bowen the next day, and caught the train to Mackay. From there my husband, with Hank and two Sydney friends, went on an expedition to the wreck. The yacht was badly broken up; little was rescued.

We would still like to complete our voyage around the world under sail. We will work in Australia and try to save for a small yacht.

I know it is going to be a battle, especially with three small children. But I like this country for the milder climate and the freedom, and this is the sunny side of our present situation.



**ALL THAT'S LEFT** of the 70ft., £12,000 Breton yacht Saint Yves d'Armor. It was uninsured. A friend of the le Serrecs, Douglas Pitt, salvages the propeller.



**AT LAST A FIRE,** and a hot drink for baby Yves on the island. They had almost no food left but were soon rescued.



**THE SUN COMES OUT,** and Raymonde and Joan find pools of rainwater in which to wash the salt out of everyone's clothes.

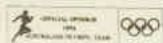




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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1976



# He didn't recognise Liz!

## (Rome was full of) (Cleopatras that year)

By PATRICIA JOHNSON

● Zenon Franelli, who once set Elizabeth Taylor's hair without recognising her, is determined to become Australia's best, most famous hairdresser.

AN exuberant Londoner with a head of hair that would make Beatie jealous, Zenon, 24, has worked in top salons in Rome and London, including Robert Fielding's and Vidal Sassoon. He came to Australia just a few months ago and is now a stylist in a leading Sydney salon.

Zenon's brush with Elizabeth Taylor came when he was working at Via Reggio, Rome.

"It was in the early days of the 'Cleopatra' shooting,"



MARLENE DIETRICH

he said, "and nearly every beautiful, dark-haired Italian girl made herself up to look like Liz Taylor.

"There were many of them at Via Reggio."

Zenon had seen so many could-be Taylors that he just wasn't prepared to recognise the real article.

"I did think at the time of an extraordinarily beautiful girl was," he said.

"She was a little too plump — but I don't like skinny girls, anyway — and she had the most wonderful hair."

"Elizabeth's hair is naturally blue-black. She has no tints."

"She didn't ask for any particular style, but said she would leave it to me."

"I dressed her hair very simply, falling full from a centre parting."

"She looked like an old-world cameo."

Zenon's suspicions were aroused a little by the "very substantial" tip she left.

"But it wasn't until the afternoon, when one of her entourage came in and told me that Miss Taylor was very pleased with her hair that I knew who my client was," he said.

"I nearly fainted."

Marlene Dietrich was another famous client.

"She is a true femme fatale," he said, "more so than Elizabeth Taylor."

Zenon set Miss Dietrich's hair before a Royal Command performance: "Wonderful hair to work with — soft, but not too fine to hold a style."

The Fabulous Grandmother has her hair bleached, then tinted an ashy Nordic blond shade.

"Miss Dietrich likes her hair simply styled, set from a centre parting, and a minimum amount of back-combing," said Zenon.

"She has wonderful skin and eyes. The whole effect she gives is shimmering, transparent — really lovely to look at."

Zenon has a firm policy when working with women's hair.

"You must never allow a woman to think that she is the boss," he said.

"When she comes into the salon she must put herself in your hands, and have confidence that the hairstyle you create for her will be one to suit her face and personality."

"If a woman orders me to do this or that, and says, 'But I NEVER have it done this way,' then I am afraid I just can't take much interest in the job."

### "Outrageous"

Zenon studied art and once wanted to be an expressionist painter.

"That is why I must give full rein to my creative powers working on a head of hair," he said.

His first name is Peter, but he changed it to Zenon as "more distinctive."

He believes that one of the secrets of his success so far is his self-assurance, "which is really outrageous," he said.

"I am an unabashed extrovert and I have complete confidence in my ability."

"I am also dedicated to hairstyling. There is nothing else I would rather do."

But there have been times in his ten-year career when even Zenon's self-assurance was tested to breaking point.

When he was 15 and working as a 32/- a week junior in a small London salon, Zenon had to bleach the hair of a client who, he remembers with a shudder, was the boss' fiancée.

"My boss mixed the solu-

tion for me, and I had to paint it on the girl's hair," he said.

"The hair began, slowly but surely, to turn vivid green."

"I was practically incoherent trying to tell the boss what was happening, but he was busy with another customer."

"He told me not to be ridiculous, anyway, as he had mixed the solution himself."

"But by this time the girl was in tears."

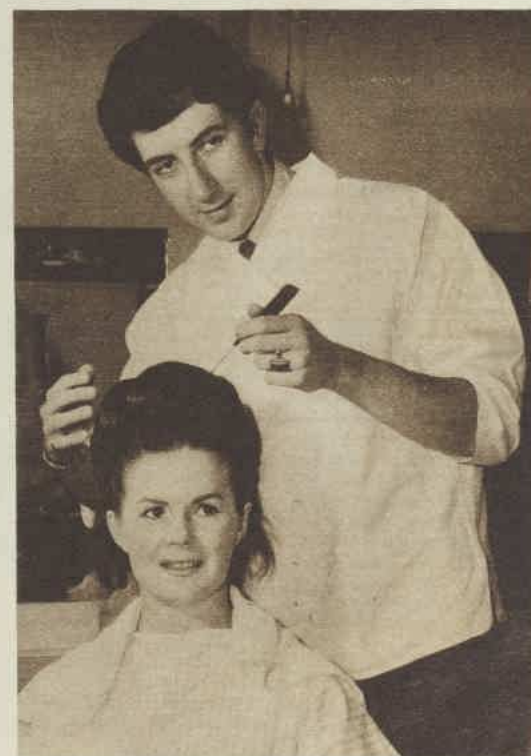
"We washed the solution off and gave the girl another dark rinse. At least she didn't have to go around with green hair."

"That day I learned the hard way that a hairdresser should never, never bleach or tint without doing a test piece of hair first."

Another disaster occurred six years ago when Zenon owned a small London salon in partnership with a woman hairdresser.

"My partner had long, ash-blond hair which was her husband's pride and joy," he said.

"A new perm for bleached hair came on the market, and she wanted me to try it on her."



ZENON FRANELLI creates a style for Sydney client Jenny Atkinson, of Point Piper.

"I refused at first because I was so dubious, but she insisted."

"I curled her long hair on to rollers and applied the neutraliser."

"When we put her hair under the tap to wash the neutraliser off the whole lot went swirling down the sink — hair, curlers, the lot."

"Except for a small piece in front she was bald."

### Bald truth

But that disaster was remedied, too. They sent straight out for a long ash-blond wig exactly like her own hair.

"For a year my partner wore the wig while her own hair grew underneath," said Zenon. "She claimed her husband never knew."

Zenon, the eldest of eight children, decided on a hairdressing career when he was 14.

"Before that I wanted to be a painter — I always topped the class in art."

"I also thought of being an actor, as my father is one, but I always remember Dad telling me that for an actor there were usually more dinnertimes than dinners."



ELIZABETH TAYLOR — despite a substantial tip, Zenon didn't guess her identity.

Zenon's mother was a hairdresser, and he used to watch her do her hair.

"One day Mum asked me to help her, and after that I always did her hair."

"She was the best teacher I ever had — and also the hardest."

"Nine times out of ten I would finish up in tears because of something I had done wrongly."

"But I learned more from her than from any other teacher."

Zenon began his apprenticeship at 15.

"Even after I had been hairdressing for three years I was earning only £3/10/- a week."

"For an 18-year-old, watching all his mates earning good money and taking girls to the cinema and things, it was a hard life."

But now the money more than compensates for those early years — especially in Australia.

It was while Zenon had his own flat in Chelsea that he first thought about coming here.

"I lived next door to some Australians, and their talk about Australia intrigued me so much I just had to come here."

Before he found a flat at Kings Cross ("I love crowds and noise, and it reminds me of Chelsea") Zenon stayed with the parents of Sydney girl Lynne Palser — one of the London-based Australians who helped him make up his mind to come here.

"I also look on Australia as a challenge," said Zenon.

"In London I was working at a top salon. I could have got jobs in Paris or Rome, but in Europe I would have been just one of a large band of top hair-stylists."

"I hope to go to the very top out here."

"The salon where I am now working is as good and up to date as any in Europe. My clients are charming and eager to let me go ahead with something new."

Australian model girls Zenon finds far easier to

deal with than London models.

"I dressed the hair of many of London's top models — including the queen of photographic models, Jean Shrimpton."

"Generally speaking, they are conceited, temperamental, and very 'I am.'"

"My favorite model in London was Jennifer Hocking, who is an Australian."

"When Jennifer came here recently for parades she got in touch with me straight away, and I did her hair all the time."

Another old friend who also contacted him in Australia was English singer Dusty Springfield.

### Dusty's secret

"Dusty always wears one or other of two ash-blond wigs — the same color as her own hair," he said.

"She's a very on-the-go girl, and can't spare the time to sit in a salon having her hair set."

Zenon predicts that hair-conscious Australian women will soon be following the lead of smart European women, who are beginning to switch to 1930s styles.

"The newest thing in European hairstyling is waves," he said. "The hair must wave softly round the face, with hardly any back-combing."

"I have an album of old photographs of hairstyles through the ages, and I predicted long ago that the 1930s look would be the next new fashion vogue," he said.

"I'm being proved right." After waves, Zenon predicts, will come curls.

"Hair will be soft, pulled back smoothly from the crown with a minimum of back-combing and lacquer. It will be caught at the back and then will fall to the shoulders in a cascade of ringlets — rather like an 18th-century hairstyle."

"As I tell my customers who come in looking for 'something different' — there's nothing new under the sun, dear!"





## It can't make the sun shine

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The Beatles' first film, "A Hard Day's Night," is now showing in Australia. A fast-moving, slapstick-filled comedy of a typical, hectic Beatle engagement, the film (United Artists release) pokes fun at the business and teen-fashion promotion. The Beatles temper their raucousness by also laughing at themselves. The stars produce some new songs, written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. The supporting cast is headed by Geoffrey Bradford Brambell, best known to Australians for his TV starring role in "Stepfather and Son."



THE BEATLES (from left), John, George, Paul, and Ringo, "fly" in a scene from the film.

## THE BEATLES' ACTING DEBUT



PAUL, hiding from fans behind a beard, and his girl-happy grandfather, Wilfrid ("Stepfather") Brambell.

RIGHT: John's face-pulling brings a perplexed look from Ringo in this film scene. The Beatles clown constantly.

GEORGE (below) upsets a teenage fashion promoter by disagreeing that a new product is "fab and gas." "It's grotty (grotesque)," is George's reaction.



PURSUED by police, The Beatles dash through one of the many madcap chase scenes in "A Hard Day's Night."



RINGO, told by Grandad to mix more with people, goes a bit too far and is arrested as a public nuisance.







IN THEIR PRIVATE rose garden English hybridist Harry Wheatcroft selects a magnificent head of "Dorothy Wheatcroft," named after his wife (looking on).



SURROUNDED by the only gold he loves, he shows off a head of "Golden Jewel." He has been growing roses nearly 50 years. Even the trousers he wears show his liking for color.

ENGLAND'S ambassador of roses, Harry Wheatcroft, will be in Australia for the first three months of 1965. He will arrive, as he always arrives anywhere, bubbling over with enthusiasm and information from everyone from the professional rose-grower to the small backyard gardener.

He will lecture, broadcast, make television appearances, or just plain talk to anyone who shares the interest which for half a century has been the passion of his life—roses.

The fact that he and his wife are going primarily to visit their daughter Josephine, now Mrs. Roy Simons, a doctor's wife in Perth, will not stop Mr. Wheatcroft from following his life's hobby, the publicising of roses. Nothing short of falling into a coma could do that.

Since he and his brother began to grow roses at the end of World War I he has travelled thousands of miles a year with the one aim.

Now 65, this colorful man, who has won so many awards that he long ago stopped counting, is just as keen as when, at nine, he would take a wheelbarrow into the streets of Nottingham to collect manure for the family allotment.

For Harry Wheatcroft, who is on easy chatting terms with members of the Royal family and prominent people all over Europe, grew up in no stately home.

He was the son of a jobbing builder in a back street, with only an out-of-town allotment in which to try his hand at growing vegetables for the family table.

Father Wheatcroft used to talk about Australia. He lived for a time in Sydney when he was a young man, and was one of the workmen who built the Town Hall.

I first met Harry himself through an Australian event. On the night of the English premiere, at Nottingham's biggest theatre, of "The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" he strode on to the stage after the final curtain hidden behind a vast armful of his prize roses for the cast.

Always a leading figure in theatrical enterprises in his home city, he believes that a welcome of flowers is the warmest a visitor can receive.

His many friendships in the theatre have helped to ease a sense of frustration at never getting far on the stage. "I never could remember lines," he says sadly.

But, as his wife points out, "Harry is at his best in front of a big audience. He has used his passion for acting to publicise roses. He hasn't wasted it."

Even today Dorothy Wheatcroft says her husband is a publicist first and a rose-grower second. He splutters at the suggestion and

goes right on with his world-wide trips to publicise the rose.

He has an actor's disregard of convention in both manner and dress. Last year he was awarded the George Bryan (Beau) Brummell plaque for "exemplary standards in the choice and wearing of clothes."

### Princess Elizabeth laughed

He shows it proudly to anyone who visits their lovely home, "The Paddock," outside Nottingham. But he denies that his choice of flamboyant waistcoats, gay evening clothes, and open-neck shirts and colored trousers was ever made to gain attention.

"I just think men are too conventional and drab in their clothes. I don't have to be in my job, so I'm not. I wear what's comfortable to the occasion and what I like."

Thus when he was introduced to Princess Elizabeth in the early 1950s at the Royal Chelsea Flower Show he was sporting an open-neck jacket-shirt and light-colored tussore trousers.

Lord Aberconway, then president of the Royal Horticultural Society, said in front of the Princess: "Ah, Mr. Wheatcroft, I see you haven't got your red tie on this

### ● Unconventional enthusiast (with a red tie in his pocket?) plans to visit Australia

morning," making a gentle dig at his strongly held Socialist principles.

This was too much for the daughter Harry. "But I've got it in my pocket," he cried, producing the tie with a flourish, and the Princess laughed.

Harry Wheatcroft has also been accused of looking more like a stage-coachman than a 20th-century rose-grower, because of his luxuriant hair and Dundee whiskers.

"When I began work we were at it from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. and often later into the night. I had no time for a careful daily shave, and I just let the whiskers grow," he said.

"ANNA WHEATCROFT," a floribunda, was named after one of Harry's nieces. Many of the family are thus honored.



"ALISON WHEATCROFT," named after a daughter of Harry's brother, Alfred, with whom he was many years in partnership.



"PAPA MEILLAND," newly introduced from the famous Meilland nurseries in France, is a hybrid tea with heavy velvety







**UNNAMED floribunda.** Harry believes it has a good commercial future because of its color and unusually big and well-placed blooms. He will market it in three years.



**WITH HIS SONS, David (black sweater) and Christopher,** he inspects a new "blue" rose they will exhibit this year. Most exhibition flowers are raised under glass.

# DO OF THE ROSE

By **BETTY BEST**, of our  
London staff

"Now they bring enjoyment to lots of people and make my life simpler—so I keep them."

They have also brought him some quiet huckles. Once when he drove a small girl home from a party she solemnly informed her parents: "Do you know who brought me home? Jesus Christ!"

There is a tough side to Harry Wheatcroft's nature and his first public stand in a moral issue was nearly the death of him.

Brought up in a keenly Socialist household in the days when the Labor Party in England was just a minority joke, he was taught to read a lot and think for himself.

When conscription came in for the 1914-18 war he was imprisoned at Wormwood Scrubs, where conscientious objectors starved, even to death.

Questions were asked in the House of Commons about the appalling conditions in the prison and finally, after some time in the prison hospital suffering from the effects of malnutrition, Harry Wheatcroft was released.

There were fears of tuberculosis and the family doctor said he must work in the open air.

His elder brother, Alfred, had been

apprenticed to a big Nottingham nursery, earning 2/6 a week, and now the two began their own business on one acre of what they call "the worst rose-growing place in England."

Within easy soot-blowing reach of a locomotive works, with no greenhouse in a hard-frost area, and with only a bicycle for transport, they began a market garden.

After a year they were able to buy 5000 briar stocks. By World War II they had built a flourishing rose business, only to have to plough in their acres of prize bushes to grow food crops.

## "Rambling Rose" was a caravan

After the war they started again, sold their own strains all over the world, and, thanks to Harry's penchant for publicity, became the best-known English rosarians.

Three years ago Harry left the partnership of Wheatcroft Brothers and formed a nursery with his sons David, Christopher, and Jonathan. The first two are still with him and, from a start almost as small as their father's, they have already reached an output of 1,000,000 trees a year.

"Conditions for the staff on our 250-acre nursery are somewhat different from

those we first knew," Harry says with a chuckle.

"When Dorothy and I got married we lived in our caravan, 'The Rambling Rose,' for four years. We parked it on the nursery slopes from September until June, living like real gypsies.

"Then during the four months of rose shows we would travel in it all over the country, taking our exhibits.

"Dorothy became a keen rosarian, though she was trained as a remedial physical-culturist."

Their second child, Josephine, was born ahead of time in "The Rambling Rose," with Harry's help.

Now the Wheatcrofts live in a manor-type house surrounded by rolling grounds glowing with roses.

Free to travel all over the world in his search for new roses and to judge at international shows, Harry is often away. He leaves the day-to-day running of the nursery to his sons.

"I hope to specialise in hybridising as soon as the new Bill is passed this year," he says, referring to a cause for which he and his brother have fought for years.

This legislation will mean that, as in Europe and America, the hybridist who has "patented" a rose will be able to demand

royalties from commercial growers for 17 years.

To develop a rose a hybridist may grow up to 20,000 plants and experiment for ten years or more. At present, as soon as it goes on the market in England, it can be grown by anyone who buds from it, without the slightest advantage to the man who spent so much time and money bringing it into existence.

"This has prevented many raisers in England from being able to afford this thrilling and satisfying job," says Harry Wheatcroft with a light of victory in his twinkling eyes. "From now on we should see many more varieties being developed in England."

Having seen the new unnamed beauties in his own garden, I guess that some of the first of these will bear the Wheatcroft label.

Harry has always seen roses as an aid in international friendship. This year he made his first trip to Russia, as a guest of rose-growers. He is already a familiar figure in America and Europe as a judge and a foundation member of the Universal Rose Selection.

It may be taken as a symbol of his attitude that he introduced the "Peace" rose into England.

**"JOSEPHINE WHEATCROFT,"** named after Harry's daughter, now of Perth, W.A. Blooms are the size of a large thumbnail.



**"PASCALI"** is a new white by Luis Lens, famous Belgian rosarian. Harry introduced it to the English market this year.



**"MAGENTA,"** a comparatively new floribunda evolved by William Kordes, of Germany. It has a most heady scent.





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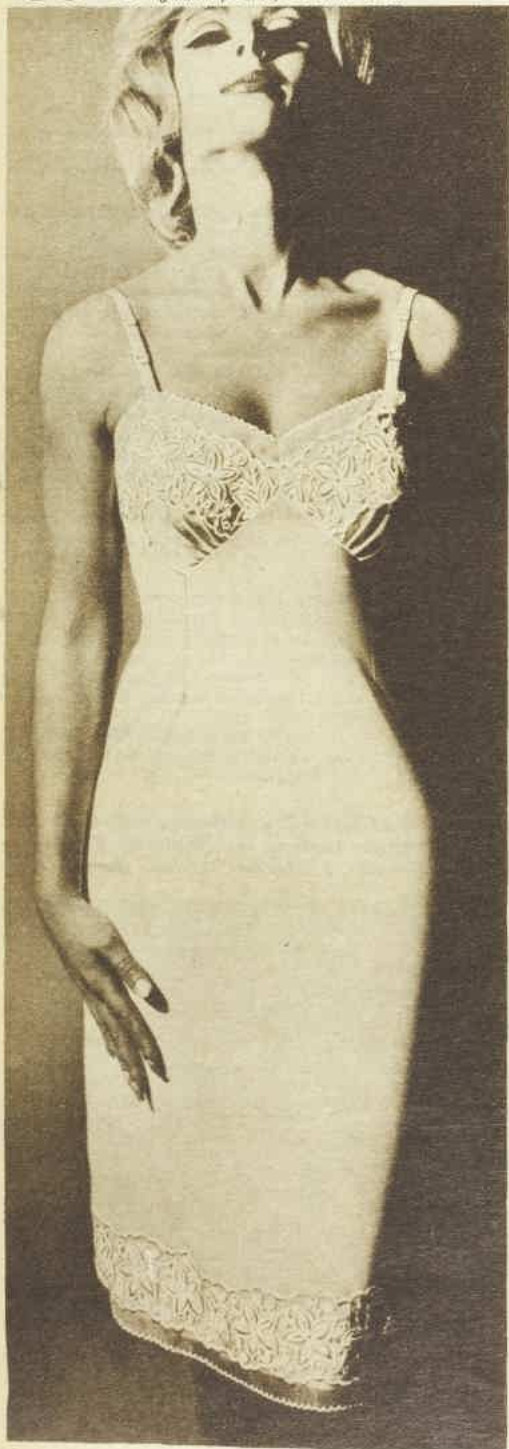
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# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

**HAPPY GROUP:** From left, Mr. William Sheehan, Miss Elizabeth Cox, Miss Ann Hartigan, and Mr. Hans van Wyhe at The King's School Old Boys' Union 40th Annual Dance, which was held at the Trocadero. The school headmaster, Mr. Denys Hake, and Mrs. Hake were guests of honor.



● In the fifteen years he has been at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, Archdeacon Clive Goodwin must have married more members of notable New South Wales families than any other clergyman in the city.



**JUST ENGAGED.** Miss Katalin Tassanyi and Mr. Graham West, who will marry next January. Miss Tassanyi is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jozsef Tassanyi, of Dee Why, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. N. West, of Northbridge. Miss Tassanyi is wearing a diamond solitaire engagement ring.



**LEAVING** St. John's Church, Canberra, after their marriage, Lieutenant John White and his bride, formerly Miss Mary Ann Morrison, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. T. K. Morrison, of Red Hill, Canberra. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. D. White, of Greenslopes, Brisbane. The bride wore a silk shantung gown with a beaded jacket.



**LEADER** of the South Indian Ocean Expedition to Heard Island, Major Warwick Deacock (left), and Mrs. Deacock with the patron of the expedition, Sir Edmund Hillary, at the reception members of the expedition gave in Sir Edmund's honor at Menzies Hotel.

But now that he is leaving he is particularly fortunate that he is moving from one of Australia's most historic churches to another — St. Philip's, Church Hill, where he begins his tenure in October.

Until a large-scale renovation programme has been carried out at St. Philip's rectory, Archdeacon and Mrs. Goodwin will live in a modern single-storeyed home at Castle Hill — a striking contrast to St. Mark's 113-year-old stone rectory.

Packing up their lovely antiques, Mrs. Goodwin is sure she can't include two of her favorite possessions, a cypress and a birdbath, which are focal points in the garden.

"The tree was a gift from the late Sir Frederick French and has grown so immense that it just can't be moved, and we had the birdbath made from the very original stone sink," Mrs. Goodwin said. "The fish have become quite tame, and I feed them every day when they fly down for a bath."

**I LIKE** the beautiful ruby set between two diamonds the engagement ring Angus Nicolson, of Lismore Island, Queensland, has given Lorna Stevens. Lorna is the daughter of Sir Bertram and Lady Stevens, of Crag, and she and her fiancé are planning to marry in Sydney in November.

**AFTER** their marriage at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, on August 7, Sandra Smith and Ian Steel-Park will spend a two-week honeymoon in New Caledonia before making their home on Ian's property, "High Park," Cassilis. Sandra is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Smith, of "Bunyarra," Merriwa, who will welcome 200 guests to a reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, Rose Bay. She will have Jenny Cameron, Georgina Willsallen, Susan Macpherson, and Ann Hardie as bridesmaids.

**I TAKE** my hat off to the Ladies' Committee of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, for the superb decor at its luncheon and millinery parade last week. Perched on flower-trimmed stands were miniature hats made in the season's newest styles, fabrics, and colors — they not only looked good enough to wear but were as much admired as the elegant spring and summer gowns shown in the parade. One of the hospital's nursing sisters, Freida Finn, made the tiny models — more than 100 of them — in her spare time. She confided that she had discarded X-ray plates to make the hat shapes before covering them.

**FROM** Jamaica comes word of Mrs. Joe Causwell, former Elizabeth Pilcher, of Edgecliff. She and her husband arrived in Kingston a month ago after honeymooning in the United States since their marriage last May in Chicago. They have rented a house until their own home is completed later this year. It has been designed by Mr. Causwell, who is a graduate in architecture from Sydney University and has degrees in Town Planning and Regional Planning from Edinburgh University, Scotland. The house not only include a three-bedroom home but also a garage to be built on a small hillock below the house — where Mrs. Causwell intends to use for informal parties.

**DIARY** date . . . the annual general meeting of the New South Wales Auxiliary of the Children's Medical Research Foundation at Mrs. Kenneth Crocker's Northwood home on August 11. The auxiliary president, Mrs. Geoffrey Paton, will present a cheque for £500 to the president of the Central Executive, Lady Berryman.

**MAKING** her first trip to Sydney in two years, Mrs. Ernest Hilton is spending six weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Nossiter, of Wahroonga. Her husband will arrive here on August 8 and they will visit Canberra and Melbourne before flying back to New York, where they live in Manhattan.

*Sta Buttrill*

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1961





**JUST WED.** Mr. and Mrs. Brian Robinson, who were married at Riverview College Chapel. The bride was Miss Margaret Donohoe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donohoe, of Centennial Park, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. Norman Robinson, of Woollahra, and of the late Mrs. Robinson. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson will spend a five-week honeymoon in Fiji, Honolulu, and Tahiti.



**ABOVE:** The president of the Associated Catholic Committee, Mrs. John Gallagher, with the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, and Dame Pattie Menzies and the Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, Cardinal Gilroy, at the Cardinal's Dinner held at the Australia Hotel. Sir Robert and Dame Pattie were guests of honor.



**PRESIDENT** of the Golden Committee, Lady Barwick (left), with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jenkyn at the committee's "Casket of Jewels Dinner," which was held at the Bistro to aid the Royal New South Wales Institution for Deaf and Blind Children. Lady Barwick welcomed more than 150 guests.



**AT RIGHT:** Miss Lindie McGregor and Mr. Geoffrey Moxham, who have announced their engagement. Miss McGregor is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. McGregor, of "Rahiri," Orange, and Mr. Moxham is the son of Sir Harry and Lady Moxham, of Rose Bay. Miss McGregor will leave on September 9 for overseas and she and her fiance will marry later next year.



**AT LEFT:** Mr. Arnold Kronstadt and his bride, formerly Miss Harriet Dearth, pictured after their marriage at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, with the bride's mother, Mrs. Harry Dearth, of Cammeray, and her brother, Mr. Alan Dearth. Mr. and Mrs. Kronstadt will make their home in Bethesda, Maryland, U.S.A.



**FOURSOME** (from left) Mr. and Mrs. Tom Livesey and Mr. and Mrs. Bill MacRae at the "Une Nuit a l'Alouette" dinner dance which the Town and Country Committee held at the Alouette Restaurant. The committee president, Mrs. Clinton Ayers, welcomed 140 guests to the dinner, which will aid The Smith Family.





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## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### The cabbage cure

I AGREE with "Itchy Feet" (A.C.T.) on the cabbage cure for chilblains. I also suffered until a friend suggested I try it. I even had to go to my work with the leaves inside my shoes, and although that was 25 years ago I have never had chilblains since.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. T. Buckley, Riverwood, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

EARLIER this year my daughter and I had very sore and itchy chilblains. A friend told us to put lemon juice on them, which we did for several nights. This not only relieved the soreness, but all signs of the chilblains have gone.

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. Liddell, Reservoir, Vic.

★ ★ ★

AS another sufferer of chilblains I'd like to pass on a cure that has proved most successful with me. Mix a small quantity of mustard powder into a paste and paint on your chilblains at night. They will not worry you again.

£1/1/- to "Chilblain Sufferer" (name supplied), Oberon, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

THANKS, "Itchy Feet." I tried the cabbage cure and I have found relief.

£1/1/- to "Not Itchy" (name supplied), Echuca, Vic.

★ ★ ★

A SUFFERER from chilblains for years, I tried "Itchy Feet's" cabbage cure, and I'm happy to say it worked for me. I now feel as though I'm walking on air instead of on hot coals.

£1/1/- to "Grateful Isa" (name supplied), Clearview, S.A.

★ ★ ★

SEEKING medical aid for the trouble, I was told that chilblains are caused through lack of calcium. I took a course of calcium tablets, then acquired the habit of having a cup of hot milk each night during the winter months. That was many years ago and I have not had chilblains since.

£1/1/- to "One Way" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

THE cabbage-leaf cure was just a coincidence. Because my family believed doctors could not help, my childhood was made miserable by fantastic and often nauseating home cures. I took my own son to a doctor and he had relief after 24 hours and a permanent cure before the next winter. Don't be fooled into stunts like running barefoot across a frost-covered lawn.

£1/1/- to C. Clarke, Geelong, Vic.

### Prefers woman boss

MY friends and I were recently discussing our office bosses. I am the only one who has a woman for a boss, and, after being in several jobs where the head was a man, I say "Give me the woman boss any day." People seem to visualise her as a hard, dragon-like type, even being jealous of pretty young juniors. My boss is considerate, takes an interest in us outside office hours, and has helped financially when one of us needed help.

£1/1/- to "Rose" (name supplied), South Perth.

### The kindly thought was there

READING about the little girl who gave a Christmas card as a token of sympathy reminded me of a friend's twenty-first birthday. She is a teacher and the children in her grade found out about the big day. Along with birthday cards she received a Mother's Day card, a bereavement card, and a wedding-day congratulations card, each given with the utmost sincerity and bought by the children out of their own money.

£1/1/- to "Algwyn" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

### No background for a burnt chop

A LEADING overseas home furnishing designer suggests that food should be served on black dinner plates, just as jewels should be displayed against black velvet. Obviously this gentleman is unfamiliar with the singed chop.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Ferris, Calliope, Qld.

### The young niggers

HAVE other readers noticed how often we criticise our parents for interfering when, in actual fact, the reverse is true? Be honest. How many times have you said, "Mum, you shouldn't be doing that at your age" or "Mum, why don't you get a such-and-such, it would make things much easier for you," etc., etc.

£1/1/- to "Up-and-Coming Nagger" (name supplied), Boronia, Vic.

### Dressing identical twins

I AM an identical twin and was always dressed the same as my sister. We were always classed as a pair and not as individuals, and consequently came to lean on each other, as we had no confidence when we were apart. We are married women now, but become angry when we see identical twins dressed alike, as we know the effect it has in later years.

£1/1/- to B. Steen, Croydon Park, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

"DON'T wead me a storwy. TELL me a storwy."

This request, or command, is heard at our place now, and I am not happy about it.

For years I have been reading story-books aloud. There is not much I don't know about Red Riding Hood, Peter Rabbit, or Little Black Sambo.

They lose some of their charm after the first 50 times. But at least they make no demands on your originality.

Inventing stories yourself is harder work. My wife started it, unfortunately.

She began telling Baby Pip stories about a little boy named Joe.

Joe has faults of character that get him into trouble. For example, he boasts that he can read when he really can't.

His mother sent him to a shop to buy some canned fish for his lunch. He brought home a can of carrots — which he did not like, because he could not read the label.

Pip likes her mother's moral tales. But when I was asked for a story the best I could do was very unoriginal.

### ONCE UPON A TIME

It was called "The 33 Bears." It involved saying "Someone's been eating MY porridge" 33 times and was rather boring for all concerned. Then Pip wanted a story about a little girl called Jennifer. Somewhere in my mind I dredged up the plot of an old B movie.



Jennifer, I said, was on a big ship with her rich parents. One night she saw a jewel thief steal her mother's diamond bracelet. In the resulting fracas the thief pushed Jennifer overboard. She was thrown a lifebuoy just in time.

This was well received, and Pip asked for more stories about ships. But the children in them kept

falling overboard. She said: "I don't like ship storwies any more. They're too scary."

At her request I told a story about twins called Lucy and Cawoline. Pip is interested in twins. She told me: "I saw some twins in Potts Bwothers. There were two."

In my stories Lucy and Cawoline are identical twins. They are often mixed up or separated by various mishaps.

I make the endings happy with shouts of "Hello, Lucy!" and "Hello, Cawoline!" and lashings of lemonade and chips.

But it is uphill work, and I feel the strain.

The experience has given me a new respect for Enid Blyton. How she keeps up the output of the old yarn-factory I'll never know.

Tonight I am going to refuse to make up a story. The professional can do the work. I don't care if it means reading Snugglepot and Cuddlepie, which goes on for ever, and has tongue-twisting names (under pressure I call them Snuddlepie and Cugglepot).

Do-it-yourself story-telling is as hard as amateur house-painting, without the financial gain.



## Not too friendly

• Mrs. Alice Taylor Day, an American who spent two years in Australia, thinks that Australia's lower divorce rate may be due to what she calls "a vein of alcoholism between the sexes." The distance preserved between spouses may help to reduce marital tension, she adds.

*Profound the thought: Judicious separation Prolongs togetherness; so why complain If men prefer to have their recreation At independent junkets off the chain?*

*Let's take an average couple, so long married They've both forgotten when they wed and why. By children, bills, and in-laws often harried, They seek no severance of legal tie.*

*She goes to bowls and he to golf; their leisure, Scant as it is, is fully occupied. At parties drinking with the boys his pleasure, Hers is a gossip with the girls inside.*

*Weekdays they work. So season follows season. They rub along quite well, and each may chafe. A little to restraint, but here's the reason: Those quarrel seldom who most seldom talk.*

— Dorothy Drain

### Redheads with a difference

PERHAPS ours is a redhead record with a difference. My husband, daughter, son, and myself are all redheads, yet I cannot recall any blood relation on either with red hair. Our parents haven't a trace of red, have our grandparents.

£1/1/- to "Ring-Ins" (name supplied), Frankston, Vic.

### Magic pictures of sleep

WHEN my eldest son was about four I tried to explain what a dream was. After many unsuccessful attempts I gave it up and forgot the matter until my second son, now aged three and a half, summed it up very nicely one morning when he asked, "Mummy, what are the magic pictures behind your eyes when you are asleep?"

£1/1/- to C. Ellis, Lilli Pili, N.S.W.





THE GIVENCHY TURBAN that started a fashion. It's made from one large Givenchy scarf. Princess Marina has one.



LACY WOOL turban, offset by a fine brooch. By Vernier, it's flatter and wider and has a more contrived drape.

## MARINA'S TOUR TURBANS



PRINCESS MARINA

● Noted for her elegant yet practical dressing, Princess Marina has decided to wear turbans often during her Australian visit in September.

AS the turbans fold easily, pack lightly, and don't disarrange her hair, they largely solve for her the nasty problem of travelling with hats.

From the latest collection of her milliner, Madame Vernier, they follow the new turban trend set by Paris designer Hubert de Givenchy.

This means they're cheerful in mood

and nothing like the great heavy turban-like toques that kept Queen Mary's dressing rather a theatre piece.

Princess Marina's turbans either match her day dresses exactly or are in contrasting materials and colors.

However, for very formal occasions she'll bring some lovely hats — light straws and felts that sweep high or wide, but always off the face.



ABOVE: Flat turban in soft Persian print silk is close to the head and has a wide folded bow low-placed at back. ABOVE RIGHT: Silk jersey turban, rising high to a flat top with a spray of carnations to trim. Good for town wear. RIGHT: This turban of ribbon-striped silk folds gently back on the head and ties into a large bow. A casual shape. (All styles by Madame Vernier.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1964

## NEXT WEEK

★ Would you like to be

### SLIM . . .

or slimmer than you are, anyway?

Help is at hand, then, in our special eight-page pull-out

## LOW CALORIE COOKBOOK

There are fifty (50) marvelously low calorie recipes—sample menus — diet plans for business-girls and housewives — a weight chart and a calorie counter.

★ Hyacinth is named after a handsome Spartan accidentally killed by Apollo. The flower grew where his blood splashed on the soil.

"Botanical names make for accuracy and are interesting in themselves," says gardening expert R. H. Anderson. He explains why **THOSE BOTANICAL NAMES**

are necessary, how and why various plants were named — and gives a glossary of species, too.

★ Are your clothes

Alert . . .

varied . . .

youthful . . .

pretty?

That's the way fashion editor Betty Keep sums up the newest

## Paris fashions

and she shows all the color and summery glamor and the important new trends in pictures.

★ Remember that feature called "A new dilemma for married women — should wives-at-home feel guilty for having no jobs"?

Since it appeared many readers have sent us their views on the role of modern woman:

## Wage-earner — or Homebody?

Don't miss this revealing, real-life "public opinion poll."



Cut housework down to size with



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toilet thoroughly.  
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your family safe!





# The girl on the cover

## Willie earns a dollar a minute

FROM OUR NEW YORK OFFICE

● Willie Koopman, 19, is the latest Australian model to invade the New York fashion scene. Within a month she was photographed for "Vogue," "Harper's Bazaar," and "Glamour."

THESE plum jobs represent the pinnacle of achievement for models of far more experience and renown.

More important to Willie, who was model of the year in Australia in 1963, is that she's getting the top rate of 10 dollars an hour (about £25).

"I can make more money here in three and a half hours than I could in Sydney in a week," Willie said between appointments at the office of Eileen Ford, her agent. "Of course, the pace is much more rapid in Manhattan and the competition is tremendous."

"Still, I have been doing well ever since I arrived. It's all terribly exciting."

Willie's facial beauty, plus her graceful dancer's body, made an immediate impact in New York's ordinarily jaded photographers.

Neal Barr, one of Manhattan's top-fashion photographers, predicted that the slim Dutch-born lass "is

going to be very big in this town."

"She has tremendous talent," he said. "At the moment she is a bit insecure, a bit overwhelmed by New York. When she relaxes she will be sensational. She has great beauty and moves with unusual grace. She is also intelligent."

### Too busy

Willie is so busy that she finds no time for the other interests which filled her life in Sydney.

She is a trained ballerina, who first danced professionally in her native Utrecht at the age of four. She is an accomplished pianist, and a portrait painter whom critics have praised. She is a natural actress (with two roles in the Australian TV series "Whiplash" to her credit) and would like to give American TV a try — when she gets the time.

Willie migrated from the Netherlands to Sydney with her family in 1959, but re-

tains little trace of a Dutch accent.

"I worked very hard to learn English as perfectly as possible," she explained. "I had a tutor to help me."

Willie's mother, Mrs. Cristina Koopman, is living with her temporarily in her lovely flat just off Central Park near Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Koopman, who is as blond as her daughter is brunette, is fascinated by New York, but will soon return to her husband and three other children in their home in Mosman.

"Neither of us had been in New York before," Mrs. Koopman said. She accompanies Willie round the photographic studios, and remains quietly in the background during the posing sessions.

### Expensive

"We are mad about the theatre and, of course, want to go every night. The shops are amazing, but, of course, very expensive by Sydney standards. I am not sure



WILLIE KOOPMAN

that I could really afford to stay here very long."

Willie came to New York in response to a summons from Mrs. Ford, who supervises the biggest model agency in the city, and who had heard of her from other Sydney models. These include Margo McKendry, Jean Newington, Pam Quinn, and Ann Felton.

Willie and her mother have been rather rudely shocked by the New York summer weather, which has been consistently in the upper eighties and nineties, with humidity to match. They owe their survival, they say, to the high incidence of air-conditioned flats, studios, and public buildings.

"I love water-skiing and horseback riding," Willie said. "But except for a few hours' drive up the Hudson in a friend's car, I have seen nothing of the country. I'm hoping to get a few days off soon."

Meanwhile she works on — at the rate of a dollar a minute. She ought to be able to retire at an early age.

## INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: Frozen Foods

By MARY BROKER

● One of the easiest and most certain ways I know of making money quickly on the stock market is by being fortunate enough to participate in new company flotations.

WHEN I say flotation I mean, of course, the issue of privately held shares in a company desirous of being listed on one of the Australian Stock Exchanges. Never, never have anything to do with shares in unknown companies whose directors have no intention at any stage of listing the stock.

(I say this because, although the Companies Act safeguards investors to some extent, the listing requirements of the Stock Exchange are still more stringent, and information concerning the company will be much more easily ascertained during the course of its history.)

However, to return to my original line of argument. The company being floated may, or may not, be a going concern.

Most flotations are of companies which have been operating for some years — in some cases over 100 years. Others, however, in particu-

lar mining and oil companies, are completely new.

This, of course, does not mean that the business will not be profitable and may even give you more chance of making money, since the shares will be issued probably at a lower premium.

### Lion's share

Most new company floats are underwritten by brokers, and, unfortunately for the small investor like you or me, the largest portion of shares are reserved for those with big investment turnovers.

When the new company is ultimately listed, big profits can be made by "stagging" or selling the shares off within the first few days.

This, naturally enough, depresses the price, and it is at this time that I suggest some good parcels of shares can be picked up.

As the company progresses, if it is good — and, of course, I don't suggest for one minute you buy just any old share that comes on to the market — the price of the shares will rise as uncertainty about its potential is diminished.

This is particularly so in today's market, where people are constantly searching for a new name, a new idea.

The two stocks I am talking about were not listed within the past few days, but were listed only recently.

As such, people are still not quite certain about the future, but results to date indicate excellent potential.

Both are engaged in the fast-growing frozen-foods industry, which I have discussed before. Production in the industry is rising every year, and demand is increasing rapidly.

The first is Piet Limited, listed about a month ago.

The company is in "on the ground floor" of the industry, since it commenced quick-freezing vegetables in 1951 — the first firm to do so in Victoria, and the third in Australia.

(According to figures in the company's prospectus to support my statement above, production of frozen vegetables was only 289,000lb in 1951/52 and 47,855,000lb in 1962/63.)

Another point that appeals to me in the prospectus is the special importance given to the senior management team — as I have said before, management is one of the basic attributes of a company's success or otherwise.

Directors also note that they have been among the first to use new methods of harvesting and packaging.

They were, for instance,

the first to use radio-telephone in the field to control harvesting, imported the first modern pea-shelling machine (which shells the peas as it travels round the paddock) and the first to use "Cellophane" and then "Polythene" for packaging.

Pea harvesting is, I understand, fully mechanised, and bean harvesting soon will be.

### Excellent

Results have been little short of excellent, profit rising from £13,000 in 1959 to £97,000 in 1963, and an indicated profit for 1964 of close to £137,000.

The 5/- shares are now selling at 18/6, so that 100 would cost £95, and dividend, at an anticipated 15% rate, would be £13/15/- per year.

The second company is Frozen Foods Industries of Australia Limited, which

manufactures ice, frozen meat, and "Chiko" snack foods at its factory at Essendon, in Victoria. The company also holds the Victorian franchise for Cottages frozen foods, which would, I imagine, bring in a tidy little income.

Frozen Foods was listed late last year, and since then has been a very model, with profit figures issued every three months.

In the nine months to March 31 this year, profit was £31,000 compared with £33,000 for the whole of 1963, and equal to an annual earning rate of 19.6%.

Sales in the last quarter were £196,000 or 45% higher than the turnover of £135,000 in the same period last year.

The 5/- shares now stand at 11/6, 100 costing £58, dividend return being £2/10/- a year on the expected 10% dividend.

Both shares, by the way, are listed only in Melbourne.



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When it comes from the pack with the **red spoon** . . . it's best!



# Aga Khan on-camera

By NAN MUSCROVE

● "The Living Camera," the intriguing, fascinating, and at times irritating method employed in the latest overseas editions of TCN9's prestige documentary, "Project '64," will be turned this week on a truly exotic character of the age — the Aga Khan.

**M**AN of Millions — the Aga Khan — will be telecast on Monday, August 10, at 9.30 p.m. It lasts an hour.

The living-camera technique gives a real slice of life, if you stay with it.

The camera is used as an unseen person, dogging the steps of the subject, without commentary. The conversations and surroundings tell the story.

The result is a stream of pictures and conversations that leave you to draw your own conclusions, make your own analysis of the character the camera is dissecting.

The lack of commentary on what is going on and where is what makes the technique irritating to me sometimes, but I'm told that the first time there is commentary in the one about Aga Khan.

When I heard about the documentary all kinds of unanswered questions about the Aga Khan entered my head.

How was he appointed? Why wasn't his father, Prince Aly Khan, the 4th Aga? Who was his mother? What is he like?

## Intrigue

Newspaper cuttings tell a story of high life and intrigue that is hard to put down.

His life is more like a tale from the "Arabian Nights" than that of a young man of the mid-20th century.

Spiritual leader of 20 million Moslems of the main branch of the Shiahs, he is possibly the best young man in the world, a highly envied and sought-after companion of Europe's young international.

He is Aga Khan IV, named as such by his predecessor, Aga Khan III, who died seven years ago.

(The Begum Aga Khan, Aga Khan III's widow, is re-emerging into the world after seven years' official mourning.)

Aga Khan IV is Prince Karim, eldest son of Prince Aly Khan and his first wife, Princess Joan, whom he married in 1936.



**PRINCE KARIM, Aga Khan IV, in the Eastern dress he wears in India. Europe and America know him better as a champion skier. He is the fascinating subject of next Monday's "Project '64," on TCN9.**

Aly Khan and Joan, the daughter of Lord Churston, met when she was married to Englishman Noel Guinness. Her marriage to Guinness was dissolved and she married Prince Aly Khan. They were divorced in 1949, before Aly married Rita Hayworth.

Aga Khan III stunned the world when he named his grandson, Prince Karim, Aga Khan IV. Aly Khan had been the favorite for the job, with his brother, Prince Sadruddin, in second place.

Reports from high places said the Aga Khan first named his playboy son Aly as Aga, but had later struck him out. Prince Aly was reported to be delighted by his son's appointment. Prince Sadruddin to be furious.

The old Aga satisfied the world's curiosity by giving his reasons for Prince Karim's appointment in a letter left unopened until after his death.

"In view of the fundamentally altered conditions

in the world in very recent years," the letter said, "due to great changes which have taken place, including the discoveries of atomic science, I am convinced that it is in the best interest of the Shiahs Moslem Ismaili community that I should be succeeded by a young man who has been brought up and developed during the recent years and in the midst of the new age, and who brings a new outlook on life to his high office as Imam (spiritual leader)."

## Fast cars

Prince Karim went to school in Geneva, and later gained his Bachelor of Arts Honors Degree in Oriental History at Harvard University, U.S.A.

So far he hasn't shown any evidence of following in Dad's footsteps as an international playboy.

His name has been linked with a number of girls, but he spends most of his leisure time skiing, at which he is expert, driving fast cars, running Prince Aly Khan's stable (Neville Sellwood appears briefly in the telecast made two years ago), and attending to his people.

He seems more like a young man seriously bent on improving the economic, educational, and spiritual lot of his people.

"The Living Camera" couldn't be turned on a more interesting subject.

## Television

### Sophisticated "spin-off"

**I** FELT like chanting "third time proves it" after I had sat back and thoroughly enjoyed the third of the new B.B.C. series on ABC-TV, "Mr. Justice Duncannon," starring Andrew Cruickshank in the name role.

It is a wonderful half-hour, adult, sophisticated, and so funny, with laugh after laugh slid into the dignified script almost under the belt.

No one can deny the ability and real charm of Andrew Cruickshank (Dr. Cameron of "Dr. Finlay's Casebook"), but it is one series that could be enjoyed without a picture — the script is such a delight.

### Clever writing

It is written by those two clever men Muir and Norden with Henry Cecil assisting.

Henry Cecil has very special qualifications. He is an ex-judge and is famous for his novels about the law. He wrote "Brothers-in-Law," the novel from which the original TV show was made.

Others are "Alibi For a Judge," "Friends At Court," "Much In Evidence."

"Mr. Justice Duncannon" is what is known in the trade as a "spin-off" — new series based on a successful episode of an old one.

"Duncannon" came from the last episode of "Brothers-in-Law," in which Andrew Cruickshank played a stern judge with an eye for the ladies.

Spin-offs are generally not as good as all that, but "Mr. Justice Duncannon" is. Indeed, I think it is better than the original it spun off.

# ACTORS FACE HOMEWARD- IN LONDON

● Most Australian actors who pack their traps and look for fame and fortune in London "return" in TV features.

**J**UST think of them — Lloyd Lamble and Charles ("Bud") Tingwell are almost considered B.B.C. characters, always turning up somewhere. It's nice to meet Ric Hutton in London via TV, too.

The London venture of John Bluthal, a special favorite of Australian viewers, has turned into one of those quiet but big success stories.

At present he may be seen in Sydney in The Beatles' film, "A Hard Day's Night" (featured on page 9 of this issue). Before long it is expected he will be seen on ABC-TV starring in his own play, "Justin Thyme."

"Justin Thyme" was telecast in the B.B.C. "Festival" drama series.

The lack of Goon flavor may come as a shock to Australian viewers who followed John's much-praised "Who?" series on ABC-TV or "Idiot's Weekly," but it's an even bigger surprise to British viewers who watch him every week in the very Goonish Michael Bentine show, "It's a Square World."

John will star in "Justin Thyme" ("Just in Time"), which he wrote with B.B.C. director Joe McGrath.

"It's a kind of a laugh-at-James-Bond type of show," said John at the Comedy Theatre, where he was co-starring with Spike Milligan in "The Bed Sitting Room."

"I've done character parts all my 'show-biz' life and I was tired of all the disguises," he said. "So I made up my mind to be plainly and simply — me. No beards, no costumes, few accents."

In Australia, as well as writing the "Who?" series, John Bluthal wrote and devised "Gaslight Music Hall," which ran successfully on the A.B.C. and later on Sydney's TCN9 for 11 months.

His approach to writing his new play was entirely different from "Who?", which was inspired one day on the beach at Bondi.

"Joe McGrath and I battled 'Justin Thyme' out on paper before we submitted it," he said. "But Peter

Carver and I never wrote a word of 'Who?' down on paper — nor hardly rehearsed it before it was telecast."

Peter Carver was John's partner in those madly serious interviews which have been re-run many times since 34-year-old John left Sydney.

Next year he may do Shakespeare at Stratford or another play, "Ubi Roi," with Spike Milligan. And there's always a TV role waiting.

He has had nothing but success since he arrived in



**John Bluthal**

London in 1960 with his wife and small daughter. (Their second daughter, Lisa, was born in London.)

In the past year he has made guest appearances in "Hancock's Half-hour," "Citizen James," "The Benny Hill Show," and "The Larkins," as well as "It's a Square World."

On an earlier visit to England John had appeared in a "Square World" show with Michael Bentine. This led to the prime role of Fagin in "Oliver!"

"I love singing, and I'm looking around for another singing part," said John.

"In fact, I'd be back in Australia in a flash if I were offered the lead in something like 'A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum.'"

"Still, I'd only go if they offered me £500 a week — because I'm getting £400 here, and it's a lot of money to leave behind, isn't it?"

Yes, definitely.

## News of Digby

**C**URRENT conjecture is that Digby Wolfe's return to Australian TV doesn't seem very likely.

No one likes Australia and Australians better than Digby, but there's no doubt America is the place to be if you're in show business and like a layer of jam on your bread and butter.

Underlining the likelihood of his staying in America was the sale this week of his Whale Beach house to TV businessman Bob Laphorne.

Laphorne, a family man, is managing-director of Fre-

mantle International, the firm that controls "Romper Room" in Australia.

The only other news of Digby, who still has a fond following here after all this time, is that his honey-beige great dane, Caesar, and Salome, have just had a family — 12 pups.

The parents, in the care of his former housekeeper, Mrs. Edith McDonald, are doing extra well, and I've never seen more beautiful puppies.

Sally was rewarded for her effort with a special congratulatory card from Digby.



**Digby with Salome and Caesar.**

## BEST BALLET FILM

● Exciting TCN9 viewing on Tuesday, August 11, at 9.30 p.m. is the hour of ballet which was made by world-famous dancers Rudolf Nureyev and Dame Margot Fonteyn during their recent visit to Australia.

Nureyev and Fonteyn dance the pas de deux in the third act of "Swan Lake."

In the film also, Kathy Gorham and Garth Welch dance the pas de deux from "Don Quixote" and Marilyn Jones and Bryan Lawrence dance "Namouna."

This is the best TV ballet film yet. It is a joy.

**READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1964





RITA HAYWORTH

# DID YOU KNOW?

● Rita Hayworth has been signed for her first acting job in television — in an episode of "Rawhide."

MISS HAYWORTH'S only previous TV appearances have been as an interview guest and as presenter of Oscar awards. "Hollywood and the Stars" recently devoted half an hour on U.S. TV to her film career. Rita is the first of several big-name stars to have roles in the

coming season's "Rawhide" series. The producers also hope to sign up James Cagney and James Stewart.

COMEDIAN Danny Thomas recently accepted a medal of honor from Georgetown University, a leading American college, for his charitable and civic endeavors. Danny helped establish

a hospital which cares for critically ill children of all races and creeds.

LORNE GREENE, the white-haired father of the Cartwright boys in the popular "Bonanza" series, is fast becoming a top recording star. His first song album, "Young At Heart," is going so well — almost 100,000 copies sold so far — that he has signed a new contract calling for two albums a year for five years.

BACHELOR Ben Casey (Vince Edwards), hitherto quite clinical, and objective, has now experienced his first lessons in love. Edwards, as undemonstrative on screen as he is before the camera, was noncommittal about the scenes filmed in Hollywood recently, but friends said he was satisfied with the results. The first five programmes in the latest series involve the doctor in a romance with a patient, portrayed by Stella Stevens.

ELIZABETH MONTEGOMERY'S Hollywood darling told her to expect the stark dawn of July 21. In mid-August she's due to start work on her new TV series, "Bewitched," with director (and husband) William Asher.

THE death of Anne Frank, the 15-year-old Dutch girl whose poignant diary of her months of hiding from Hitler's Gestapo stirred the world, is to be recounted in a "Twentieth Century" documentary episode. The programme will include an interview with Anne's father, Otto Frank, in the Amsterdam house where the family hid for 25 months during German occupation.

## Television

AS one of "The Untouchables" actor Abel Fernandez helped send Al Capone to jail for tax evasion. Now Fernandez, 35, has suffered the same fate himself. He has been sentenced to 90 days in prison for failing to file State income tax returns. A Los Angeles judge ordered him to pay \$2,500 in back taxes on a four-year period of £A41,000.

BLOSSOM ROCK, who will be in the next season in a running role in "The Addams Family" comedy series, is Jeanette MacDonald's sister. Rock has never traded on her sister's fame.

THE American version of "The Week That Was" has never enjoyed the success of the original British satire programme. The show has been paying comedy writer Goodman Ace £A500 a week to say something funny — but he turned out to be less than an Ace. He has been shipped back to writing lines for Perry Como—a chore he has performed for almost a decade.

## Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said: "Every one talks about the good old days, but I'd rather be living in these modern times, especially with all the modern household appliances that cut working time in half. How did we ever live without electricity or the modern gas stove? Remember when you had to build the wood fire in the oven and wait to see if it caught before you could even start cooking? And how did we manage without modern medicines? Did you know that in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries your life expectancy was 35 years? No, you can take those good old days — I'll take modern times."

Momma's moral: The average person now lives 32 years longer than he did in 1800. He has to get his bills paid.



## Medic relieves congestion with every breath

With every breath, Medic's soothing medicated vapour relieves the distressing coughing and congestion of colds. Medic is the modern way to fight the discomfort of colds. Just press the button and instantly Medic's soothing vapour penetrates to relieve congestion and help make breathing easier. Spray Medic at night and give your children relief while they sleep.

Medic relieves their congestion and coughing without messy nose drops, chest rubs or other old-fashioned remedies that disturb and distress. And remember—as well as relieving coughing and congestion, Medic contains special ingredients to help kill airborne germs... help protect against the spread of infection. Medic is only 9/6—available only from your Family Chemist.



ASK YOUR CHEMIST

HE KNOWS



# A kangaroo stole the show

● Before the Clampett clan invaded Beverly Hills its rich citizens got no closer to animals than the mink stoles and leopard-skin coats that the women wore to afternoon garden parties.



BEA BENEDARET (Pearl Bondine) and Donna Douglas (Elly May), of "The Beverly Hillbillies"—the show that uses plenty of animals.

ATELY, however, Beverly Hills looks all the world like a wild-animal preserve in Africa rather than a refuge for Rolls-Royces, Bentleys, and other such species of horsepower.

"It would be easier to mention the animals we haven't had on this show than the ones we have," said Paul Henning, producer of "The Beverly Hillbillies" show.

"Eagles, bears, jaguars, monkeys, skunks, woodchucks, flamingoes, rabbits, deer, and so on.

"Actors from other series who work here at the studio refer to the set as 'that zoo.'

"One young starlet wandered on our set the other day and found herself sitting next to a skunk. She turned four different colors before she got courage to run."

## Television

Although the use of animals causes problems on the set and slows down the filming, "The Beverly Hillbillies" series is committed to their regular appearance. "The response from viewers has been fantastic," says director Richard Whorf. "We couldn't stop using the animals if we wanted to. Letters pour in to us from fans all over the world telling us how much they enjoyed episodes where animals appeared.

"In fact, our most popular episode was one in which a kangaroo was the guest star.

"Granny was the only one of the Clampett clan who could see and she thought it was a giant rabbit. Jed, Elly May, and Jethro thought that she had been hitting the whisky jug.

"Thousands of letters were sent us about the show complimenting us and asking when the kangaroo would be back again."

The kangaroo has a different brand of popularity with technicians on "The Beverly Hillbillies."

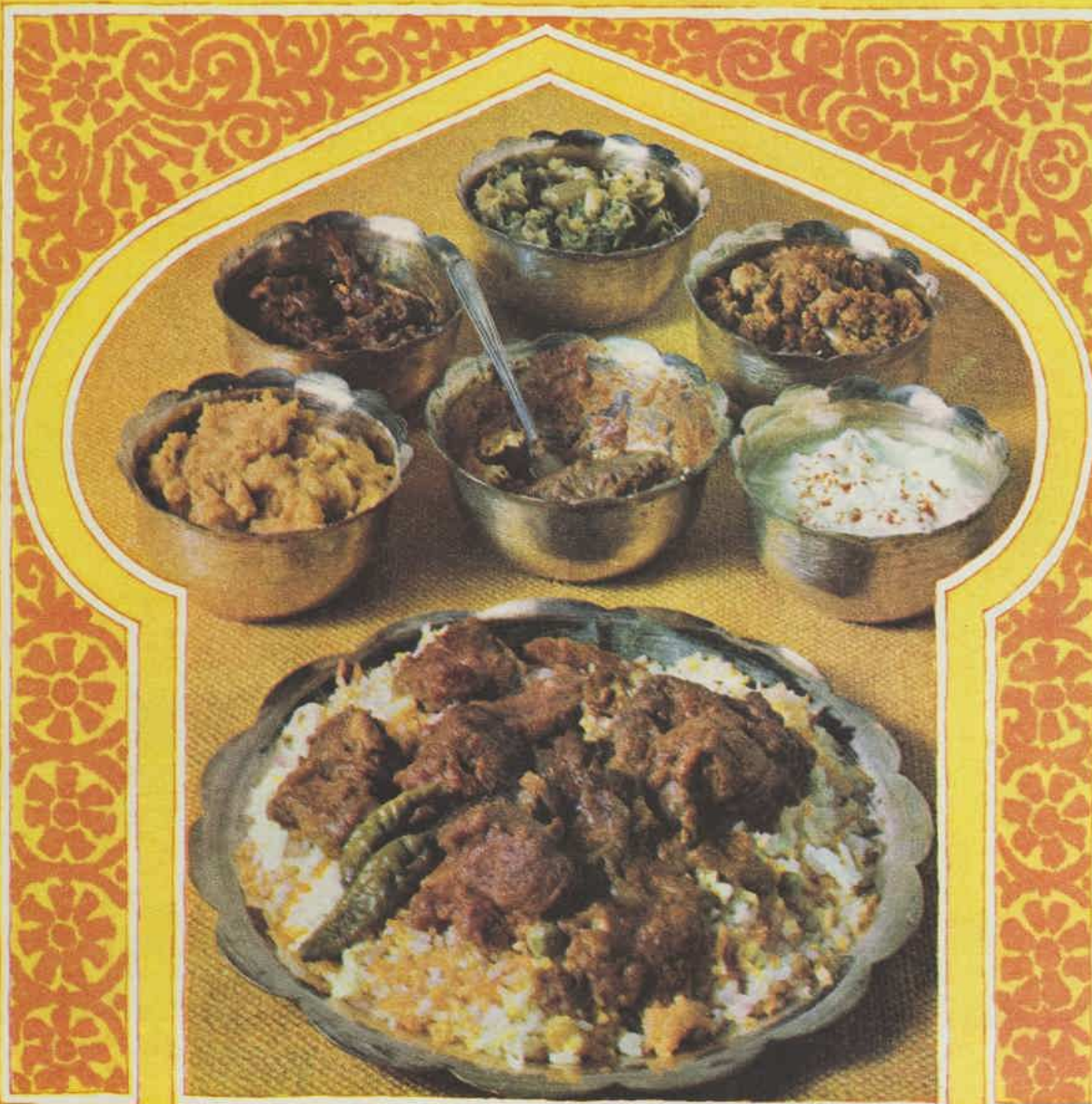
"If I never see that kangaroo again it will be too soon," said one cameraman on the series.

"He wouldn't stay still for one minute—hopped all over the place. Instead of standing on his chalk mark he would wander here and there on the stage. Talk about temperamental actors—that kangaroo is the limit!"

One gentleman, meanwhile, expresses nothing but undying love for the animals—even the kangaroo—since he owns them all and they're making him richer by the minute.

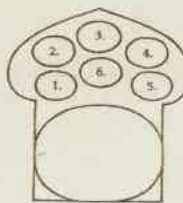
The owner is Frank Inn; he is under contract to "The Beverly Hillbillies" show to supply any animal they want.

Frank presides over a kingdom of animals, 30 miles from Hollywood, and his kingdom has made him a millionaire. He supplies animals to other television series and the movies as well.



You'll  
make a curry  
fit for a  
Maharajah  
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Because Keen's is real curry—a subtle blend of rare Indian spices and exotic herbs which give Keen's its true Indian flavour. Rich. Tempting and exciting. And whether you add a pinch or a hearty dash, that good curry taste cooks right in—and lasts. For free recipe write to:—Keen's Curry, Box 80 West Ryde, N.S.W.



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*"There ought to be a better word than delicious"*

Hold your sea-horses diver,  
we're helping you get to your

**Kellogg's** <sup>\*</sup>**CORN FLAKES**

*The best to you each morning  
in flavour, crispness, vitamin-packed nourishment*





# Happy the rest of the day

By V. B. DYSEN

Joy and Sara were identical twins, so it was no wonder that all their fellow-workers thought they were seeing double whenever they met . . . an amusing short story



THE trouble with the Allison girls was that they were identical twins with an over-developed sense of humor. Everybody who had known them since their childhood days agreed about that.

When their kindergarten teacher, in despair, had sent for their mother to see if anything could be done, Mrs. Allison had listened thoughtfully, then said, "I worked something out the other day. Not counting Leap Year, there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year or eight thousand seven hundred and sixty hours.

"You have them for roughly a quarter of that time, but I have to cope with their mischief for the remaining three-quarters. How about sympathy for me? I think I deserve it!"

On thinking it over, the kindergarten teacher agreed that Mrs. Allison had a point. But as their mother always said, they had very kind hearts, though in a way that caused just as much trouble as their high spirits.

By the time they were nineteen, misplaced kindness and humor had cost each of them three jobs, but since they had always worked for different employers—on their mother's advice—they didn't really mind.

The proper trouble didn't begin until they went together to answer an advertisement for sales staff at a large West End department store.

Mr. Ramsey, personnel manager of Fordyce and Holyoake, blinked when he saw them and surreptitiously felt for his indigestion tablets. "That Welsh rarebit last night," he thought, "was a mistake. I should never have been persuaded to have it."

He blinked harder, but his double vision persisted. He polished his bifocals, replaced them, and blinked again. There were still two young ladies in front

of his desk, both dressed in pale green coats, with short, dark hair and identical faces. "Er—good morning," he said cautiously.

"Good morning, Mr. Ramsey," said the identical voices. At least he thought there were two, but since both spoke at the same moment he couldn't even be sure of that. He began to perspire slightly. Double vision resulting from mere indigestion surely couldn't last as long as that—there must be something seriously wrong with him!

"Won't you sit down?" he said feebly. Both pretty girls smiled, then one said, "That would be nice, but unfortunately there's only one chair here."

Mr. Ramsey mopped his brow. Thank goodness for that—there were actually two of them!

The other one seemed to read his thoughts. "There really are two of us, Mr. Ramsey," she explained kindly. "And we can't help looking so much alike. We were just born that way."

"We've got so used to people being surprised by now," added the first one, "that we can just about tell what they're thinking when they first see us."

"So I noticed," said Mr. Ramsey, still a little shaky. "But we really can't go around shocking our clients. This is an old-established firm, my dear young ladies, and many of our most valued clients are of very long standing. I'm afraid, if you have come to inquire about vacancies on our staff . . ."

"But just think of the sales impact," began one twin hastily, "if we were both in the Gown Department," finished the other. "If people weren't quite sure which of two dresses to buy, we could each put one on, then they could see what a complete change two different dresses can make in one person."

Swept away by an avalanche of words, Mr. Ramsey could only say hurriedly, "And then, of course,

there would be the difficulty of the names. You are both Miss Allison."

"Mr. Ramsey!" said Number One reproachfully, "how many people working here are called Smith?" "Or Jones, or Brown?" asked Number Two.

"Quite a few," admitted Mr. Ramsey, "but we manage by referring to them departmentally. For example, we have Miss Smith of Gowns and Miss Smith of Haberdashery."

Two pairs of brown eyes regarded him as he thought the matter over carefully. They were certainly bright, intelligent young women, attractive and well spoken. But equally certainly they would have to be kept as far apart as possible.

"That's it," he announced triumphantly. "Well, Miss Allison and Miss—Allison."

"Joy—and Sara," they supplied quickly and hopefully.

"You may commence work here as members of our staff on Monday morning—one in the Hardware Department and one in Gardening. That should be quite sufficient to prevent any confusion arising."

"The two departments are in separate buildings, as you will have noticed if you are familiar with Fordyce and Holyoake's. Now, if you will kindly retire to the outer office, my secretary will fill in your staff cards and take all necessary particulars. Good morning, Miss—er—ladies."

More trouble, he thought bitterly as they went. As if things weren't bad enough!

Joy and Sara were rather disappointed about being in separate buildings, but, as they discovered on Monday morning, things might have been worse. The two were separated only by a narrow side street, with the wide glass doors of Hardware looking straight out on to those of Gardening.

To page 59





***a million-to-one coincidence:***

## How Miss Julie Wisdom came to pose for this **Wisdom** toothbrush page

### ***This is what happened:***

Wisdom wanted the girl with the brightest, nicest and most beautiful smile to appear on this page. They went through dozens of "smile" pictures of well-known models and young newcomers. And one girl's smile out-dazzled all the others. Fresh and beautiful, with shining-white, healthy teeth.

### ***It was Miss Wisdom:***



Then the picture was turned over, to find out her name. It was Julie Wisdom! 17, and just starting her career in modelling.

When the Wisdom people told Julie they'd like her to pose with a Wisdom toothbrush, the coincidence became even greater. "I use a Wisdom now," she exclaimed.

### ***'I have to be so careful about details':***

Later, Julie said: "If I want to get to the top, I have to be careful about every detail. My diet, clothes, make-up, everything. And because good teeth are essential, I asked a dentist about toothbrushes. He said I couldn't find a better brush than a Wisdom! It's got special bristles, so you can massage your gums and keep them healthy while you clean your teeth."

### ***On the way up:***

Julie's just started to be a model. But her radiant smile, her natural charm — and her clever attention to detail — must send her zooming to the top very soon!

Do you use a Wisdom? Good! It's truly the best.

*I would like to state that my name is Julie Wisdom, and that the coincidence described is absolutely true.*

(SIGNED) *Julie Wisdom*

### ***Two Wisdoms to choose from:***



**Wisdom Flextron**, with twice the bristles ... to massage your gums as you clean your teeth.



**Wisdom Regular**, with super nylon bristles that stay germ-free and hygienic. (N.B.: And there are junior Wisdoms for children, too.)

For healthy teeth and gums choose the best brush ... a Wisdom by *Addis*



# IDLE YOUNG MAN



Nothing seemed to disturb the even tenor of his days . . . a romantic short story

By **STELLA MARGETSON**

**S**ALLY ROBINSON was very fond of her family, but when they started teasing her about David it was no joke. Her father looked perplexed, her mother became impatient, and her brother, Jeremy, went altogether too far.

"Of all the soft, idle young men—" he said.

"You don't know anything about him!" Sally retorted.

"Well, what does he do?"

"I've told you—he works. He's a student."

"And goes to sleep in the afternoons."

"I never said that. I said he was tired and went to sleep."

"Anyway, I don't think arguing about it is likely to be very fruitful," Kenneth Robinson suggested.

Sally gave him a quick look, her eyes shining. "Thank you, Dad."

"All the same I do think you are wasting your time, Sally," her mother said. "I can't see why you are so keen on David. It's not as if you haven't got any number of boy-friends who all seem to me to be much more interesting and useful."

"Perhaps I don't want anyone 'useful'."

Mrs. Robinson ignored the implication. "I mean it would be nice to know what he is supposed to be studying; then we might know if there really is some point in your wasting other opportunities."

Sally pushed her half-eaten breakfast away and got up abruptly.

"I don't think we agree about opportunities," she said, trying to control her voice. "But it is my life, and I don't see why you should all get your knife into David just because he isn't one of Jeremy's boring rigger pals!"

She ran out of the room, snatched up her bag and umbrella from the hall, and left the house without saying goodbye.

It was raining and she got wet waiting for the bus, which somehow increased her indignation. It was not the first time her family had started getting at her about David. In fact, none of them, not even her father, seemed to understand. But she hated having rows with them—they made her feel so miserable and disloyal; and what was worse, at the back of her mind she could see their point of view.

David was a mystery. She had never yet been able to discover what he was studying and why he apparently worked all night and did nothing in the daytime apart from wandering about in the galleries and museums or going on long walks on Hampstead Heath.

Her family just didn't believe he was working at anything. To them he was an idle young man, drifting round with evidently no need of earning his living, a dilettante with no wish to settle down to anything useful, and there were horrible moments when Sally found herself sharing their belief, moments that of course vanished as soon as she saw David again.

He was dark and thin, with a pale intellectual face and a very attractive, quick smile. At their first casual encounter on board a plane flying to Paris, Sally had been struck by his charming manners and by his kindness in helping her through the airport. But she had quite forgotten to ask his name, and it was only when she reached her cousin's flat in Paris that she realised how much she had enjoyed the journey and began to regret that she would never know who her fellow passenger was.

Then one day six months later he had walked into the bookshop in Piccadilly where she worked and they had stared at each other in surprise.

"The plane to Paris!" they both exclaimed, laughing at each other.

"Don't tell me you've been here all the time, right under my nose?" he said.

To page 64

Sally knew her family did not approve of her friend David.



Illustrated by



# Swing into spring with

Spring is bustin' out all over. And so are we. To celebrate 50 years as leaders in design and engineering, we are offering these exciting 2-door models — both years ahead in refrigeration.



Choose from 3 spectacular models — Model 694 (illustrated above) 14 cu. ft. 'NO FROST' — 315 gns. Model 693 (as above) 14 cu. ft. — 299 gns. Model 493 — 12 cu. ft. Cyclic Auto. Defrost — 269 gns. Other Kelvinator models from only 129 gns. Prices slightly higher in some areas. Available with left or right hand doors.

## Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama with exclusive 'NO FROST' system

At the top a big separate deep freeze that safely stores up to 98 lbs. of frozen food for months at a time. And, for the first time in Australia, it has exclusive 'NO FROST' system. There's never any frost on walls, shelves — not even on frozen food packages!

Below, there's a big, family-sized refrigerator that's frost-free, too. Packed with features that make life easier. Little wonder this Foodarama is called "fabulous". It opens up a world of luxurious living. And, its 2 separate doors give faster freezing, better refrigeration.



# a new Kelvinator

to swing into spring with a new Kelvinator. This is your best time to buy. Right now your Kelvinator retailer is celebrating this 50th anniversary by giving you a very special trade-in offer.

Kelvinator



50th  
Anniversary



## Fabulous new Kelvinator Foodarama at its biggest and best

You're looking at the greatest advance in refrigeration! This 15 cu. ft. Kelvinator Foodarama is Australia's only refrigerator-freezer combination with two separate upright doors to give the fastest, finest freezing and refrigeration in the one cabinet. The giant deep freeze has 5 cubic feet capacity. And there's

exclusive 'NO FROST' system — an exclusive Kelvinator development that means there's no frost ever on walls, shelves or even frozen food packages in either the freezer or refrigerator sections. Price 359 guineas. (Slightly higher in some areas). Just 41½" wide, 28½" deep, 59" high, can be completely built-in.

CHOOSE **Kelvinator** HOME APPLIANCES FOR BETTER LIVING  
REFRIGERATORS • FREEZERS • WASHERS • AIR CONDITIONING



# Swimwear in the shops . . . NEW DESIGNS



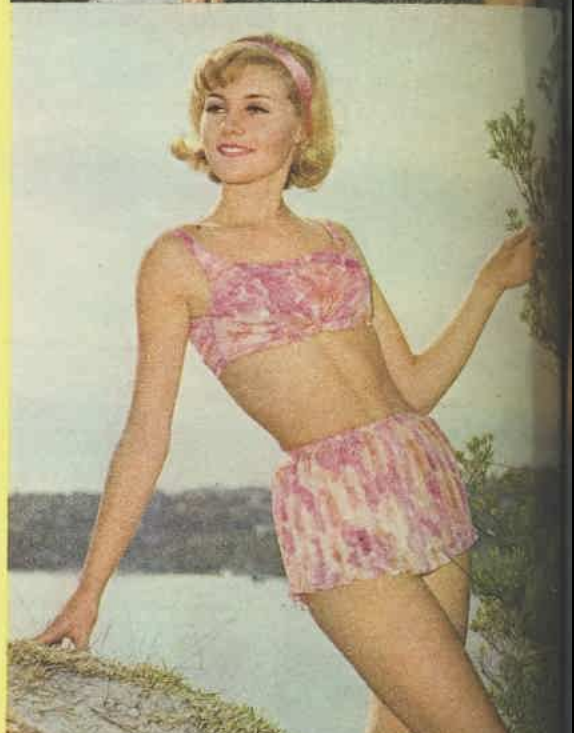
**BARE LOOK** (left) of deep neck plunge and high-cut legline in Catalina's sleek sheath of bri-nylon knit with lycra.



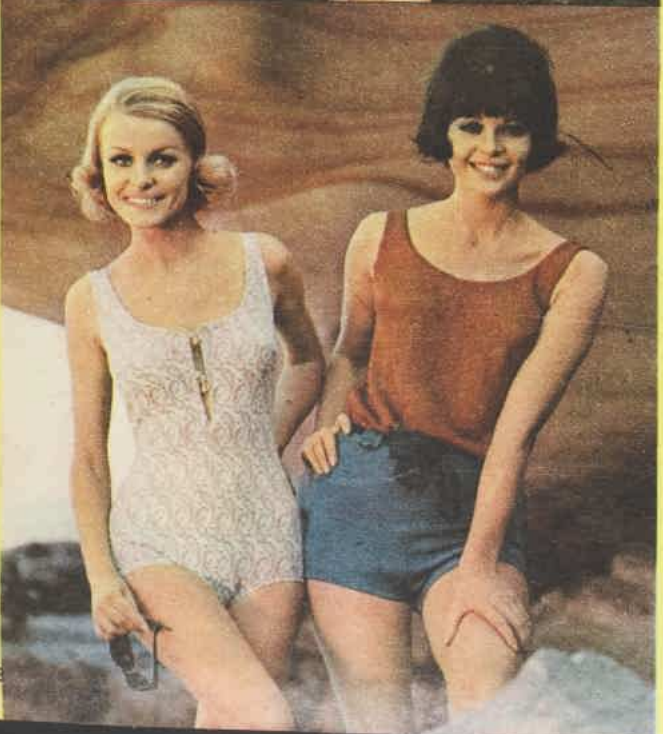
**STRIPED** "Sling Suit" by Catalina (right) is a figure-flatterer of bri-nylon with quarter-skirt trunks and a lace moulded bra.



**GAY** bathers in tartan stretch bri-nylon (left) by Ada of California are cut very low at back and feature a single-moulded bra.



**SUN-LOVING** two-piece suit (right) in gay printed tetoron, the bra bowed, the brief skirt permanently pleated. (Ada of California.)



**WHITE** bri-nylon and gold lurex sheath (far left) has deep, slit bodice. Sashed blouson at left is antron and bri-nylon. (Maglia of Melbourne.)



**COOL**, crisp, and youthful one-piece suit (right) of check helanca, lycra features half-skirt, square neck, scoop back. (Jantzen.)



# ARE

# BOLD AND BRIEF

In this three - page feature are some of the varied trends and popular looks in beachwear for 1964. New designs come in all the "magic" fabrics under the sun. The styles shown here are on sale in stores throughout Australia.

Continued overleaf



**STUNNING** maillot, two-piece bather with Greek-key accent and camisole bra. The fabric is bri-nylon/helanca. (Jantzen.)



**PRINT** dacron style by Watersun, high-cut and plunging. At right, hip-hugger (Cole of California) in cotton check tweed with cover-up lace coat. **BELOW:** Sleek sheath by Catalina is opaline-knit with lycra; precision-cut bra-cups give a smooth line. The keyhole back is a notable fashion feature.





# Monthly Sailings to Europe...



## GALILEO & MARCONI

*(by way of the fabulous Orient to Messina, Naples and Genoa)*

NOW! Lloyd Triestino's beautiful new passenger liners, Galileo and Marconi, sail for Europe every month of the year—from Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Fremantle—with calls at exciting foreign lands—Singapore—Bombay—Aden—the canal ports of Suez and Port Said (where, if you wish, you can travel overland to Cairo, scale the pyramids, cross the Ismael Desert at sunset, later to rejoin your ship at Port Said) ... a cruise of the blue Mediterranean ... and on to Italy.

Lloyd Triestino have arranged a number of special rail, air and coach tours across the Continent to the United Kingdom and the rates are really "special." Baggage is no problem when you travel Lloyd Triestino! Arrange for your excess luggage to be forwarded direct to your final address. You'll really have a wonderful time on board these big, fast ships. Make enquiries at your travel agent or the General Agents.

### Sightseeing in Europe—

#### New St. Bernard Tunnel

Here's one suggestion for travellers intending to make for Paris and London.



Motor through the great new St. Bernard Tunnel by coach to Lausanne in Switzerland, staying overnight at Turin or Aosta. There will be time to see Lausanne before boarding an express train for Paris and London. Our tour includes accommodation and meals. Your travel agent will be able to give you the full story.

### Excellent Food—Service

This is where Lloyd Triestino stand alone—the food is absolutely magnificent and,



as for service—many folk travel Lloyd Triestino for the second time just to enjoy good service. All your favourite Australian dishes are included on the menu plus a host of exciting Continental delicacies that will be completely new to you.

### Fares to Europe

Don't for a moment think you have to be a millionaire to travel Lloyd Triestino—far from it! A one-way ticket, tourist class, will only cost you from £A127 during the off-season and full season ... from £A165—even less from Melbourne, Adelaide and Fremantle.

### Save 10% on Round Trip

By making the round trip in Lloyd Triestino ships you enjoy a 10% discount—more money to spend overseas!

### Special Off-Season Rates

Effective:

August to December from Australia, and January to May from Italy. Imagine travelling in the luxury of first class, both ways, for only £406, or go over tourist and return first class for £344.

### Australia-Singapore-

#### Hong Kong and return

Playing "tourist" in exotic Singapore and Hong Kong. What an idea for your



next vacation! ... you can do it in three weeks or less and for a modest outlay, too! This is your itinerary! ... travel to Singapore by sea in Galileo or Marconi ... spend up to two full days ashore then board Victoria or Asia, of Lloyd Triestino's far East service for a cruise to Hong Kong ... more fun

sightseeing and shopping, then return to Singapore by sea and jet home from there. Ask your travel agent about these exciting tours.

### Air-Sea-Air Concession

First class passengers travelling from the eastern States wishing to save time and fly to Perth, join the ship in Fremantle. Arrange to fly from Naples or Genoa and be at your destination the same day as the ship arrives in these ports.

### Interstate Travel



What better way to travel between State capitals than by sea? You will enjoy the same service, food and entertainment as Overseas passengers.

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Swimwear in the shops (continued)

# TOP TRENDS IN STRIPES, PRINTS, CHECKS



**ZEBRA-PRINT** bri-nylon hipster two-piece to make the most of long, slim legs and a smooth midriff. Bra is bound in black and there are lycra straps that stretch. (Waterknit.)

**RIGHT:** Making a slender figure more so is this glamorous two-piece of puckered stretch-cotton over bri-nylon. (Ada of California.)



**THREE-PIECE** swimsweater maillot with wrap-around bra and trunks in plain fabric, a V-neck check top banded in plain fabric. (Jantzen.)



**LEFT:** Striped lastex stretch-fabric swimsuit by Cole of California has popular "little boy" legs.



**LIGHT-AS-AIR** (3 ounces including bra), paisley-printed one-piece (above left) by Watersun swoops low at back. At right, a snappy blouson style with printed nylon-jersey top, nylon and lycra trunks. (Cole of California.)

**BELOW:** Two full-fashion swimsuits by Darlene in nylon/antron offer fresh contrast in cut and color.







Sandy Scott



Brian Henderson



Laurel Lea



Judy Stone



Col Joye

# WIN A MORRIS 850 IN THE KOLYNOS BANDSTAND CONTEST!

(or one of 257 other valuable prizes)



**How to enter:** There's always a lot of fun on the "Bandstand" set! Just look at that photo of Brian Henderson trying to be a whole band by himself!

Bandstand stars Col Joye, Judy Stone, Sandy Scott and Laurel Lea had comments to make and each comment contains the title of a song. All you do is match the number of each comment with the name of the artist who recorded the song.

**Comment 1.** Brian, you're just a little too much, only experts play by ear.

**Comment 2.** I listen to my heart and it says you're a bit off beat.

**Comment 3.** With all this noise you'll never know how I sing.

**Comment 4.** I can't recognise that tune, but what I don't know won't hurt me.

Make your choice for each, then write what you believe is the most apt comment from Brian Henderson himself. (For example: "I always play by ear.")

Your sense of fun can win you the Morris 850, the Honda Scooter or one of the other 256 exciting prizes listed below.

**FIRST PRIZE:** Morris 850 Motor Car. **SECOND PRIZE:** Honda 50 c.c. Motor Scooter. Plus 256 other valuable prizes! 2 Wallace surfboards, from W. W. Campbell's Surf Shop, built to the winner's specifications. 3 Philips "Partygoer" portable transistorised radiograms. 6 Philips "Musictime" portable transistorised clock radios. 20 Vanity Fair hair dryers. 50 Christine Lynch Sterling Silver, turquoise and cultured pearl bracelets. 75 Philips Grammy Award-winning 12" LP recordings. 100 Savlon Presentation Packs from I.C.I.

Send as many entries as you like, but enclose the end from a Kolynos toothpaste carton with each. (Except where this is contrary to your State law.)

**Judging:** Entries will be judged by an independent judging organisation on the basis of—

1. Placement of comment number with correct names.
2. Suitability, originality, interest and neatness of your comment for Brian Henderson.

Judges' decisions are final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries remain the property of International Home Products (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., and none will be returned.

Employees (and their families) of I.H.P., their advertising agency and the judging organisation are not eligible to enter.

Winners will be notified in writing 6 weeks after closing. Winners' names will be in the Women's Weekly on or about November 11.

**HOW TO MAIL:** Print your entry on the form given or plain paper and send to P.O. Box 220, Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

**CLOSING DATE:** Entries received after October 5 will not be considered. No responsibility will be accepted for entries delayed, damaged or lost in transit.

## KOLYNOS BANDSTAND CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Fill in this coupon and address it to: P.O. Box 220, Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

STATE: \_\_\_\_\_

JUDY STONE SAID: \_\_\_\_\_ Comment number ☐

COL JOYE SAID: \_\_\_\_\_ Comment number ☐

LAUREL LEA SAID: \_\_\_\_\_ Comment number ☐

SANDY SCOTT SAID: \_\_\_\_\_ Comment number ☐

WHAT YOU THINK BRIAN HENDERSON SAID: \_\_\_\_\_

KY304



# THE WASP

Third instalment of  
our suspense serial

By **URSULA  
CURTISS**

Holding her driving  
licence calmly, Kate  
confronted Georgia.



FOR ten months KATE BARLOW has lived with her mother-in-law, GEORGIA. Her husband had been killed in a car accident, which Kate feels may have been avoided if he had let her drive. JOANNA and GERALD SYMMES, Georgia's daughter and son-in-law, have helped her nurse Kate back to health. A friend of theirs, MR. CARPENTER, an author, has given her some typing as a form of therapy. Gradually she has regained her confidence and has even started to drive again.

But driving with Gerald as a passenger one day, she lost control when a wasp flew at her. A four-year-old child BARNEY silently scrambled to his feet and entered a house where a MR. and MRS. MAYNARD lived. When Kate wants to report the accident, Maynard asks her not to, as his wife is sick and he does not want her worried. In a weak moment she agrees to this, but the next day they ring and ask her to be there when a doctor visits the still silent child. Specialist

treatment is advised, and Kate foolishly pays a thousand dollars to the Maynards. When she calls again they have moved, and later she receives a letter from Maynard, bearing the address — General Delivery, Bridgeport. For days Kate finds in her mail clippings about accidents attributed to wasps, and becomes terrified at the sight or even the thought of them. Even Carpenter notices how strained she is becoming when he takes her out to dinner.

Georgia and the Symmes have little time to sympathise, as they are worried that old MR. SYMMES, who has always been expected to leave his money to Gerald, may be thinking of marrying a widow, MRS. HOLDEN. Joanna discovers he has already done so, and tells Kate but not the others.

Receiving another clipping, Kate writes accusing the Maynards of sending them and becomes desperately worried when a threatening reply arrives next morning in the post. NOW READ ON:

**WITNESS.** For a twisted second it was almost like a word in a love letter, so catching the breath and dizzying the gaze that any further reading must be anticlimax. Briefly, Kate saw nothing at all, and then the typed lines came into vision again.

Maynard thanked her for the money, somewhat briskly, and went on to say that he had just installed his wife in a private nursing home. "It is expensive but the other ones are full of old sick people and the doctor says that would be the worst thing for her condition." He and Barney had found a clean quiet room not far from the nursing home and it was nice to be away from his brother-in-law's.

"My bro-in-law—" how that began to grate —"kept saying we should sue, as Barney looks very queer to him and especially as we have this witness who saw the whole thing."

Desperation pressed so tightly against Kate's temples that it was like having her head caught in a window. No acknowledgment of her explanation that her own financial help could go no further, no mention of her note about the vicious clippings. Instead, a bewildering reference to "the whole thing"—as though she had concealed some shameful piece of information—and something that was not quite a threat.

"... we have this witness": it was very much in the present tense. But the road had been completely empty; Kate remembered the impact of her voice on the dappled silence. Someone looking out of a window, then, one of the Maynards' neighbors?

Kate knew what was called for, at least in theory. A cool letter back, stating that Barney had shot without warning through an open gate into the path of her car, that the hedge rendered the gate invisible to an approaching driver, and that she had already and of her own volition provided all the financial assistance of which she was capable. In effect: go ahead and sue.

But suppose they did? Appearances were hopelessly against her. Even if a jury would not automatically side with the trouble-ridden parents of a frightened and stammering child, a strong suggestion could and undoubtedly would be made that she and not Robert had been at the wheel in that fatal crash in Arizona.

They had both been flung clear; there was only her word for it that Robert had been driving. Certainly it would be made to seem a singular coincidence that she had been involved in two accidents only eleven months apart.

On top of that, she remembered with a fresh flicker of alarm that she had held out her driver's licence to Maynard as identification. Had he noticed the expiration date? He had certainly read it before handing it back. Who would believe that it was at his insistence she hadn't reported the accident? Wouldn't the volunteered thousand dollars, in this light, have all the air of a bribe?

... And here it came again, the flashing dampness, the terrifying unrelatedness to physical things around her. A lamp seemed to bow very delicately toward her, and Kate moved her gaze slowly and carefully away and saw the rug slide with it. She told her body savagely that it was not going to topple from the couch, that this was only the trickery of nerves and everything would be normal in a minute.

It was more than a minute—and suppose it should happen to her on a witness stand? She would explain, in vain, that it never occurred where her attention was physically occupied, as in driving, and that she had been free of it for months before the accident. She could hear the sceptical, "Oh, indeed? How fortunate, Mrs. Barlow."

Gerald would be worse than no witness at all. He would be staunchly against tricycles, gates, hedges, and, if it seemed necessary, four-year-old boys.

Kate would have to find the Maynards' witness.

She had to steel herself to leave the apartment, in spite of her new urgency. The morning was hot and still, and wasps lingered lazily through it like goldfish in a bowl. Other unnoticing people might not see them, but Kate did. They touched lightly on the windowsills, crawled, spiralled off as though remembering an errand somewhere, and came back. Around the lilac—in search of some long-fallen blossom?—hovered a large yellow jacket, pointed body arched and ready.

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For **CHRONIC CATARRH,  
NASAL CONGESTION  
and SINUSITIS PAIN**

take **MU-CRON**



If you suffer Chronic Catarrh or gnawing Sinus pain MU-CRON will bring longed-for relief. MU-CRON works quickly through the bloodstream exerting a double decongestant action. First assisting to shrink the swollen nasal membranes, then helping drain all eight sinus cavities of infection. Blocked-up nasal passages re-open, pain goes, your head clears. Get MU-CRON Tablets now for quick relief.

**MU-CRON**  
**TABLETS** 30 tablets for 7/6  
Ask your family chemist

MC21.16

Mrs. Tenny (Murphy to you) Hankins says:

"Enjoy the  
cosy warmth of  
sleeping on a  
Van Winkle"



Protect you from cold that strikes from beneath  
Stay wrinkle-free all night  
Protect mattresses from wear and staining  
Double mattress life  
Used in world standard hotels—Mandarin,  
Hong Kong, Chevron Hilton, Town House, etc.  
— and half a million Australian homes.  
Single bed size 32 1/2

H. A. KING & CO., DYNON ROAD, FOOTSCRAY

Page 33



They would have no interest in perfumeless Kate . . . would they? Yes, if she ran on this syrupy morning. Twice she put out a hand to the screen door, thinking that her determination might wrap her like a cloak, and twice she drew it back. Before her third and successful try she put on a white cardigan over her thin, bare-armed dress; she would stifle in it, but it gave her a false feeling of protection. Or not quite false: an outer garment could always be wriggled out of with infinite delicacy, shed, fled from.

Except for her visits to the Maynards since the day of the accident, Kate had avoided Maple Avenue, although it meant going miles out of her way. Now she approached it with a sick acceleration of the heart; it looked all the more dangerous for its cunningly innocent pattern of leaves and sunlight.

Somewhere inside the pattern was the witness who had told the Maynards—what?

Slowly, now; she would have to measure the angles of view very carefully. The houses on either side of the Maynards' could not be discounted, in spite of the screening hedge and maple branches, because someone might have been standing at an upstairs window. But the houses across the street seemed much more likely, and there were only three of them in the possible line of vision.

Kate turned her car into the driveway of the first.

Like the others, it was small, standardised, vaguely Dutch Colonial; an attempt at departure had been made in brightly staring blue shutters and an ornamental screen door. There was a playpen in the little front yard, and toys

Continued from page 33

and a blanket gave it a just-vacated look in spite of the silence about the place. Kate had to battle an impulse to back out again and drive safely away, because what, in essence, must she say to a perfect stranger? "Did you happen to see me hit the Maynard boy a few weeks ago?"

It had to be done, unless she were to live under a shapeless threat that might even now be gathering form and purpose. Even if the witness thought her deliberately negligent he would lead her to the Maynards, and surely if they discussed the whole thing face to face instead of through the mails—

The door opened without warn-

## THE WASP

ing on a pretty blond girl with a young baby cradled against her shoulder. Kate had read the name on the mailbox, and she said what was to become a formula: "Mrs. Talley? I'm Katherine Barlow—you don't know me, but I wonder if I could talk to you for a few minutes? It's quite important to me."

Mrs. Talley looked oddly hesitant, but at last she stepped back and allowed Kate to enter a tiny hall. She said with firmness, "If you'll wait here for just a minute, I'll put the baby down," and vanished up the stairs. Kate's heart beat harder, because if she were not the witness, why had the girl given

her that peculiar look, a combination of hostility and interest? Footsteps echoed faintly above; there was a wheeling sound of casters. Kate, scrupulously avoiding so much as a glance into what was visible of the living-room, gazed instead at a small oval mirror and saw herself with an actual shock.

No wonder the girl had stared. She was wearing a sundress on this roasting day, and the baby a nappy and talcum powder—and here was Kate muffled to the throat and wrists in a sweater. As a result, her face was damp and brilliantly flushed, and with the new accretion of eyelids and cheekbones she looked like someone in delirium—or, less kindly, an escaped mental patient.

She opened her bag with a vague notion of effecting repairs, so that when the blond girl came running down the stairs she had all the air of just having stolen something.

"It's so hot," said Kate, producing a handkerchief, and the empty words brought forth instantly the answer she wanted. Mrs. Talley, apparently relieved at so humdrum a remark from such an unstrange-looking creature, said that it certainly was hot, and the baby felt it all the more because she had just brought him back from Maine, where they had stayed with her family for two months.

"I'm afraid the house is a mess," she said, glancing deprecatingly about at the spotless floor and shining windows. "My husband got so lonesome after the first couple of days that he went to stay at his sister's . . . what do you say I could help you about?"

## NOTHING

now, but Kate had to produce an answer of some kind. "Well, it—was just something about the Maynards, the people across the street, but as you weren't here . . ."

"We didn't know them at all, anyway," said Mrs. Talley with finality and put a hand on the doorknob.

Upstairs, as though to underline the gesture, the baby began a feeble whimpering. Kate thanked the blond girl and left, taking away with her a strong impression of disapproval—of the Maynards or of prying strangers?

The next mailbox said Henderson. Miss Henderson, who lived alone, was a great, tall, morose woman who pounced upon Kate as a break in the day's monotony. When Kate asked about the Maynards her eyes grew shrewd. "You wouldn't be trying to collect a bill? I hear they owed all over town."

Then, at Kate's shake of the head, "I wouldn't know, myself. I'd see him outside now and again—in course, up until last week I didn't get home until six, I've been working at the library since Mrs. Moffat went on maternity leave in June."

Briefly, Kate stopped listening. This was not the Maynards' witness because with a job she would not have been home at the time of the accident.

"Mrs. Maynard was sick," said Miss Henderson's re-entering voice. "Middle-ear trouble, her husband told me once, but she didn't look blood-pressurey to me, a little bit of a thing like that."

Her gaze was inquiring, but Kate could not cope with this swift diagnosis. She said instead, "They had a little boy, didn't they?"

"Oh, and a nice-mannered child, yes ma'am and no ma'am, very anxious to please," said Miss Henderson approvingly. "I wonder where they went, poor things? And will you look at that?"

It happened with bewildering speed. At the indignant change in Miss Henderson's voice Kate turned her head obediently toward the small window above and behind her left shoulder, and felt her chest explode with panic at the warm—three? four?—crawling soundless there. She took a violent step backward and to her right, sending a table crashing, and in the same instant Miss Henderson produced a large handkerchief and took a vigorous swipe at the window. One shot past Kate's face; another

To page 36



## When only the finest coffee will do!

Good coffee is the finishing touch to successful entertaining. That's why the thoughtful hostess always serves Bushells Vacuum Packed Coffee. Bushells Coffee is a blend of rich, robust, high-grown coffees—fresh-roasted, fresh-ground—and packed in vacuum sealed jars. Reach for Bushells next time you shop—and serve it on those special occasions . . . when only the finest coffee will do.

**Bushells** VACUUM PACKED **coffee**









stunned, fell on her sweated shoulder. With her gasp of terror sounding louder than a scream in the little hallway, she swept blindly at the place, felt the brief touch of the wasp, at once hard and feathery against her finger, and collided cruelly with the newel post.

Time escaped her trickily there. Even with her head turned rigidly away she knew that Miss Henderson, breathing hard, was battling victoriously with the wasps, and that presently the fallen table was being set back on its legs, but she had no idea of how long it took.

"Well, I must say—" began Miss Henderson in a tone of astonished anger, and looked at Kate and broke off. "I'll get you a glass of water," she said, and went hastily away.

Kate drank the cold water gratefully, and forced her breath to come slowly against the frightening pain

in her chest. To Miss Henderson, who was now watching her with keen interest, she said laboredly, "I'm sorry. I don't know what—came over me."

"Maybe you're allergic to wasps. I have a sister-in-law like that, and when she got stung once they gave her a tetanus shot, and she reacted so badly they had to give her strychnine, and that," said Miss Henderson with faint relish, "nearly finished her off." She glanced up at the window. "There must be a nest under the eaves somewhere."

And one of the inhabitants had seen Kate, and signalled to the others — for just a second she pressed her hands fiercely against her face. Then she said shakily, taking a step toward the door, "Well, I'm sorry. And I hope I haven't ruined your table."

"Oh, that old thing," said Miss

Continued from page 34

Henderson disparagingly. "Do you think you ought to go out just yet?"

Kate said she would be perfectly all right, but at the door she paused. Another walk through treacherous sunlight, another wait under possibly wasp-laden eaves — without much hope, she asked Miss Henderson about the people who lived next door.

There was nothing that Miss Henderson would not now have done to oblige this interesting creature who went berserk in hallways at the sight of a wasp. "The Clifts. They're good friends of mine — we play canasta almost every night — but you wouldn't

## THE WASP

find them home, because they both work."

And that was why Maple Avenue had been so quiet that first day; all of these houses had been empty and eyeless. Kate was still badly shaken, and in her sweltering car she smoked a cigarette, with a hand that felt boneless and unsteady before she had strength and accuracy enough to make the last of her inquiries. If she drove away now she would never have the courage to come back. And the witness was here, had to be here, in one of the houses that flanked the Maynards'.

But, at the end of half an hour, the witness was not. At the first house a woman with a face like

a dinosaur's and a menacing head full of curlers told Kate flatly that she didn't know anything about the Maynards. Nor did she care, obviously. Most of her attention was concentrated on a loud opera emanating from another room, so that Kate's few questions fell weakly down among various accusations, sobbing denials, and significant bursts of organ music.

"Today Is Yours" is on next," said the woman, and closed the door conclusively in Kate's face.

The house on the other side of the Maynards' bore a sun-yellowed sign in one front window: "Alterations. Phone G14-8793 weekdays or after 5.30 p.m." There was, as Kate had expected, no response to her ring.

Was it possible that the Maynards had warned their witness to silence — blond young Mr. Truiley, the somehow wistful Miss Henderson, or the dinosaur woman with curlers? None of them had been false.

But neither had Maynard's: "we have this witness."

The purr of a very soft motor brought Kate's head around. The dressmaker's car returning after all? No. Mr. Symmes' long black Cadillac, vanishing into the sun-and-shadowed distance.

## DINNER

usually quiet. Even though her preoccupation Kate noticed a depth of gloom in Gerald, who presently she found out why: having lost a large contract to a competing firm, Mr. Symmes had promptly halved all wages wherever he had the power to do so.

Gerald and Joanna had had an offer of a friend's cottage in Provincetown; now, all the packing and driving and provision-buying would not be worth while. Kate risked a lightning glance at Joanna's face, and to her surprise found only thoughtful.

"You know," said Joanna, looking down as she toyed with a leaf of salad, "I think if he were serious nicely he might change his mind."

"Ha," said Gerald spiritlessly.

"He certainly might," said Georgia with unusual sharpness. "He might cut out your vacation altogether."

"It's the kind of thing that would occur to him," admitted Gerald.

"No, I really think that if I explained things to him he might give in," said Joanna serenely, and for just a second her face wore a look that Kate, even knowing who she knew, found inexplicably shocking: it had the mocking, almost dreamy innocence of a child's who really plans to last a bound playmate at the stake.

So she had managed to find out something about the secret Symmes-Holden marriage to use as a weapon — which was hardly Kate's affair, or was it? After her glimpse of the Symmes' car on Maple Avenue, she had argued fruitlessly with herself all the way home. Maple Avenue was a public thoroughfare, and the Symmes' had every right to use it; attaching any significance to their presence there, on just that day, would be as ridiculous as if they were to find it sinister when she drove past the large ugly house on King's Court Road.

Besides, Maple Avenue had been empty on the afternoon that happened, or as far as Kate knew, what about the time when the car in the Maynards' house? Her car had been parked in front, with a crushed tricycle under the wheel and Gerald in the passenger seat for all the world to see. And to anyone who knew Gerald it was perfectly conceivable that, wrapped

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Nagin Lake, Kashmir.

Go South. Be thrilled at the finest exponents of eastern dance at great Madras art festivals. See the Maharajah of Mysore ride in a golden howdah atop a gorgeously painted elephant. Watch dolphins play among fishing boats off the shores of tropical Cochin.

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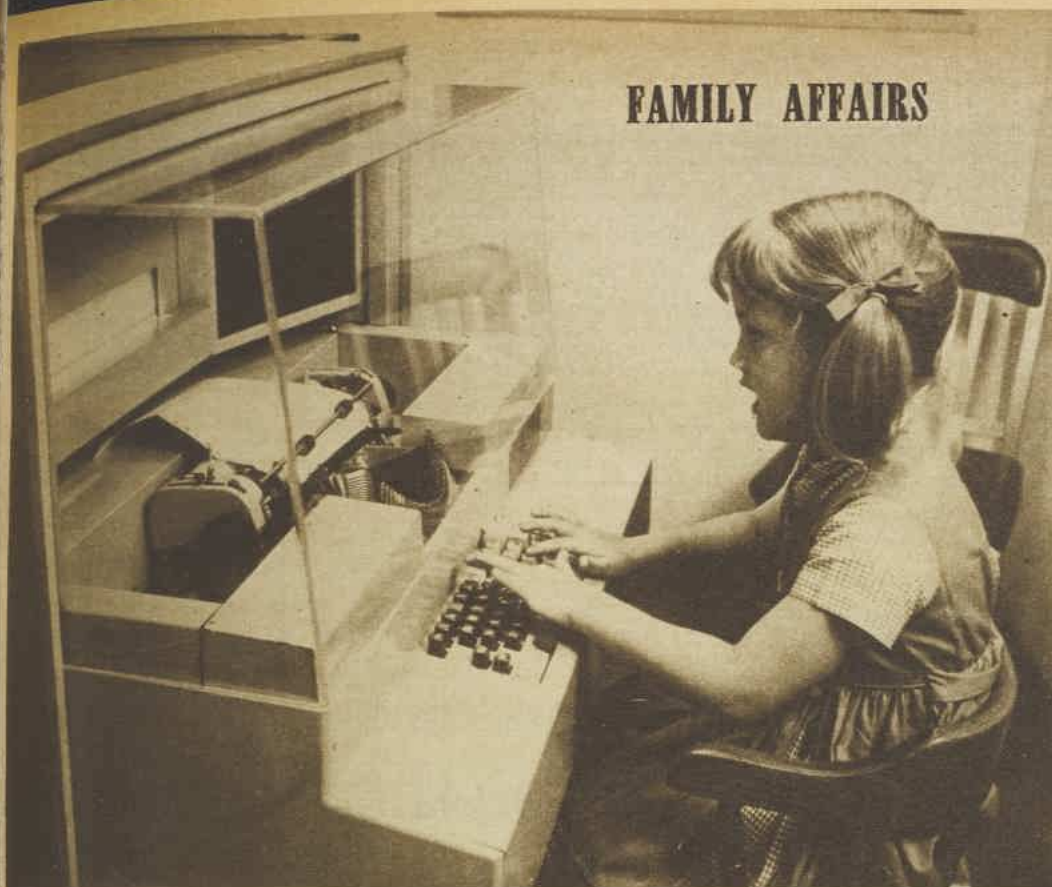
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## FAMILY AFFAIRS



**CLASSROOM MAGIC.** At a New York kindergarten, a young pupil operates the Edison Responsive Environment System by which it is possible to learn to read without formal instruction.

# A "magic" way to read

● A revolutionary electronic gadget that enables children to teach themselves to read without a teacher has passed with honors its initial tests in America.

By JIM DOWSING

**C**ALLED a computerised typewriter, the machine taught 20 New York kindergarten pupils to read 1.7 months faster than another group of five-year-olds who were instructed by conventional methods.

It talks, types, records, projects pictures, points at appropriate words and letters. In fact, it does everything but breathe.

Its creator, the McGraw-Hill Company, believes the gadget, costing 30,000 dollars (about £A13,500), will be an important educational advance not only for teaching normal children but for retarded pupils and in the field of foreign languages.

So life-like is the machine that the children came to regard it as "the box with the little man inside."

Recently the children, dressed in their smartest Sunday clothes, demonstrated their new toy for New York's Press, radio, and TV.

With immense concentration, Rhonda McCall, a five-year-old negro girl, sat in a high chair before the machine and copied a sentence from a card in a lighted frame above the keyboard.

A voice from the depths of the machine announced each letter and the child

punched the correct key, but just in case she might go wrong all but the right key was locked.

A small red arrowed marker in the lighted frame moved from one letter to another.

"See it go straight up," Rhonda typed. "Up, up, and up . . . Look at the helicopter . . . See it fly in the sky."

Immediately a color slide of a helicopter in flight flashed on a screen, much to the little girl's delight.

"This is better than a teacher," cried Rhonda, "cause I can run it with my finger."

During the five months' testing of the machine at this public kindergarten at Freeport, Long Island, each child daily left his or her normal class to spend half an hour alone with the machine in a soundproof booth.

A teacher watched through a one-way window.

The youngsters were not forced to go, and at any time during the 30 minutes they were free to leave. Not one ever decided against attending and rarely did one leave early.

The Freeport children spent an average of 30 hours with the machine. At first they were shown the gadget and told: "Have fun."

Once familiar with the

keyboard they were introduced to the typing of sentences and their little fingernails were painted various bright colors to help them select the correct keys, which are also tinted in varying shades.

If the child became bored, and his mind started to wander, the machine took care of that.

It repeated the last depressed letter—patiently and softly—every five seconds until the pupil got back to work.

Along with the other talents of this electronic marvel is its ability to record the pupil's voice and automatically play it back.

The child can thus compare his pronunciation of letters and words with that from the machine.

The superintendent of

Freeport public schools, Dr. John Martin, who supervised the project, claims the machine will be able to teach reading at an even faster rate as more experience is gained.

"As a rapid three-to-five months reading teacher," he said, "it will free the child for more advanced reading and other school work."

The machine also will help accelerate a trend to mechanised, "self-service learning" in America, where, according to one educator, six million students in 1963 used such methods.

Certainly the children of Freeport would like to spend much more time with the magic reading machine.

As Michael Gerard, one of the "guinea-pig" pupils, said: "I like the reading machine. It only tells me letters. The other teacher tells me lots more than letters."

## After-care for mothers

**THE** importance of after-care of a young mother after she gets home with her first baby is often overlooked.

Frequently it is not understood that it takes time for her body and mind to get back to normal.

The new mother needs rest and quietness and the same consideration as when she was pregnant.

A leaflet giving hints for post-natal care and diet and describing post-natal exercises is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Note: A stamped, addressed envelope **MUST** be enclosed with each request.



## The "Sunshine" Look

*Created by Guillaume of Paris  
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The newest, most exciting look for 1964, created by the leading hair stylist in Paris.

This year, make sure your hair has a new look, the most exciting look yet. Condition it with Vitapointe, world-famous hair dressing and conditioning cream. You'll find your hair looks and feels healthier, more manageable. Dry hair, hair which has been damaged by constant tinting and bleaching, split ends, brittle ends all need Vitapointe's nourishing care.

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*Cream Beautifier and Conditioner for the Hair  
A 7/6 tube lasts a good two months*

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## T'WAS CLEOPATRA



Said Mark Antony to the beautiful Queen,  
"Being a governor makes me feel mean,  
there's peasants to see, tax to renew  
and I've got a horrible dose of the 'Flu!'"  
"Never mind, love," said Cleo  
to Mark,  
"Here's some Woods'  
to stop your bark."

# Woods'

**GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND**

*Relieves Bronchial Coughs, Colds and Influenza*

## BAD CHIEF YESTERDAY Good Chief today

*Based on a real life story*

Yahoo! Another Cowboy bites the dust!

"Just look how happily Bobby's playing today," says his mother.

"Only yesterday the children were squabbling and fighting. But last night I gave Bobby a Laxette. No tears today!"

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Keeps baby happy all year round—

the **Bouncinette**

**TAKE ANYWHERE CRADLE**

Safe, comfortable and practical—indoors or outdoors. Gently rocks or baby moves. Washable, featherlight—for babies 2 to 18 months.

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in his anxiety, he had not seen his father's car go by.

But that did not constitute being a witness, and what possible motive could Mr. Symmes have for allying himself with the Maynards? Except that you did not really have to examine motives where such random malice was concerned.

Joanna's odd new blandness — because she was certainly very pleased about something — altered the situation a little. If Mr. Symmes had discovered any trace of her probing into his marriage, he would arm himself with any weapon at hand. Kate did not know to what, if any, extent a passenger was culpable in not reporting an accident, particularly if it should develop into a law-suit; she did know enough about Mr. Symmes to be sure that he would do what he could.

"Kate, I thought you liked crab-meat salad," said Joanna's reproachful voice, "and just look at your plate."

Everybody looked, and what had formerly been a cool pale-pink distribution over lettuce now appeared such a mountain to Kate that she picked up her fork obediently. She had reckoned without her stomach, so knotted with tension that it might have had ten full dinners; she got a morsel down, barely.

"Too hot to eat, really," said Gerald, and then glanced abashedly at his own empty plate.

"You must eat, Kate," said Georgia in her soft practical voice. "Really, I don't understand you. Even when—"

She stopped there, or her voice did; the silence stated it ringingly: "Even when Robert was killed it didn't affect you like this."

Continued from page 36

("Robert was an idol, and nothing less...")

Kate did not attempt a defence, even in her own despairing mind. She inspected her crab-meat steadily, realised that her fingers were curving the hair over her temple in their old bad habit, and locked her hands in her lap.

Glances must have been exchanged then, because conversation broke out simultaneously on three sides.

"Did you—"

"I saw Mrs.—"

"The television man—"

Kate smiled wryly. "Thank you," she said. "Is everybody ready for coffee?"

She and Joanna did the dishes.

## THE WASP

Georgia had departed for the living-room and television, and Gerald sat moodily at the kitchen table with a second cup of coffee. Kate wondered fleetingly if he were as unaware of his changed situation as Joanna thought; his long-lashed olive eyes looked very sombre indeed. Joanna seemed not to notice; her own profile was calm and secret.

One of Georgia's few stiffnesses was a kitchen left immaculate for morning—steel sink wiped dry, ash-trays polished to a glitter, telephone and electric clock in precise alignment. Kate was straightening the pad beside the telephone when she saw the note.

Mrs. Nairn, the once-a-week

cleaning woman, had been at the house that day, because there was her speedy black scrawl and the "Mrs. Kate" with which she separated one Mrs. Barlow from the other. "A man called," said the message. "Will call back." Maynard.

It was partly a lightning revelation in Kate's brain, partly the sensible fact that Carpenter, the only other man who might have called, would never have acted so anonymously. It seemed blindingly ironic that while she had been gressing futilely up and down Main Avenue, Maynard had been in search of her.

Why? Because they had decided to sue?

Kate said her good-nights a little coolly; the fact that they must have seen the message, and more, they had mentioned it to her, made her stiff. A man, they would think well, that would explain her absences from the apartment by strange behaviour.

When would Maynard call again?

ANY TART'S TASTIER WHEN YOU  
**pour on the  
whole flavour  
of whole fruit!**



**Rosella Mira Plum Jam** (like all Rosella jams) is cooked up from only the very best fruit and pure cane sugar. That's why it gives you the whole flavour of whole fruit. That's why you should try it — soon.



*Rosella's got the flavour...the flavour of natural goodness!*

**I**N the apartment she closed the door behind her, although the screen door had a hook on the inside, and there was a slight note of coolness in the lilac, she felt easy about being exposed to the night. Until now she had regarded the hours of darkness as the worst, when wasps and bees were in their nests, but she did not examine the illogicality of this.

What to do in the immediate space of time ahead? Certainly not stare tensely at the phone, wondering if Maynard were even trying to reach her, because in that case it would never ring. Kate took a fast shower, changed into her coolest robe, found herself gazing long and blankly at things like the faucets, her shower cap, the top of her slipper. She saw nothing of any of them, just as she had never seen her own thin distraught reflection.

Whatever Maynard had in store for her, it was unthinkable that she should pay again, even if her tears were bottomless. It had been kindness and compassion the first time, a sense of responsibility the second time. This time it would be submitting to blackmail.

If the Maynards had decided to bring suit, and it was hard to think of any other reason for the telephone call, they would come swiftly in the face of Kate's confusion. She would have to find a lawyer at once, and she would have to find money. She had never been involved in a lawsuit, but she knew that it was an expensive process, particularly if you lost, and it was very probable indeed that she would lose.

The alternative was living in thrall to the Maynards, waiting in dread for another of the elegantly archaically capitalised demands, becoming their creature and seeming a natural part of her existence.

The phone rang. Kate forced herself not to pick up the receiver, because she might not be for her at all. She had a heart-beating pause, then it rang again, and she let it ring more, as though she were waiting.

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*Mary Johnson's*  
GUIDE TO  
**ALTERING  
READY-MADE  
CLOTHES**

*An expert shows how even  
an inexperienced seamstress  
can give ready-made clothes  
a perfect, custom-made fit.*



The Australian Women's Weekly — August 12, 1964



# What you can - and cannot - alter

## LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

**A** LITTLE knowledge and understanding of the work entailed in altering clothes helps to determine whether it is practical to buy a misfitting garment, since there are limits to the alterations which can be satisfactorily made.

It is a common belief that if garments are too large they can be reduced in size merely by taking a little in here, raising something up there, or making a dart where no dart was intended by the designer. But it is not always possible to fix a garment so easily, especially if it is too large in its "governing areas" — the neckline, shoulders, and across the back and upper chest just above the bustline.

If the governing areas fit poorly it is better not to buy the garment; the original lines of the design will almost certainly become distorted by alterations.

When a garment is too large around the bust, waist, or hips, it is no problem to refit these parts, as such adjustments are made at the sides, known as the "hidden areas." Taking in the side seams does not affect the original style of the garment, nor does adjusting the hemline or the length of sleeves.

A drooping shoulder- or a gaping neckline is an indication that other parts of the garment are wrong on the figure. If the size is wrong for the upper part of the figure, there will be too much width across the upper chest area just above the bustline. This cannot be reduced satisfactorily without cutting away, which in turn enlarges an armhole that was too large to start with. The same goes for the width across the shoulderblades. Even experts cannot always correct these parts.

Always look inside a garment before

● Few women are lucky enough to be "stock" size. In this booklet fashion designer Mary Johnson tells how to alter bought clothes to fit your figure.

deciding to buy it, to make sure that it can be altered to fit without any problems.

No matter how deep the hem of a pleated garment, don't buy it if the original length is too short for you. All the hem is needed to serve as added weight at the bottom of the skirt, to make the pleats drape more gracefully on the figure.

If you did let down the hem, you would find it almost impossible to remove traces of pleats and hemline.

If the pleats are the type that are not pressed into sharp creases but left to billow into soft folds instead, it is easier to lower the hem, as only the hem crease will have to be pressed out.

### Removing stitch-marks

● Holes and other markings left by old stitching can be removed by wiping the fabric with a slightly moistened cloth or a household sponge.

**B**E careful not to water-spot the fabric: just dampen it a little.

Then pull the cloth back and forth on the bias with your hands to make the yarns line up properly with the vertical and horizontal weave of the material; the wool and the warp. The moisture causes the yarns to straighten out if they have been kinked by stitching and pressing, but it may be necessary to use the point of a blunt needle for extra help.

When the weave looks good enough to you, press with a moistened cloth to keep the yarns permanently in place.

This treatment will work on all types of materials, but don't expect the impossible. If the original stitching caused broken yarns in the cloth, or the old stitching was carelessly ripped out, the damage cannot be hidden very successfully. So remember it pays to be careful when unpicking anything.

If the fabric is made of natural fibres or of a synthetic like rayon that does give up pressed creases, you may let down the hem and face and finish it like other hems of comparable width and finish. But often the fabrics used for pleated designs are made of the synthetic yarns which, once pressed or processed into a fold or crease, just refuse to give it up.

The success of an alterations job depends on how well the work is done, and on knowing where to start when more than one area is faulty.

One alteration often affects another, and sometimes when the first has been completed you will find that the second has been taken care of at the same time.

A neckline that is too slack or too snug should be fixed before you raise a shoulderline that droops, since the altered neckline may well pull the shoulders into place.

Hit-or-miss methods of taking in or letting out garments distort the smartness of a design, so don't be tempted to disturb darts or other fitting devices in the "styling areas" (the central portions) of a garment, just to avoid ripping out the zipper at the side.

You will get far better results if the reshaping is done at the side seams, the "hidden areas." Do as much alteration on the sides as possible, and invade the "styling areas" only as a last resort.

There is no magic way to fit yourself by putting on a garment just once and then speeding through all the alterations.

Good final results are worth the time entailed in taking off the garment to shift a pin or two and then trying it back on again before doing the stitching. You'll be saving time by proceeding with caution.



TO change the length of a garment, take out the original hem carefully, so that the stitches do not pull on the weave of the fabric. Then press out the crease of the hem on the wrong side.

On silks, rayons, cottons, or synthetics, wipe the fabric with a sponge or face cloth damp enough to moisten the material without leaving water marks. If the garment is brand-new and the color is unusual it is a good idea to salvage the seam tape from the original hem.

To remove hem creases from woollen garments, place a moistened press cloth on the wrong side of the material and glide the iron slowly back and forth in the direction of the crease line.

Use a light touch while pressing so that the outside surface of the fabric is not flattened unnecessarily or made to shine. Too much weight on the iron will tend to stretch the bottom of the garment and get it out of shape, especially if the cloth is loosely woven or light in weight.

Some materials hold creases more firmly than others. If the hemline does not completely disappear with the first steaming, repeat the process. And do remember that the steaming is what removes the crease, not the pressure put upon the iron.

The right undergarments should be worn in trying on any clothing to be altered, so that it can be properly fitted and the length may be measured accurately. Heel height should also be considered before marking length.

### Measuring the hem

The length of a garment is measured from the floor up to the point where the hem would be most stylish and flattering to the legs. A yardstick or hem marker is used for measuring, and pins or white chalk to mark the height of the hem. (See Fig. 1.)

Never weave the hem marker in and out of the ripples when measuring the length of fully gathered or flared skirts, or you will have an undulating hemline. Instead, keep arranging the skirt with your

## Changing the hem (up or down)

● *The most common alteration on ready-made clothing is making hemlines longer or shorter. But before you start, remember that the length of a garment can be measured accurately only after all the other alterations have been made.*

hands, spreading the fullness so that the ripples that are inward come outward to be measured and marked. Do this spreading as you chalk or pin at six-inch intervals.

Make the hemline more visible by connecting the marks: lay the skirt down flat and draw a continuous line from one mark to the other. Next, mark the width of the hem, so that it is as wide as it was originally. To do this, make a second row of chalk marks the desired distance below the first ones; this will also indicate where any excess length is to be cut off. The distance between the two chalk lines will indicate the width of the hem.

### Applying seam tape

The most popular way to finish the top of a hem is with seam tape. Cut off the extra length of the garment through the lower chalk line, and then sew the seam tape to the edge of the hem without pinning or basting it into place first. (It is easier to produce a nice flat finish at the top of a hem without any extra handling; pinning or basting the tape on first may cause the tape to go on ruffled.)

Unless the seam tape is held properly during the stitching, the top edge of the hem may become stretched, especially on flared or circular hemlines.

To avoid this problem, arrange the seam binding on the edge of the hem with half the width of tape on the fabric and the other half off, and insert the sewing-machine needle through the tape and hem at the top edge of the tape. Lower presser foot.

Arrange three or four inches of the tape on the hem, holding the tape taut but allowing the cloth to remain natural underneath it. Sew through the arranged few inches close to the edge of the tape, and then stop with the needle still in the work (to keep the material from slipping) and arrange additional tape on the hem edge in the same way as before.

Do a few inches at a time until the complete hemline has been handled in this way, and you will find that the fabric has neither stretched nor eased.

When you cut off the tape at the end, leave enough extra length to fold under half an inch, and lap the fold over the starting point for a neat finish.

On a straight hem with no fullness at all, the tape is held taut as it is being applied merely to keep it from ruffling.

### Hems without tape

Seam tape is very often eliminated on lightweight, washable garments, and the edge of the hem is turned under as a finish. The hem edge is folded over to the wrong side of the garment directly through the line which indicates the width of the hem, then machine-stitched close to the folded line.

Just as when tape is used, it is important to contract the top of a hem when the edge is finished with a fold, if there is a slight flare at the bottom of the skirt.

To prevent stretching (as well as to contract it a little), hold a forefinger just behind the presser foot as you sew the hem edge (the wrong side of the garment facing upward), and while stitching, allow two or three inches of the edge to crowd itself between the presser foot and the finger. Then pause, lift the finger to release the amount held there, then put the finger down again and continue to sew in the same manner around the hem,

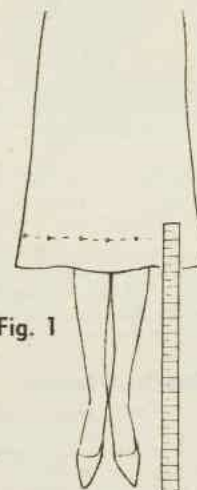


Fig. 1



## Hems (continued)

releasing the sewn edge at two- or three-inch intervals.

Before turning up the hem on the top chalk line, trim away the excess fabric next to the machine-stitching on the hem edge, leaving about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. there. The hem is now ready to pin up into place for the hand-sewing.

### Pinked hems

From time to time you will come across ready-made clothes that had neither seam tape nor a folded edge finishing the hem. A line of machine-stitching is run through the single material instead, and the raw edges are trimmed off with pinking shears. The machine-stitching keeps the weave of the fabric firm while the pinking, when done close to the stitching, keeps the raw edges from fraying too much.

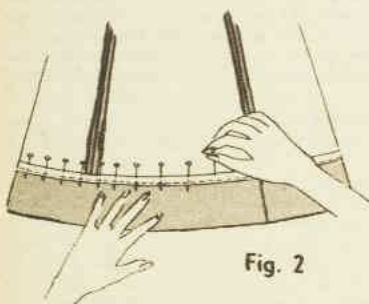


Fig. 2

Some fabrics and styles will drape more becomingly when the hem is treated in this manner, and if the original hem was finished without binding, you should do the alteration in the same way.

### Rolled hems

When a neat, tiny, narrow, and firmly rolled hem is desired at the bottom of a gown (as on chiffons, marquisesettes, and other soft sheers), cut the length one inch longer than it has been marked. Make

a row of machine-stitching through the single fabric  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. above the raw edge, and then trim away the raw edge right to the stitching line, leaving only the stitching there.

The line of stitching will act as support and give firmness to the hem and make it possible to roll it evenly. It also prevents the hemline from rippling out of control, thus keeping it in shape.

### The "little things"

Putting up an absolutely invisible hem on an opaque fabric is not difficult if you observe the "little things" that go into the job from beginning to end.

Don't be tempted to press a crease through the chalk line to indicate the turn of a hem before doing the hand-sewing. The hem is quite apt to become stretched in the process of premature pressing, especially on garments with some flared or circular fullness, and the ripples produced at the bottom would spoil the appearance of the garment. Pressing after the hand-sewing prevents this.

Turn the work inside out and place the garment on a solid surface with the bottom nearest to you. Turn the hem up on the chalk line at the seamed areas first, matching seam upon seam, and insert the pins in vertical positions at the top edge of the hem.

To control any slackness in the hem top between the pinned areas and to avoid the need for folds or pleats, spread the fingers of both hands on the unpinned sections of the hem, just as if you were placing them on the keyboard of a piano or typewriter. Little ripples will form between the fingers to break up the fullness evenly. Keep one hand on the hem while using the other hand to insert pins vertically into the top edge, spacing them about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. apart. Don't worry about the little ripples of hem top between them. (See Fig. 2.)

The edge of the hem finished with a turn at the top and then machine-stitched is sometimes just a little bit smaller than it should be and will not lie quite flat against the garment. If the edge has been reduced too much, stretch it a bit to make

it the right size and don't worry if you hear a stitch or two break. No damage is done.

### A professional finish

A professional-looking hemming job is not done with lots of fine stitches closely spaced. Rather, it is sparsely sewn with stitches that hold the top edge in place without any visible indications on the outside of the garment. Use a fine needle and single strand of regular mercerised sewing thread.

Tie a knot in the thread and conceal it underneath the hem, bringing the thread to the outside of the tape and close to the top edge. (See Fig. 3.)

Right above the binding, and in a direct line with the thread coming from it, take a tiny horizontal stitch in the garment, picking up only a strand or two of the weave on the needle and pull the stitch through, leaving it fairly loose to prevent making dents in the fabric. Then take a horizontal stitch  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. long into the top edge of the binding, starting directly below the thread in the skirt, and pull that stitch through the tape.

You are now back in the starting position, ready to sew a tiny stitch into the

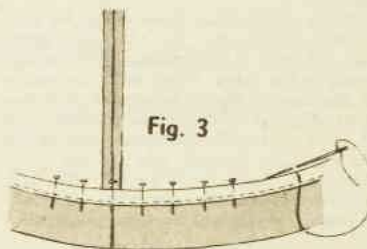


Fig. 3

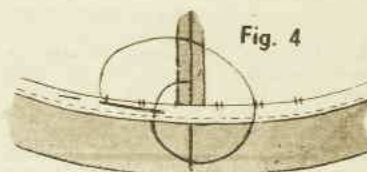


Fig. 4

garment in a direct line with the thread coming out of the seam tape, and so on all round the hemline, making sure to leave the stitches loose enough. The visible stitches on the top of the hem will resemble ditto marks made with a typewriter. (See Fig. 4.)

To sew the hems of washable or other lightweight garments on which the tape edge was turned under and machine-stitched first, hold the work in the same position as when hemming a taped edge. The stitching is done by hand in the same manner, and with the stitches the same distance apart. Don't sew through the double fold of the top edge of hem; just glide the needle in and out through the single cloth of the fold.

### Sewing pinked edges

A pinked edge is used on fabrics that do not fray readily, especially heavy cottons. The hand-sewing is done inside the hem between the outside fabric and the top edge of the hem.

Fold the top edge of the pinked hem so that the wrong side of the hem is visible. Make the first stitch right in the machine-stitching at the hem edge, anchoring the knot of the thread there, then pull the stitch through, leaving the thread fairly loose to prevent dimples. Then sew into the garment, taking a very small amount of the material on the needle, keeping the stitch level with the turned-back machine-stitching at the top edge of the hem, and about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. from the starting point. Continue to alternate the stitches between the garment and the hem at about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. intervals to complete the hem in this zigzag design. Allow the hand-sewing to remain easy and fairly loose. (See Fig. 5.)

### Hems on slacks

Here is a very practical way to do a hem on the bottom of trouser legs and slacks. The fabrics used are often too heavy to be turned under at the top edge, and yet finishing the top edge of the hem with tape would not be practical because the tape wears out too quickly in such garments. Catch-stitching the hem will not



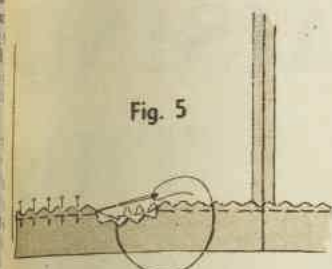


Fig. 5

only keep it flat and smooth, but it will also prevent the fabric from fraying.

The top edge of the hem is pinked or just cut off evenly, and it really doesn't matter whether the top edge is machine-stitched through the single layer of the cloth or not, since hand-sewing will serve a double purpose.

A right-handed person, holding the needle in the right hand, will sew toward the right. A left-handed person will hold the needle in the left hand and will sew from right to left. Here are the right-handed directions:

Tie a knot in the thread and hide it underneath the pinned-up hem. Now take a tiny stitch into the garment  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. to the right of the starting place, directly above the raw edge of the hem. Then take a tiny stitch into the hem,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. to the right of the stitch just taken in the garment.

You are now ready to sew into the garment again  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. to the right of the last stitch taken into the hem. Continue to alternate in this manner from garment to hem until the job is finished. Leave the stitches fairly loose so they do not show on the outside of the garment. (See Fig. 6.) Left-handed people will just shift the needle into the left hand and proceed toward the left.

### How to face a hem

Let down the hem and press out the crease as thoroughly as possible. A strip of material similar in color and weight to the garment fabric should be in the nearest color to the garment, but in weight light enough to prevent bulk yet firm enough to keep the bottom of the garment in

shape. A very good fabric is a strong rayon twill.

The strip of material for making a fake hem is cut to the approximate width of the original hem, allowing  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. extra for the seam if the complete hem is to be faced. Cut the material either on the straight or cross-weave, but not on the bias unless you are facing a full circular skirt. Sew the strip to the bottom of the garment with  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. seam and then press the seam in a downward direction. Finish the edge of the facing like the edge of the original hem, either with seam tape or turned under.

In turning up the facing to substitute for the hem, be sure to have the seam above the crease of the hem on the inside of the garment. The garment will drape more naturally and gracefully if the fold at the bottom of the hem is made in the garment fabric and not where the facing and garment have been joined together.

When only a part of the original width of the hem is needed for making the garment the right length, add only the amount of facing required to make the hem as wide as it was. It is better to use as much of the original hem as you can, and piece it to make the width comparable to the original, than to trim away the hem at the length marks so that it is necessary to face the whole width.

### Pressing

Improper pressing causes the top edge of a hem to show through on the outside of a garment and spoils its good appearance. Here's how pressing should be done on hems of ordinary widths:

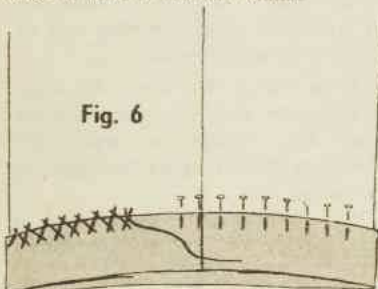


Fig. 6

Turn the garment on to its wrong side and slide it over the ironing-board. If the garment happens to be a coat or jacket, the pressing is done before the lining is sewn into position at the bottom.

With the palm of the hand pat the hem gently so that it will lie naturally on the garment, the sewing not pulling on the fabric in any way. Don't brush your hand downward to smooth the hem, as this puts a strain on the sewing and causes dents on the outside of the garment where the stitches are.

Next, place a moistened cloth over the lower half of the hem on the wrong side of the garment, and press that part of the hem well but with a light touch. Glide the iron back and forth parallel to the fold of the hem. Too much pressure may flatten the fibres of luxurious surfaces, produce shine on dark-colored fabrics, and stretch soft textures.

Whether you have a dry or a steam iron, use a press cloth, it helps to block the hem into the right shape. This is specially important when there are slight ripples in the hem, as in flared fullnesses.

When the bottom of the hem has been satisfactorily pressed, take a dry press cloth and cover the complete hem with it. Then glide the iron swiftly over the complete width to even the appearance of the hem on the inside of the garment, but put very little pressure on the iron. Use a dry cloth for this over-all pressing, so that the top edge of the hem does not become embossed through to the outside of the garment.

### Tricks with pleats

It is possible to shorten any pleated garment, no matter what its fibre content. This is simply because the "kinked" yarns, which make the pleats and creases permanent, will be on the underside of the hem and will not show.

Mark the new shorter length while the old hem is undisturbed, so that the pleats fall naturally on you and are folded flat at the bottom.

Next, take the hem down and press out the crease along with the pleats, both below the hem and about an inch or two above it. This will make the hem easy to handle.

Now mark the width of the hem to match the original width, and after cutting off the extra length below the lower marks, finish the hem edge as it was originally done.

Turn the skirt inside out and press the bottom first, just as you would any ordinary straight hem, disregarding the pleats and producing a nice sharp crease at the hemline.

With the material slipped over the ironing-board right side out, pin each

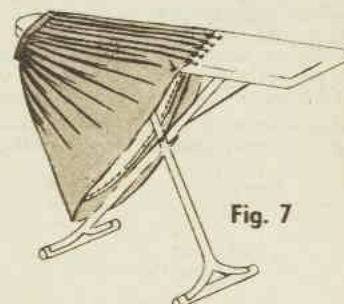


Fig. 7

pleat right on to the ironing-board, pinning just as many at a time as can be accommodated on the surface of the board. (See Fig. 7.)

To steam the pleats, place a moistened press cloth over a generous portion of the lower section of the garment and press the pleats lightly into their pinned positions. Use a very light touch to prevent press marks on the cloth. Repeat the operation until you have gone all around the skirt.

Remove the garment from the ironing-board, turn it wrong side out, and then replace it on to the ironing-board that way. The bottom of the garment is again arranged in pleats on the ironing-board,



## Hems (continued)

but this time the pleats are not pinned—they will stay in place willingly because of the first steaming. Place a moist press cloth over the lower part of the skirt and steam the pleats again.

### Hems on knitwear

The knit garment that has a regular hem can be lengthened or shortened easily. Remove the original hem carefully so that the knit fabric is not damaged. Make sure you get hold of the hemming thread and not one of the yarns of the material.

Most knits shed creases quite readily. If you press the garment over a turkish

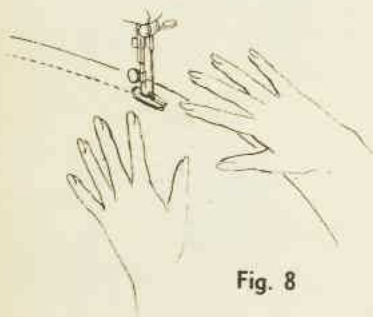


Fig. 8

towel, working on the wrong side of the fabric and using a press cloth, all traces of the old hem will disappear and the garment will be ready to try on and mark for the new length.

Make the width of the hem the same as the original, marking with chalk, and then run a row of machine-stitching through these marks, sewing through the single layer of the material. Do this before trimming away the excess length below the lower chalk marks. The machine-stitching will hold the top edge of the hem in shape, since knit material is very flexible.

To make sure you sew through the

single layer without either stretching the cloth or contracting it too much, place your hands flat on the material on each side of the presser foot to glide it along naturally. (See Fig. 8.)

Cut off the extra length  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. below the single row of plain stitching that holds the knit firm, as shown in Fig. 8. Then sew a seam tape over the machine-stitching in the usual way, but allow it to go on a little more freely than on ordinary, non-stretching fabrics so that the knit material will not pull up too much.

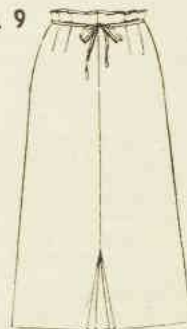
Pin the hem into position for hand-sewing, and proceed as described for any hem finished with tape, leaving the stitches loose enough to prevent pulling. Press the hem in the usual way on the wrong side of the fabric, concentrating most of the pressing on the lower half of the hem width.

If the length of the garment must be extended, a facing of medium-weight fabric in the color of the knit should be added to the bottom. Rayon twill has good weight and firmness. Whether the full width or only part of the original hem is to be used for the needed extra length, attach a strip of facing to the garment bottom, using  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. seam allowance and pressing the seam in a downward direction.

Try on the garment, and measure and mark the new length. Then mark the width of the original hem on the facing section. The top edge of the facing may be finished with a tape, or it can be turned under and machine-stitched with a tiny turned-down edge. Press the hem in the manner described for all other hems, so that the top edge is not embossed through to the outside of the garment.

Some knit garments have a special kind of "knit-two and purl-two" design bordering the bottom to substitute for a turned-up hem. This can be shortened either by raising it at the waistline to preserve the original border design, or by turning up an ordinary hem and forfeiting the design. However, the garment can never be lengthened—because of the special treatment at the bottom, there is nothing to let down.

Fig. 9



## RAISING THE —on skirts,

**W**HEN the garment fits well everywhere except for its length, it is best to alter at the hemline, but if it is too snug around the stomach, hips, or sit-down areas it is best to raise it at the waistline, since even the slimmest style widens as it approaches the bottom.

In such cases the width and length can be corrected in one alteration.

It is also best to make alterations at the waistline when personal posture or a figure problem causes the lines of a garment to fall askew on the body, either to one side or jutting too far forward or toward the back, for by such alterations the lines can be made to drape correctly.

If the bodice of a dress is too long, or if a figure fault causes it to have a wavy line around the waist, the alteration should again be done at the waist.

When unusual details are featured at the hemline of a garment, such as scallops, embroidered, or printed borders, short cluster pleats, or walking pleats that cannot be extended in length because of the

way the skirt is cut, the garment must be raised at the top of the skirt to preserve its attractiveness.

### A piece of string

Unpick the waistband and remove the zipper. Put the skirt on with fabric facing right side out, just the way it will be worn, never inside out.

Tie a strong, firmly twisted string tightly around the natural waistline over the top of the skirt. Flat string or cording is not recommended.

Pull the skirt up underneath the string to the length desired and walk away from the mirror to inspect the length and to make sure it is even all around.

Next, draw a chalk line around the waistline, directly below the string. (See Fig. 9.)

Take off the skirt and cut the extra material at the top, leaving only  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. above the chalk line for seam allowance. The darts and other details featured on the front and back skirt units will have to be sewn into their original length, with their tops deep enough to compare with the original width. Copy these dimensions from the pieces cut off.

### Check the fit

After the tops of the front and back units have been redone to resemble the original detailing of the skirt, the garment



# OR LOWERING WAIST

## shorts, or slacks

should be tried on again to check the fit. If taking in is now necessary, it should be done by pinning the side seams to fit the skirt becomingly to the contours of the figure.

Taking in and letting out at the "hidden areas" of a garment will produce better-fitting results without sacrificing any of the smartness of the style. Only in very unusual figure types is it necessary to alter the widths and lengths of darts to make a garment fit well.

Do not over-fit skirts across the tummy or hips. See to it that the fabric drapes smoothly and easily from the waistline without any tightness. The waistline must be easy enough so that horizontal wrinkling is avoided after the waistband is replaced. The skirt should rest on top of the hipbones, not at the exact waistline, during this fitting to prevent too snug a fit.

### Wrinkling

When you fit a skirt too high, forgetting that you must still attach a waistband, the finished garment will not stay in place but crawls upward, making the material wrinkle horizontally below the waistband.

To remove the skirt draw out the pins at the zipper opening carefully, to release only one of the skirt units, and then reinsert them in the exact place through one of the units. It does not matter whether

the pins are replaced into the front or the back at the opening part of the garment. The inside of the garment is chalked where pinning was done at the "hidden areas."

Work first on the seam where the zipper will be reinserted, sewing it up completely following the chalk marking, then press the seam open. This assures a smooth line in the garment and makes the insertion of the zipper much easier, too. Next unpick the seam the length of the zipper teeth.

### Inserting the zipper

Whether the zipper is to be located in the left side of the garment or the centre

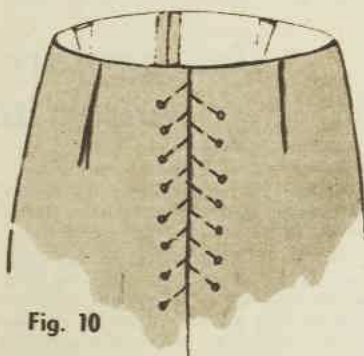


Fig. 10

back, the same procedure is used, but let us assume that this zipper is to be inserted in the left side:

Place the front fold of the skirt over the zipper teeth, overlapping just a little more than enough to cover the teeth. Keep the zipper closed during pinning.

Start to pin at the top of the skirt, working downward, inserting the pins in diagonal position pointing upward, one inch apart. The points of the pins should aim toward the opening. At the bottom of the opening, pin the back fold of the skirt directly against the zipper teeth without any overlapping.

Pin from the bottom toward the top of the opening, inserting the pins diagonally, pointing upward and toward the opening in a herringbone design. (See Fig. 10.)

### Easing the skirt

Sufficient ease in the skirt and the right amount of grip in the waistband is achieved by the proper manipulation of the materials in the hands during the pinning as well as during the stitching.

If a skirt fits well but the waistband is too loose, it is not always necessary to take in the skirt either in the seams or the darts. Often you need only remove the waistband and ease the skirt in the following manner:

With the zipper open, and holding the garment with the outside of the front toward yourself, place the right side of the waistband against the inside of the skirt front, allowing  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. of the band to project beyond the opening. The raw edge of the skirt top and the raw edge of the waistband must be flush with each other.

Pin the edges together, inserting the pins in a vertical direction with points upward, one inch apart.

To pin, roll the band over the fingers of the left hand, holding the band taut, and allow the skirt to roll on top of the band in this position, so that both pieces are over the fingers with the skirt on top of the band. A certain amount of easing thus takes place in the fit of the skirt, while the band adjusts itself firmly to make a snug fit at the waistline. (See Fig. 11.)

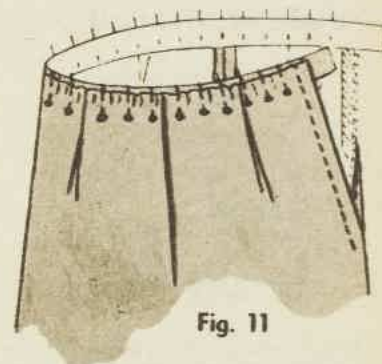


Fig. 11

Little ripples will form in the top of the skirt between the pins as the rolling is continued across the waistline, but they will completely disappear when handled properly during the stitching.

Before any stitching is done, the skirt should be tried on to check the fit.

### Fitting the band

If the band is a little too tight for comfort, unpin the back half and repin this part in the same way as before, but this time don't hold the band taut. This will release some of the slackness in the back area only, without disturbing the fitting where the ease is more important. The ease across the front is more necessary than it is in the back, and that is why the releasing is done only across the back unit of the skirt.

If the waistband is too large, you may have held the work incorrectly during the pinning—easing the band on to the skirt top instead of keeping the band taut and easing the skirt top on to it.

To sew the band and skirt smoothly together, the work must be placed under the machine presser foot with the skirt unit down and the waistband on top of it. The taut edge on top will prevent the presser foot from pushing the slackness between the pins into folds during stitching.



## Waists continued . . .

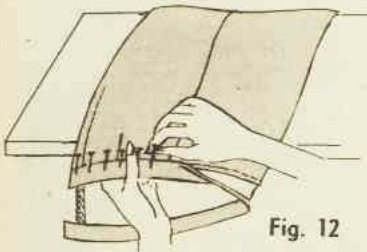


Fig. 12

Hold the edges slightly stretched during the stitching, with one hand ahead of the needle and the other behind it. This, too, will prevent the fabric from folding on the underside.

If the ends of the band were opened up during the unpicking, they should now be folded with the right side of the material together, and sewn. Then bring the loose edge of the band over to the right side of the garment and pin it into position right over the stitching line, with pins about an inch apart.

Place the skirt in an upside-down position on a flat surface in front of you and stretch the band slightly as you pin, working from front to back, from left to right, turning under a seam allowance as you pin. (See Fig. 12.)

Hold the work taut as the waistband is being stitched into place. This prevents the band from twisting and also eliminates puckering.

The stitching should be done close to the folded edge for better appearance, and continued all round the band, the top edge as well as the ends. This keeps the band flat and prevents folding over when it is worn.

Linings in ready-made garments have been inserted in the way best suited to serve their purpose, and it is advisable to treat them in the same manner when altering.

The same principle applies to the correction of similar faults in shorts or slacks.

## FIGURE FAULTS

● *Figure irregularities as well as personal posture can cause skirts to drape improperly on the figure, and this in turn calls attention to the figure problem.*

**F**URTHERMORE, when seams do not hang properly in a garment, the fullness of the design falls unevenly round the figure.

A slight alteration at the waistline will correct the lines and the fullness at once.

By tilting the skirt properly at the waistline the figure fault can be satisfactorily minimised.

The figure with a flat posterior, or the one with a prominent tummy, makes the skirt seams jut forward.

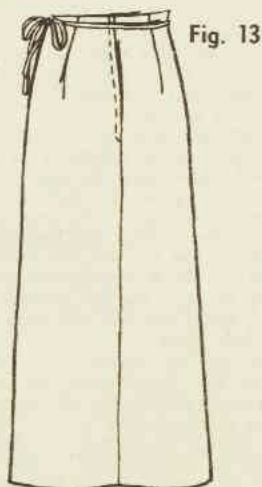


Fig. 13

The remedy is to alter the back of the skirt. Unpick the waistband across the complete skirt back and then try the skirt on, with zipper closed, allowing the loosened band to dangle.

Tie a string tightly round the waist with the top of the skirt underneath it. Starting at the middle of the back, pull up on the skirt until the side seams hang straight. (See Fig. 13.)

Draw a chalk line around the waistline directly below the tied string. Remove the garment, trim away the fabric above the chalk line, leaving  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. seam allowance.

Replace the waistband and finish it in the original way. (If the skirt is lined, both skirt and lining get the same treatment in correcting the fit.)

If the skirt side seams swing backward the cause is usually a pronounced derriere, and in this case the front of the

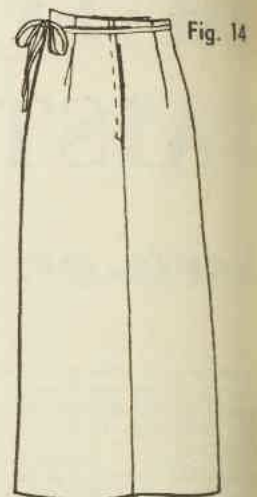


Fig. 14

back fullness moves toward the front as the side seams move into vertical position. (See Fig. 14.)

Draw a chalk line below the string, remove the garment, and trim away the material above the chalk line, leaving  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. seam allowance. Replace the waistband in the original way.

## Bad posture can cause fitting problems

skirt will need to be altered to correct the draping of the fullness and to throw the side seams into correct alignment.

Unpick the front section of the waistband and try on the skirt. Zip it up, then tie a string tightly around the waistline with the skirt top underneath it. Pull up at the centre front of the skirt until the side seams straighten out correctly (the

An irregularity in the shape of the hips causes the lines of the design as well as the fullness of the garment to fall to one side of the figure. This tilts the horizontal line at the same time, giving the figure a lopsided appearance.

The problem can be corrected by the string method, pulling up the side of the skirt that lies flatter against the body.



## Never buy a short-waisted dress

# ALTERING DRESSES AT THE WAIST

● Unless the waistline of a garment accurately matches the wearer's own waistline, no bodice, be it smoothly fitted or softly bloused, can look becoming on her figure.

**D**ON'T buy a dress that is short-waisted. There is no cure for this problem unless it is a style with no seam running around the waistline.

To alter a dress with a smooth-fitting bodice and side closing, remove the lower end of the zipper from the left side of the skirt and continue to unpick to about two inches above the waistline. The right-hand seam should be unpicked the same distance as the left, so that when the dress is put on and the zipper is closed on the upper end, the seams left open at each side will match. (The weight of the skirt makes the upper parts of the garment drape properly on the figure, and that is why the skirt and bodice are not separated from each other at this time.)

Tie a round string tightly around the normal waistline, disregarding the waistline of the dress. Try to avoid the common error of fitting yourself too high in the waist, particularly if you are short-waisted, as the longer-waisted you appear, the better your garments will look on you.

You can achieve the look of a longer waistline (and thereby a slimmer appearance) by allowing the string to roll just a wee bit below your own waistline across

the front, leaving the back and sides of the string where they belong. This trick will also make the skirt drape more gracefully across the front of your figure. But the string should be lowered so carefully that the longer line is hardly noticeable, to avoid a dipped effect.

When the bodice style is meant to follow the contours of the figure with no fullness or blousing, arrange the garment that way above the string, bringing all the wrinkles that were caused by the tightly tied string to the "hidden areas," the sides of the bodice. The front and back, the "styling areas" of the bodice, should be smooth and trim. (See Fig. 15.)

### The belt test

To be sure that the garment waistline will be at the correct place, put a narrow belt around your waist without glancing in the mirror until you have fastened the belt. Now look to see whether the belt covers the string all round. If the string shows here or there, tuck it underneath the belt where it belongs, and then remove the belt.

Draw a chalk line on the front and back of the waistline directly underneath the string, moving only your arms during the chalking—not your shoulders. Moving

the shoulders will distort the line being drawn around the waist.

You can do your own marking if you use one hand on one side of your figure, and then switch the chalk to the other hand and mark your other half, starting at the middle of the front and ending at the middle back.

Unpick the skirt and bodice units across the front and back. Inspect the chalk lines on the bodice units and correct any little distortion that may be there if your figure is fairly average, but do allow for any waviness in the chalk line if your figure is such that the irregular line is justified.

If your normal posture causes the line to dip noticeably in the middle of the front because your bust is pronounced, leave the line where it is: it will only be possible to camouflage such figure problems by joining the skirt on the line produced with the string and chalk.

An irregular line round the waist may be caused by one hip bone being higher than the other. An undulating line around the waist can also be the result of the type of material used for a particular design.

If there is no reason for the chalk line at the bottom of the bodice to be wavy or irregular, you can put the blame on yourself for having moved your body too

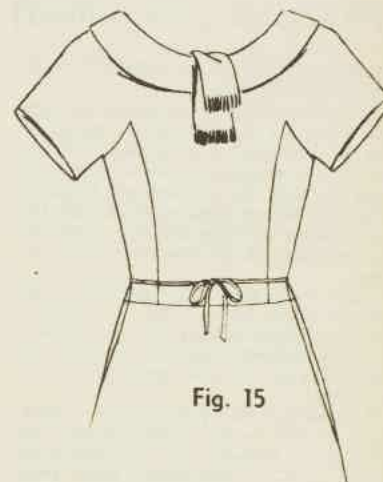


Fig. 15

much during the marking, or for not having the bodice pulled down properly underneath the tied string to start with. Start from scratch and do the string job over again more carefully.

Now pin the waistline seam of the skirt to the chalk line on the bodice, with the right sides of the materials facing each other, and with pins at right-angles to the stitching line. Start pinning the skirt and bodice waistlines to each other at the centres of the front and back, and work toward the side seams, allowing the units to end up as they may. Don't be disturbed if the skirt and bodice units do not come out edge to edge at the sides.

Join the bodice and skirt together separately across the front and back of the waistline, right sides of material together, keeping the skirt units on top during the stitching on the machine, so that you can judge the regulation  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. seam allowance which is usual for skirt tops.

A large machine-stitching should be used at this point, so that if corrections must be made they can be simplified.

Now double-check the new waistline. Try the garment on and again put a narrow belt around your waist. If the belt covers



## DRESSES (continued)

the seam completely, the waistline is ready for permanent stitching.

It is a good idea to pin a strip of seam tape inside on the skirt side of the waistline to cover the first stitching. When you do the permanent seam with regular-sized stitching, the waistline will be made firmer by having been sewn through the tape. No top stitching should be made on the waistline on the outside of the garment.

Trim away the extra material at the bottom of the bodice once the accuracy of the waistline location has been assured. Now the garment should be checked for the fitting of the sides and taken in if necessary.

A form-fitted skirt may have to be taken in or let out in the "hidden areas," the sides of the garment, but a bouffant style should need no adjustments, apart from making the waistline of bodice and skirt units come out evenly at the sides. In a bouffant style only the fit of the bodice is important, the extra skirt fullness resulting from such alteration is eased into more gathers or pleats.

If for one reason or another the skirt of a dress must be raised in order to get the proper length, it is treated in the manner already explained in shortening separate skirts.

### The bulging zipper

When a zipper closing bulges above the waistline, it is because the waistline of the bodice is too long. Just as soon as the waistline has been corrected, the bulge will disappear from side or back.

When the waistline is too long on a long-zippered dress, whether in the back only or all round, the bulging zipper gives the figure a queer, deformed appearance. To correct it you must relocate the waistline in the garment.

Unpick the lower end of the zipper to about two or three inches above the waistline. Put on the garment, zip up the closing, and allow the loose end of the zipper to dangle.

Tie a string around the waistline, making

sure that the bodice lies smoothly above the string front and back, then draw a chalk line around the waistline directly under the string. Remove the dress and unpick the seam joining bodice and skirt units, and move the skirt up to where the chalk lines have been drawn on the bodice.

Reinsert the zipper into the lower part of the garment after the extra material has been cut off at the waistline. Sew the side seams next, starting where part of the bodice seams were opened up to allow for the joining of the skirt, and continuing into the skirt, overlapping the stitching a little at both ends.

### Bloused bodices

Bodices that are meant to blouse into soft, billowy effects above the waistline are cut with more fullness and length than those that are meant to fit smoothly. Instead of being nipped in at the waistline with pointed darts, the fullness at the bottom of the bodice is controlled by gathering or folds.

A bloused design is becoming only when

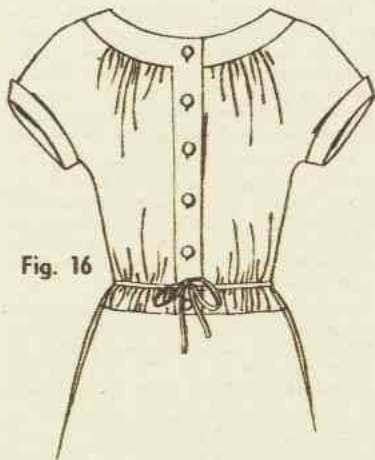


Fig. 16

the waist of the wearer is clearly defined by a break in the silhouette between the bodice and skirt. Otherwise the waistline looks heavy in the midriff area.

To personalise the bodice length, unpick the lower end of the zipper to about two inches above the waist, and open the opposite side of the garment the same distance. Then put on the dress and allow it to fall easily on your figure. Tie a string firmly around the waist, disregarding the waistline of the garment. (See Fig. 16.)

Place one hand on each side of your waist right over the string. Holding this position, shrug one shoulder and allow the blouse material to draw up above the string as it wants to, but don't allow the string to shift away from the waistline, where you are holding it in place with your hands. Next shrug the opposite shoulder, and allow that to draw up bodice length in the same manner. Then shrug both shoulders at once to even up the fullness in the bodice to the amount needed by you. The amount that slips up above the string from below during the shrugging of the shoulders is usually the amount that will be correct for good appearance.

Now draw a chalk line below the string, and remove the garment. Remember to hold your shoulders in their normal position during the chalking to prevent a distorted line around the waist.

Unpick the skirt and bodice units at the waistline, and run two rows of long machine-stitching through the chalk line on the back and front bodice pieces. If the fullness in the bodice was in the form of folds or pleats, these should be refolded or pleated on the chalk line and pinned or stitched down into position so that they can stay that way for the joining of the skirt. For the gathering, make two rows of large machine-stitching  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. apart, and then draw them up so that the bodice waistline will fit the skirt top.

Trim the extra length below the chalk line off the bodice, leaving  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. below the line for seam allowance. Pin the bodice and skirt units together with the right sides of the fabric together and the chalk lines matching. It is best to start pinning at the centres and work outward toward

the sides on both front and back of the garment, adjusting the fullness of the bodice to fit the tops of the skirt parts.

Sew the units together with a strip of seam tape pinned on the skirt side for extra firmness, and run a couple of lines of stitching on top of each other for a really firm job.

The seam line at the waist should be directed in a downward position in bloused styles if the skirt is slim, to reduce bulk around the midriff, but in smooth bodices and gathered or pleated skirts the seam should stand upright around the waist.

### Sheath styles

Garments without a horizontal seam or band running around the waist usually get their shapes from vertically placed darts or panels. The darts are shaped so that they nip in the garment at the smallest point of the waistline, with the

## Fitting an

fabric gradually released above and below the waistline. Let's refer to the widest part of the dart as the "hourglass" part, for easy identification.

When the upper part of a sheath dress is too long for the individual figure, the hourglass part of the dart is too low, making the dress wrinkle above the waistline. It is necessary to reshape the vertical darts to bring the hourglass to where it belongs.

Because there is no actual waistline seam in this style, the waistline of the true sheath can be very easily adjusted without disturbing the original placement of the vertical darts in the front and back of the garment.

First, unpick the sides of your sheath to match the length of the vertical darts front and back. Remove the zipper if it is a side one, but leave it in if it is the kind of back zipper which runs from the neck down into part of the skirt section.

(Usually the seam into which a long back zipper is inserted is cut on the straight weave of the fabric and does not contribute to the shaping of the style.)



even though it may look as if it does. When the darts are properly reshaped to your figure, the back zipper will flatten down even if it bulges before the alteration.)

Put the garment on just as it will be worn, not inside out, and allow it to fall straight down on your figure, so that it will be easy for you to find where the actual waistline should be. The sides were unpicked to prevent their catching on the curve of your figure, and thereby distorting the waistline.

Tie a string tightly round the waist just where a belt would be worn most becomingly and then shift any wrinkling caused by the string to the sides, clearing the styling area front and back.

With white chalk draw a line around the waist directly underneath the string. Be sure to keep your shoulders in their normal position while the chalking is

looks so faulty that you must go to great lengths to refit it, you shouldn't purchase it in the first place.

Now to get back to shifting the waistline: You'll note that the bright hand-stitching runs right across the folds of the darts on the inside of the garment, but does the line come directly through the hourglass part on each one? If not, unpick the stitching above and below the bright hand-stitching and sketch a new shape in that area of the dart to bring the hourglass to its proper place on the bright hand-stitching. This will bring the hourglass part out of the centre of the vertical dart, but that's what your shape demands of this dart, and that's the way it must be if the garment is to fit.

The short-waisted person will need the widest part of the dart above the centre, the points staying where they were first

your next job is to reshape the side seams of the garment. Put the dress on, if you have a friend who can help you by pinning the side seams together to conform easily to the shape of your body. If you cannot get assistance, do the pinning before you put the dress on.

Disregard the shape of the side edges, because the waistline is now going into a different place, and so the part of the side seams that was meant to be the waistline may now be either above or below the new waistline area.

When you pin, the raw edges of the seams should be on the outside and the pins inserted vertically about an inch apart for the fitting. Move them closer to or farther from the body to achieve a nice, easy fit. Don't make a slim style too tight, because the cloth will wrinkle across your lap when you sit or round your waist when you stand. The garment should drape smoothly without sign of tension.

Before removing the garment, inspect the fitting in a mirror for approval, making a mental note of anything that needs to be done to perfect the fitting job, and then remove the dress and turn it inside out.

If the zipper closing is on the left side, withdraw the pins from the left-side seam of front and back and reinsert in the same position, but through a single layer this time; it doesn't matter whether you put the pins into the front or the back section of the garment. If the closing is in the middle of the back, you can take off the dress without disturbing the side seams at all.

On the inside of the garment, rub chalk on the side seams wherever the pins are. Remove the pins from the outside of the garment and repin the seam edges of the sides, but this time with the pins inserted at right-angles to the seam line for stitching purposes. Stitch the seams into the shape marked by the chalking. Press the seams open.

If the garment has a centre-back closing, the alteration job is finished, but if the zipper must be replaced on the left side, here's what is done next:

Unpick the left seam and put the zipper into the opening. If the waistline of the garment had to be raised and, as a result, the side seam allowance has been

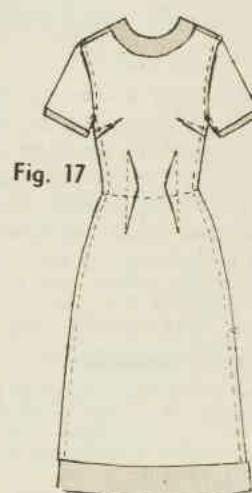


Fig. 17

reduced to the extent that there is not enough width left to have the front edge overlap the zipper, sew a narrow strip of cloth or a strip of seam tape on to the front edge of the opening to extend this narrow seam allowance to the front stitching line when the zipper is replaced. No taping will be needed on the back edge because the stitching there is done on the extreme fold right against the zipper.

If the sides of a garment have been let out to the limit and the garment is still not quite large enough in the waistline and stomach areas, you may resort to changing the darts in the "styling areas" of front and back, or let out the seams there if the dress is styled with shaped panels.

Choose the set of darts that will do the best job of supplying the needed space. For example, if you are sway-backed and your derriere is quite prominent, release the front darts, since the back ones have a job to do conforming the cloth to your figure properly. If your bustline is the big problem, let out the back darts so that the front ones can serve their rightful function.

## "hourglass" waist

being done. Because this dress is usually styled to be worn without a belt, it is important that the chalk you use is the type which will eventually rub off without leaving a mark. If you must use colored chalk, try it first on some other article of cloth and see what happens when it is brushed off.

If you don't use chalk, ask a friend to insert a row of pins about an inch apart, in horizontal position, directly underneath the string all around the waistline. Then remove the garment. Run a line of bright-colored hand basting through the pinned or chalked line, so that the newly established waistline is visible when you turn the garment inside out. (See Fig. 17.) The line of stitching will tell you just how much reshaping the fitting darts will need.

Actual replacement of the darts is necessary only in extreme cases, not when the figure in question is fairly average. Even women with major alteration problems should first try the routine measures for making changes in their clothing. Just remember that if a garment

sewn. The long-waisted person will find that the widest part of the dart will be below the middle. In either case, however, the outside appearance will be unchanged and the garment style unaffected, and that's what is important.

Keep the hourglass part of the darts the same width they originally were. To sew them, draw in the new shape with pencil or chalk, and start by overlapping the stitching line a little above and below the unpicked part, for reinforcement. Then sew through the sketched line.

Don't be surprised if the bright basting line does not come to the same location on each dart. The alteration may be different on the front darts from those in the back, but no one will be wise to the fact once they are sewn. It may even be that you will only have to change one set of darts, either front or back, because the others may be right as they are. You will discover all these things about your fitting needs, thanks to that piece of string you first tied round your waist.

Once you have taken care of the darts,



## Some simple tricks for minor adjustments

**I** EMPHASISED earlier the importance of buying clothing that fits well enough at the shoulders and neckline to require only minor adjustments there, because drastic alterations could lead to disappointment.

So please analyse what will have to be done to correct any neckline fault before you buy a dress, and if it adds up to a major job — choose something else.

### Faced necklines

If you find that the neckline would feel more comfortable if it could be pinched in just a bit, try this simple way to eliminate the looseness and make the neckline set flat and smooth:

Loosen the hand tacking that holds the facing in place on the inside of the garment and bring the facing out to the right side. Place the neck edge under the presser foot of your sewing-machine and run another row of stitching right through the one already there—the one which holds the facing and garment neck together.

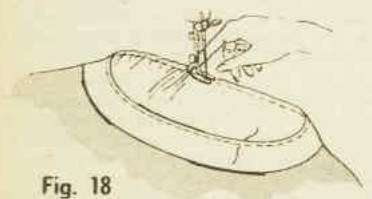


Fig. 18

Here's the trick: Hold the forefinger of the right hand behind the machine presser foot as you sew through the original line of stitching. This will cause the neck edge to become crowded between the presser foot and the finger. About every inch or so, lift the finger and allow the crowded edge to move along a bit and then replace the finger against the presser foot again

## How to correct faulty necklines

- The neckline is a focal feature of any garment and is constantly on exhibition whether you are standing, sitting, or moving about.

to continue crowding the edge of the neck; go all around the neckline in this way. (See Fig. 18.)

### Bound necklines

Here's how to reduce a bound neckline (one that is finished with a bias-cut strip of material sewn to the outside of the garment and formed into a cording-like trim):

Take a strand of fairly lightweight knitting yarn twice the length of the neckline measurement and thread it through the eye of a blunt darning needle. The yarn should be a fairly close match to the color of the garment.

Working on the inside of the neckline, insert the blunt point of the needle into the bias strip and push the needle through the casing that was formed by the bias strip. Every few inches, bring the needle to the surface of the fabric on the inside of the neckline so that the yarn can be pulled into position inside the channel of the neck finish. (See Fig. 19.) Then reinsert the needle into the same hole from which it emerged, work as before around the complete neckline, and then continue the yarn beyond the starting-point about three or four inches.

Bring the needle out to the surface of

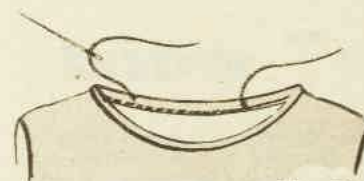


Fig. 19

the neck on the inside of the garment for the last time. Draw up the ends of the yarn enough to contract the neckline so it fits flatly. Clip off the yarn-ends right up against the fabric; the ends need not be fastened. They will disappear with no trouble if helped a little with the point of the darning-needle.

It is best to use knitting wool for this kind of job, because woollen yarn is resilient and will pull through easily.

A light pressing job on the inside of the garment will complete the job.

### Scooped necklines

When a faulty neckline needs more than a simple restitching job to reduce its size, the work can still be done without altering the appearance of the dress, as the actual

alteration is done on the inside facing and not on the garment itself.

Unpick the hand-tacking that holds the facing in place inside the garment. Bring the facing to the outside and unpick the line of stitching that holds garment and facing together across the front, starting at the centre and unpicking three or four inches in each direction.

If the neckline is interfaced with another material to give it firmness, the interfacing will come away with the regular facing. Both facing and interfacing will then be handled as a single layer of fabric during the rest of the alteration.

Now cut down through the middle of the front of the facing material and then stitch it back together again with a seam  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide. This will reduce the size of the facing a whole inch across the front. Then pin the altered facing against the undisturbed neckline of the garment, matching it at the centres and pinning toward the shoulders alternately.

Drape the facing material over the finger of one hand and then drape the garment neckline over the facing, and as you insert each pin into the neckline edge, roll the layers of material so that the dress forms a little slackness between the pins.

Insert the pins an inch apart at right-angles to the neck edge. This manipulating is called "easing." The edge that needs to be reduced in size is always held on top as the rolling of the edges is done.

Stitch garment and facing together by inserting the work under the presser foot of the machine with the facing part on top and the slack edge of the garment down against the machine plate. Sew through the line of original stitching. The slackness in the dress part will flatten out

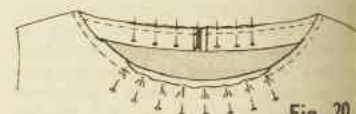
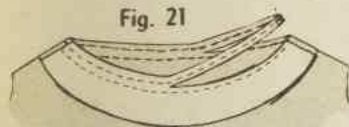


Fig. 20



Fig. 21



nicely when the facing is turned to the inside of the garment and the neck edge is basted into position for pressing. Correct slackness in the back of the neckline the same way. (See Fig. 20.)

### Back bulges

When there is excess space in the back of a neckline, causing the garment to gape in the middle where the zipper is, unpick the bodice edges from the zipper to a point midway between neck and waist.

Unpick the neck facing also from the back of the neck to a point midway between zipper and shoulders.

At the top of the back, turn under the bodice material at each side of the zipper to reduce the width of the back neckline so that it will fit smoothly against the neck. Taper this fold gradually to its original width as it continues downward to meet the undisturbed part of the bodice.

Now restitch the bodice to the zipper. Restitch the facing to neck edge and cut off the extra material, leaving only  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. there to be tucked under and hand-sewn to the zipper tapes inside the garment.

### Enlarging

To enlarge a faced neckline, unpick the hand tacking that holds the facing in place on the inside and bring the facing to the outside of the neckline. Now run

a row of machine-stitching all around the neck  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. below the original line of stitching, and then cut away the neck edge directly below the first stitching. (See Fig. 21.) Turn the facing to the inside of the garment and tack it back into position.

When enlarging a neckline it is wise to take off only a little at a time rather than find you have made the neck too large.

If the neckline needs enlarging only in one place—perhaps just across the front of a close-fitting style—stitch a crescent-shaped line from one shoulder to the other



Fig. 22

across the front, but bring down the middle of the crescent  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. or  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. below the original line of stitching. (See Fig. 22.)

### Stretching

To ease bound or corded necklines, turn the dress wrong side out and slide it over the ironing-board, bringing the neckline up to the small end of the board. Allow the garment neck to drape itself around the board end, insert one hand into the neckline underneath the board, and pull downward a little to stretch the neckline. At the same time, with your other hand, iron from side to side on top of the board to keep the neckline stretched.

Rotate the garment so that the whole neckline may be treated in this way. Pulling and pressing at the same time does the trick. The bias-cut trim on this neckline makes it possible to increase the neck size without disturbing its construction.

## TAKING IN THE SIDE SEAMS

If the garment has its closing in the middle of the back, put on the dress before you do any unpicking.

But if the zipper is located in the left side, remove it, and then put on the garment, remembering to try it on right side out, not inside out.

Now pinch whatever slackness there is at the waistline of the garment between the fingers of both hands, to make the garment set nice and smooth round your midriff, and look in the mirror to judge mentally just how much cloth you are holding in each hand.

Take off the garment, turn it inside out and pin it into a new shape at the sides. Start by inserting pins at each side of the waistline in a vertical position, as far in from the edges as you remember taking in when the garment was tried on. If too much or too little is pinned in you can correct it before any stitching is done.

After inserting the pins at the inside of the waistline, continue pinning toward the armholes, tapering gradually toward

the original seam line there, and then come back to the waist and proceed to pin downward until the line of pins meets the original seam just below the hips, if yours is a slim style.

Both sides of the garment should be pinned exactly alike. (See Fig. 23.)

If yours is a long back zipper garment, try it on right side out and see the results in the mirror. Look at yourself critically, remove the dress, and shift the pins wherever they have not produced the results you're aiming for.

### Side zipper

Before trying on a garment that has a left-hand closing, here's what to do:

On the outside of the garment rub chalk where the pins hold the left opening together, making sure to mark both front and back of the garment at once, and then take out those pins. Put the garment on right side out, and pin the left side together, using the chalk marks for guides, overlapping the front of the dress by

folding it through the chalk marks, and then bring the fold to meet the chalk line on the back of the garment.

Turn the garment wrong side out, and chalk the sides where the pins are. If the dress has a left closing, where the pins were removed trace the chalk marks to the inside of the closing, as the chalk lines will be used for stitching guides and to make the garment shapely in the zipper area. Now remove the pins and unpick the side seams where reshaping is going to take place.

Pin the side seams together again, right sides of fabric together. Stitch and press open the side seams, unpick the pressed left seam and use the creases as guides for reinserting the zipper.

If a generous amount of cloth had to be taken in at the waistline, it may be necessary to cut some away in the immediate area of the waist so that the outside of the garment will fall smoothly. Cut back the seam to its original width.

To enlarge garments here and there, unpick the sides and sew narrower seams

wherever enlarging is needed, tapering the seams at the alteration points to blend in with the undisturbed parts of the seams.

Even if you have only  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. seam width left, it is perfectly all right, as long as you reinforce the edges by overcasting by hand, so that they won't fray into still narrower widths. You may have to sew an extension to the front edge of the garment at the area of the zipper closing—a strip of seam tape is wide enough—so that an overlap can be made to conceal the zipper. The tape will reach to the stitching line and be caught into it.

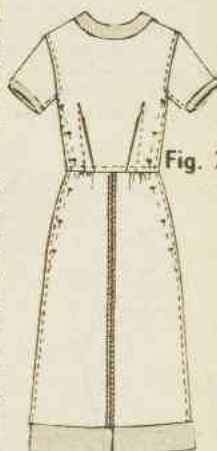


Fig. 23



**Lastly (and only if you MUST)...**

## SHOULDER AND SLEEVE ALTERATIONS

**I**f you have a full figure but comparatively narrow shoulders, most ready-made garments which fit well elsewhere will need alterations at the shoulders.

First check the fit of the neckline. If it needs taking in or letting out, do so. (See instructions on page 12.) Only after this can the shoulder be satisfactorily altered, as the changing of the neckline will change the fit of the shoulders, too. It is even possible that the neck alteration will correct the shoulders.

On the other hand, if the garment fits well in the neckline and the next smaller



Fig. 24

● I cannot stress enough that the shoulders of ready-made garments should fit well to start with, because they govern the proper placement of styling details on the figure.

size would be too scant for you, you have no alternative but to purchase the size with the droopy shoulders and then carefully shorten the shoulders.

### Set-in sleeve styles

Unpick the upper part of the sleeves at the top of the armholes down to about the middle of the back and front of the armholes. Try on the garment and mark with a pin the spot to which the sleeves need raising. Insert the pin into the shoulder area of the garment after lifting one or both of the sleeves upward and draping them to where they look best on the shoulders. Don't pin the sleeves in place yet.

Remove the garment and draw a chalk line from the marking pin downward to meet the original seam line at the end of the opened-up section on front and back. The line will be in the form of a crescent, the deepest part of the crescent at the shoulder. Don't cut away this extra material. (See Fig. 24.) Any trimming away of bulky fabric will be done only after the alteration has been completed. In the meantime, the fabric acts as support for the shape of the armhole.

Now pin the sleeves into position. (The sleeves themselves are not being altered.) Pin the peak of the sleeve to the crescent line at the shoulder with the stitching line of the sleeve right against the chalk line, and then continue pinning in each direction, first down the front and then down the back section. While pinning, hold the armhole in your hands as you would a steering-wheel; with the wrong side of the garment facing you, the inside of the sleeve will resemble a tunnel in front of you.

When you have each sleeve in place you start the stitching. Put the work under the presser foot of the machine so that you are sewing on the inside of the sleeve, or the "tunnel." Sew through the original stitching line on the sleeve edge, overlapping the stitches at each end of the undisturbed seam line for reinforcement. (See Fig. 25.)

Look the top of the sleeves over on the outside of the garment and if there is any sign of puckering in the seam line run your thumbnail over the stitching from the shoulder down toward the end of the stitching. This will release any tension in the stitching line and will make the sleeves smoother.

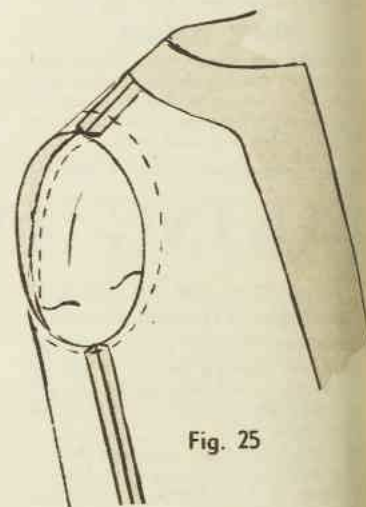


Fig. 25

Now if you wish to trim away the extra armhole edge at the crescent area, you may do so. If you had cut it away before the sleeves were inserted, the armhole might have become too large for the sleeve top.

### Kimono styles

In garments designed with kimono sleeves, the seam that runs continuously from the neckline across the shoulder and down to the bottom of the sleeve will have to be changed.



First, try on the garment as it is. Put a pin at the top where your own shoulders end and remove the garment and turn it inside out.

Starting with the area marked with the pin, insert a line of pins in each direction, the first one as far in from the original seam line as you think the shoulders need to be taken in. Taper the line gradually in each direction to meet and blend in with the original seam near the neck and down the sleeve, extending the tapered line as far as necessary to maintain a continuous streamlined effect in the shoulders. (See Fig. 26.)

The more alteration the shoulder requires, the longer and more tapered the line must be to keep its good shape.

Try on the garment and look at the shoulders to see if the pin fitting is right. If not, change the pins a bit on the inside until the results are pleasing. Chalk the garment on the inside along the line of pins and remove the pins.

Unpick the seam in the area to be altered and repin with the pins inserted horizontally this time so that you may sew over them with the machine or withdraw them easily if you prefer. Press the seam as it was originally pressed, either open or to one side. (If you are working on a tailored coat with a lining in it, the same alteration must be done to the lining.)

### Tight sleeves

If you have ready-made sleeves that draw too tightly across the upper part of your arms at the least movement, the back of your garment is too narrow for your shoulderblades. You can either buy a larger size and alter it where it is too big, or you may do this:

Unpick the sleeve and armhole from the top of the shoulders clear down to the bottom of the back armholes. Then restitch them together again, but with a narrower seam than before.

Gradually taper your stitching line subtly from the original line at the shoulders to a narrower seam edge as you proceed downward, allowing only about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. width at the very centre of the armhole. Then start tapering back to the original seam width as you continue the stitching

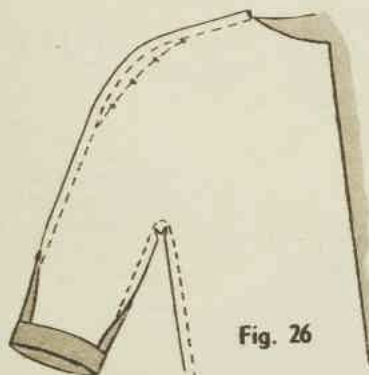


Fig. 26

line to the bottom of the armhole. Overlap the stitching line at the beginning and ending of the new line.

This let-out may relieve tension across the back of the garment just enough to make it comfortable to wear. Don't forget to overcast the narrow back seams if you let them out.

### Shortening sleeves

Only after everything has been altered to satisfaction on the upper parts of the garment can consideration be given to the length of the sleeves, and even then only when they are meant to reach to the wrists will their length need adjusting.

Sleeves that are designed to end above the elbows, or those that are meant to come somewhere between the elbows and wrists, will be stylish and becoming wherever they happen to end on your arms. There is no specific spot that they must reach to make them fashionable.

To determine the right length of long sleeves, put the garment on and shake the arms a little to make the sleeves fall down smoothly. Mark each sleeve separately, as there may be a difference in the length of your arms, even though they look the same.

While you hold one arm in a vertical position, insert a pin into its sleeve, just

above the thumb where the wrist ends and the hand begins. Change hands and mark the other sleeve in the same way.

In full-length sleeves it is important that the same amount of hand is visible below the sleeve length on both sleeves. By using the inserted pins you will be able to get the sleeves the right length on each arm, and if you turn up an even amount all round the bottom of each, using the original crease of the sleeve length for a guide, the shaping of the bottom will be right.

Study the manner in which sleeves have been finished at the bottom before taking them apart, so that you can try to imitate the original treatment after you have marked the sleeves the right length.

After unpicking the original hem or other finish, cut off the extra material, leaving only the amount of hem allowance originally used.

If your arms are much shorter than average, always bear in mind that details at the bottoms of sleeves will have to be chopped off to half their original width and that it would be better to settle for plain sleeves. When in doubt of end results, settle for the simplest solution. And if there is no simple solution, don't buy the garment.

### Lengthening sleeves

The length of ready-made garment sleeves is not always adequate for women with longer-than-average arms. People with sleeve problems of this kind should look carefully at the bottoms of the sleeves to make sure that it is practical to buy the garment. Otherwise they may have to settle for shortening the sleeves even more and wearing them bracelet length.

To lengthen sleeves, unpick the turned-up hem and press out the crease as thoroughly as possible with the help of moisture. On any fabric but wool, wipe the crease with a moistened household sponge squeezed out so it doesn't drip. For woollens, press with a moistened cloth placed on the wrong side of the sleeves.

Then join a strip of material to the bottom of the sleeve in a color and texture which matches the garment as closely as possible. Make the strip wide enough to substitute for the original hem.

Either turn under the upper edge of the facing and hand-finish it to the sleeve invisibly, or, if the facing cloth is too bulky to turn under as a finish, use seam tape on the top edge and then hand-sew. When bringing the facing to the inside of the sleeve, see that the joining seam is rolled under just a little so that it is not visible on the sleeve edge when the garment is worn.

### Tips on armholes

If you are perfectly satisfied with how your garment looks on you around the shoulders and armholes but would like just a wee bit more room in the armholes, you can get this extra space without disturbing one single stitch.

At the underarm area of the armhole, between the middle of the front and back, clip the raw edges of the seam allowance halfway through or about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. inward toward the stitching line at  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. intervals. Each clipping thus made will relieve the curved edges of the underarm section of armhole and sleeves  $\frac{1}{4}$  in., giving extra space there for movement and comfort. (See Fig. 27.)

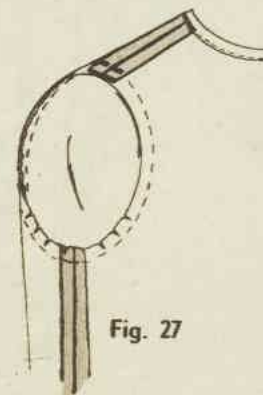
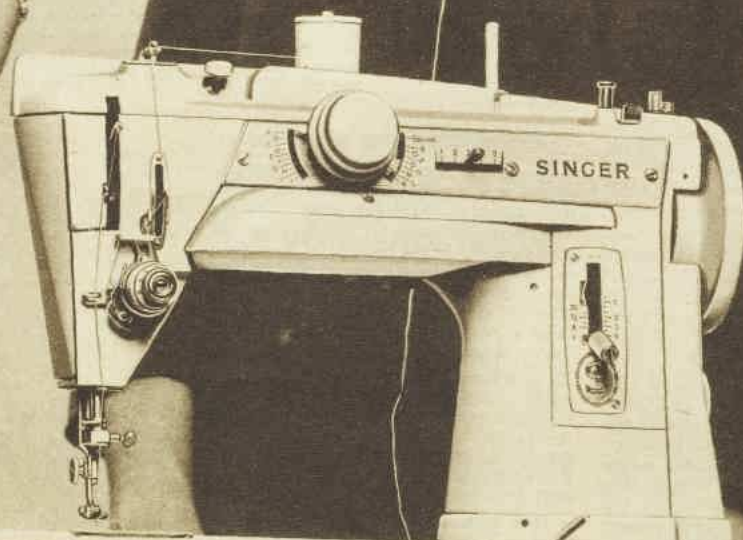


Fig. 27



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before she picked up the receiver and said very crisply, "Hello?"

"You sound a trifle warlike," said Carpenter's voice mildly in her ear. "Anything the matter?"

"Ooh . . . no," Kate clenched her fingers around the receiver, because he was tying up the line, sending out a busy signal to Bridgeport. "I hope the manuscript's all right."

"You've done everything but illuminate it. The only thing," said Carpenter, sounding at once amused and apologetic, "is — you know the black bear cub Scott is supposed to have tamed only we know better?"

"Barnum, you mean?"

"Yes, but he's turned into Barney the last forty pages. Have I a rival in — I can't call them your affections, can I?" inquired Carpenter distantly.

He said something else, but Kate didn't hear it; for a second or two her throat ached and almost filled with despair. She had thought of her salvation, and had gone to it so eagerly, and even in this operational area her disintegrating nerves had trapped her.

She could not trust herself at all now; indeed, what other unreliable thing might she have done in the last few days?

The silence stretched out. Kate had still to it, "I'm sorry, I don't know what I could have been thinking of. If you'll be home tomorrow morning I'll pick—"

"Oh, I've fixed it," said Carpenter cheerfully.

ASK him about a wiper now? With his unsurpassed quality he would probably give her the name of one, without questions. Kate drew breath and heard over the wire a distant sound of times. "Somebody at the door," said Carpenter rapidly. "Good-night, Kate. Take care."

Oh, dear, yes. Watch what she did, and above all what she wrote on cheques, for instance. Wearily, spalled at this new aspect of herself, Kate stayed up until eleven o'clock, but Maynard did not telephone. When she did go to bed it was only to get up again, twice: did she really put out that last cigarette and was the front door actually locked? And her car windows? If they weren't rolled up the warmth of the early sun on metal and glass would attract the first circling wasp . . .

She had to force herself to go out into the dark; it was as though somewhere in it disaster waited for her quietly and contentedly. But it was only a matter of damp un-laven grass, a few curls of doorway light in the lilac, a night bird that sounded—such was the state of her nerves—like someone sneezing.

Her car windows were rolled up for all, but the distance between the driveway and the golden apartment door seemed to have lengthened slyly. Kate ran through it like a moving target, wrenched at the green, and managed to kick herself violently in the ankle while pulling it shut before moths could get in. She was just in time; there was a swift stutter of wings against the mesh, and the glimpse of a tiny, left face before she slammed the inner door and snapped off the light.

In the morning she saw the newspaper picture that changed everything.

It came about indirectly as a result of Joanna's sudden suggestion that they go to the beach. "You like to swim, Kate, and it would do you good to get away for an hour or so."

When Maynard might call? "Gray Beach is full of jellyfish," said Kate evasively.

"But Ham's Point in Bridgeport isn't or Spiller's Beach."

Kate felt her nerves tightening under the well-meant persistence. "They'd be jammed."

"The water wouldn't be," pointed out Georgia, idle but practical. "Most people who go to beaches don't know how to swim."

Which was true — but then Gerald, who escaped on Saturdays from the tyranny of the plant, came to Kate's rescue. "I'm not so sure of that. Did you see the spread in last night's 'Sentinel'?"

Georgia never read an evening

Continued from page 38

## THE WASP

paper because it spoiled the television news; Kate seldom went beyond the front page and foreign coverage; Joanna confined herself to hooting at the editorials and making fun of the society page. Gerald ambled off and presently returned with a newspaper which, opened wide, engulfed a good part of the table.

"Look at that," he said. "They may not be able to swim, but they can certainly clutter up the water."

Everybody looked, automatically. It was the kind of double-spread run by city papers in the summer doldrums. Under the caption "Record-Breaking Heat Draws Crowds to Local Beaches" were all the regulation pictures: the thronged umbrella-starred sands,

the water packed with humanity like sardines on end, the pretty high-school girls with a striped ball, the absorbed baby in the process of losing its diminutive trunks.

In all of them, as intended, the crowd background was there. Kate gazed, and felt her heart check.

She wasn't sure until nearly three hours later, in a small "Enlargements while you wait" photo studio in Bridgeport. She had already visited the offices of the "Sentinel" and with a number of winning lies about the nearly naked baby's striking resemblance to her own little niece, been able to buy a print of the photograph she wanted.

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HAZEL . . .

by Ted Key



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Continued from page 39

## THE WASP

"Sure is a cute little tyke," said the clerk falsely, handing Kate a glossy enlargement.

"Yes, isn't she?" Kate was blind to everything but the sharpened background.

Barney wasn't there, but Maynard was, his bull's head thrown back in an almost audible shout of laughter. Beside him was Mrs. Maynard — Mrs. Maynard of the grief-pinched face and reddened eyes and trembling hands — in less of a bathing-suit than would have been allowed on most beaches, with her pony-tailed profile turned roguishly toward the man whose arm was draped familiarly about her shoulders. He wore a handkerchief knotted grotesquely about his head, and one hand cradled a can of beer against his luridly tattooed chest.

Dr. Sanders. Or the man who said he was Dr. Sanders.

It was a rebellion of anger that got Kate home. She had taken the bus to Bridgeport, not trusting herself to drive that far in traffic, and she found that she had just missed a bus and had to wait a further twenty minutes. People stared at her openly, and probably, with what she had just learned, she was something to stare at. She did not even mind the indicating elbows, the elaborately trained-back gazes that came to focus curiously on her face.

She had to remind herself that she still did not know about Barney — but she knew other things. That Mrs. Maynard, as revealed in the left-overs of a bikini, was certainly not wasting away of "melancholia" in a nursing home; that the solemn J. Maynard of the letters had his moments of vast amusement; that the brusque Dr. Sanders ("I'd rather see the boy alone, if you don't mind, Mrs. Maynard") was certainly more friend than doctor.

How easy to remove an M.D. symbol from a car in a hospital parking lot, if you really wanted one, and how easy to rattle off phrases. Medical terms were so eagerly assimilated by laymen that they could almost anticipate doctors; you heard the most random references to "post-operative shock" and "massive collapse."

For this she had lain awake identifying herself with another nerve-stricken woman; for this she had pictured Maynard awkwardly ministering to his wife and small son — Maynard, roaring laughing, with another man's arm close about his wife's coquettishly turned shoulders.

There was a wasp beating dryly against the rear window of the bus, so that, although there were seats, Kate stood at the front, clutching a pole and ready to flee at the first stop if it were necessary. The driver watched her whitened, sharpened face uneasily for a time in his mirror; when he said, "There's seats in back, lady," she only answered mechanically, "Thank you, but I'd rather stand. I've been sitting for quite a while."

... Like a duck.

A man at the back of the bus swept his newspaper at the wasp and it soared forward, hitting the roof, coming seekingly down again. When the doors opened Kate flew down the steps, although it left her nearly a mile to walk in the scalding heat.

They had done this to her, too. The horror of wasps and bees and anything that flew had sprung full-fledged out of her encounter with Barney. If she could prove

that as false as everything else connected with the Maynards, she knew it suddenly and quite clearly, the horror would be exorcised.

She was faint when she reached the apartment; she had, she realised, eaten no lunch. She approached the door warily, knowing the lure of sun-warmed wood, and presently two shadows drifted lazily on the clapboards, reeling up and down as though controlled by rhythmic, invisible strings. What was it that made them speed by like tracer bullets at other times, and why did they find Kate's apartment more attractive than the house? She directed her mind forcibly away from that, because there lay complete disintegration.

The back of the apartment was in shadow, and she let herself in the door and stood listening a moment with the sense that had grown expert, that could filter the close jerky sound of a wasp out of all the surrounding country sounds. Then she stepped tiredly out of her sandals, tossed her bag and gloves at a chair and collapsed on the couch, head back and eyelids down. She knew what she would have to do, but not yet, not for a few minutes...

KATE didn't sleep, although she ached all over with strain and fatigue; the newly crystallised necessity of seeing Barney Maynard for herself pricked at her like a needle. Presently she got up and went into the bathroom to wash a face whose reflection frightened her: except for a ring of white about the mouth, it was an angry scarlet. A cold dripping cloth held repeatedly against her cheeks and forehead helped a little, and half an hour later, reduced to a flushed pink, she crossed the shadowed lawn to the house.

Because it was not the official end of her nap, Georgia's voice sounded pettish from behind her bedroom door. "Who is it?"

"Kate, I'm sorry to bother you, but I'd like to talk to you."

"Oh... just a minute." There was a faint exasperated creak of released bed-springs, the jostle of moving fabric, and then a cautious interval of silence, as though Georgia were taking off her eyepads and giving herself a swift defensive examination in the mirror. Kate stared steadily at her sandalled toes, and the door opened.

Georgia's room was big and pretty, a cool-headed combination of business and pleasure. The bed had a billowy flowered flounce, but across from it stood a desk with a straight chair before it. There was a dressing-table crowded with bottles and jars and tubes; beside it on a table was an office file.

Georgia straightened the coverlet with one of her competent gestures. "Sit down, Kate, you look dreadfully hot." She sat down herself, gaze frankly examining, hands automatically brushing up wisps of hair at the nape of her neck. "You haven't some foolish notion about the apartment again?"

"No. I wondered if you were still interested in buying land."

Georgia's hands halted and then came slowly down.

"Robert's land?"

"Well, mine now," said Kate, smiling a little stiffly. She felt ridiculously nervous. "I've realised that I can't live this way indefinitely, even if I weren't underfoot all the time, and I thought that with capital—I might invest..."

To page 41

FOR THE CHILDREN

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## De Witt's Pills

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1941



Continued from page 40

## THE WASP

Kate stared fiercely at the flowered founcing of the bed; she would not fall in a sick crumple on Georgia's floor; this was only nerves, the doctor had said so. Gradually the room sharpened and hardened around her, her heart seemed to be going about its usual business, she was able to take her leaning hand from the desk flap.

And push the toppled wedge of envelopes back into the proper pigeonhole, if only because the desk now had a look of having been ransacked. But there must have been something at the back of the space, because under the lifting pressure of her fingers the envelopes flew resistantly apart, three of them skidding from flap to floor.

It was odd, or perhaps it wasn't, how your own name identified itself leapingly even in an almost unseeing glance. The seconds ticked by while Kate stood still, holding two windowed envelopes addressed to her from the Bureau of Motor Vehicles. From the postmarks and the printing visible through the slot, they were her application for renewal of her driver's licence and her licence itself.

Georgia came back in a swish of housecoat folds, wearing a pleasedly dedicated air. "I know you make fun of committees, Kate, but I've always thought that if you got out more, and saw people whose troubles are—what's the matter?"

"Nothing. I'm just glad to have

found my driver's licence—by accident," Kate said, scrupulously calm. "I leaned against your desk and some things fell out. It's quite a relief to have it at last."

An odd expression, too swift for analysis, flashed across Georgia's face. Then she was saying in a shocked voice, "You don't really mean that I was so stupid as to—" She inspected the envelopes in Kate's hand, ruefully. "Yes, apparently, I was. Kate, I'm terribly sorry. I suppose these came in with a flock of bills and I just put them all away together. How lucky that you weren't stopped!"

"Yes." And how meticulous Georgia always was about bills; her rare moments of open irritation usually sprang from any negligence in that quarter.

"Well, all's well that ends well,"

said Georgia, falsely sunny, "and I promise to be more careful. Now, are you absolutely sure about the land . . . ?"

But her mind was clearly not on the land, nor was Kate's. It took half an hour of conscious politeness, and a meticulous call to the real estate broker Robert had dealt with, to establish a fair price for the acreage. At the end of that time, Kate was assured of five thousand dollars within the next two or three days; she did not look beyond that to the fact that she had used up most of her last resource.

When Georgia said simply at her bedroom door, "I'm sorry about this, very," Kate could only look silently down at her hands. Georgia meant that she was sorry about the land; she seemed to have dismissed very

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## TRUDY



"Now look, Trudy, just because you're of the opposite sex, do you have to THINK opposite?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1964

SKI 08 W.W.J.P.C.

Page 41



*'Flu? No 'cure' perhaps, but there is a right and a wrong way to relieve the distress . . .*



## About the best you can do for Colds and 'Flu

**(But you might do a lot worse. Ordinary aspirin, for instance, can, in some cases, add to the distress by causing stomach upset. Disprin, being 'soluble' aspirin, is far less likely to upset you. Get relief this fast, gentle way!)**

Sad, but true; there is no 'cure' for colds and 'flu. The most you can do is to relieve the discomfort. "Rest, warmth, fluids and aspirin" is the prescription. But ordinary aspirin can cause stomach upset. Obviously, you don't want to relieve one condition by replacing it with another. For fast, safe relief, take Disprin. Disprin is 'soluble' aspirin . . . it *dissolves completely* . . . brings fast relief, lowers temperature, and leaves no acid particles to cause stomach upset. Disprin is about the best you can do for Colds and 'Flu!

**The best you can do for Colds and 'Flu . . . take Disprin!**



*From Chemists only*



# READERS' HOME HINTS

Readers win £1/1/- prize for each of these helpful hints.

WHEN moving furniture, apply a little floor polish round the legs of the furniture and a little on the floor. The furniture will glide along floor without any effort. — Mrs. West, 8 Agar St., Marrickville, N.W.

Take a very special household pepper by mixing together 1 lb. white pepper, 4 oz. black pepper, 1 oz. ground cloves, and 1 oz. ground nutmeg. Mix well and keep in a screw-top jar near the stove. — Mrs. L. J. Pollard, 13 Way Grove, Traralgon, S.A.

A layer of gravel scattered on top of the soil in a window-box will prevent spattering soil on the floor. — Miss M. Mosch, 17 King St., Hermit Park, Townsville, Qld.

When knitting the neck of a sweater on a set of four needles, slip a rubber band or ring of elastic over all four needles after picking the stitches. This holds the neck in a smaller circle and prevents the stitches from slipping off needle ends. — G. Price, 1 St. Albans Rd., Long, Vic.

A piece of carpet or old rug laid with oil and tacked inside of box will prevent rust. — Miss Edwards, c/o 5 Cunningham St., Main Beach, Southport, Qld.

## National Baking Quest

### PROGRESS PRIZE

THIS week's progress prize in the National Baking Quest was won by Mrs. V. Leggett, Lynford, Nebo, via Mackay, Qld. The prize is a transistor radio.

Mrs. Leggett's recipe is:

#### PEACH NUT BREAD

One cup dried peaches, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mace, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup wheat germ or bran, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 egg, 1 1/2 cups sour milk, 4 tablespoons margarine (melted).

Wash peaches, soak in boiling water 1 hour. Drain, chop finely. Sift flour, bicarbonate of soda, salt and mace. Add sugar, wheat germ, nuts, and melted margarine; mix well. Combine egg, milk, and melted margarine, pour into dry ingredients and stir just enough to moisten mixture (do not beat). Turn into greased 9 x 5 1/2 x 3 in. loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Serve cut in slices. Flavor improves with keeping.

## OUR TRANSFER



MONOGRAMS to add a touch of elegance to your linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 221. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, P.O., Sydney. Price is 1/6 each plus 5d. postage.

MONOGRAMS to add a touch of elegance to your linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 221. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, P.O., Sydney. Price is 1/6 each plus 5d. postage.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1964

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers a reader's query.

I have a set of dessert plates which were brought out from England about 1885. I have not been able to trace their origin. — Mrs. V. Howard, Elliott Heads, via Bundaberg, Qld.

Your attractive plates were made by Charles Meigh & Son, English manufacturers of earthenware at Hanley, Staffordshire — period 1851-1860. The name S. T. Pall appears to be a private mark added by some previous owner.



Victorian plate.



# Capture the tender juices of chicken with Corn Crisped Cooking

Easily made with Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs\* and Nestlé's\* Ideal Milk

**FOR CHOPS, CUTLETS, SAUSAGES AND FISH, TOO.** Corn Crisped Cooking means you can bake foods you would normally fry. Just dip the food of your choice in creamy Nestlé's Ideal Milk (thin milk just won't do). Roll in crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs (bread crumbs are too coarse to cover completely), and bake on aluminium foil placed in shallow baking pan. Time food by chart furnished below. It's as easy as 1, 2, 3. Then serve your family. The tender juices and the golden crust will give them a new taste they'll appreciate.

You see, Corn Crisped Cooking completely covers food with a delicious crust that seals-in the juices. The food doesn't dry out; it just sits inside those Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs and bakes in its own juices. Clip the recipe and prepare it today. After all, it's so simple.

Dip in Nestlé's Ideal Milk,  
roll in Kellogg's  
Corn Flake Crumbs,  
bake on aluminium foil



## CHICKEN MARYLAND

1 roasting chicken, Nestlé's Ideal Milk, Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs, Salt, Pepper, Bananas sliced down centre, Pineapple slices, Aluminium foil.

Remove skin and cut chicken into serving portions. Dip chicken and slices of pineapple and banana into Nestlé's Ideal Milk. Roll in seasoned Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs. Place on foil. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven. Add pineapple slices last 20 mins., bananas last 10 mins.

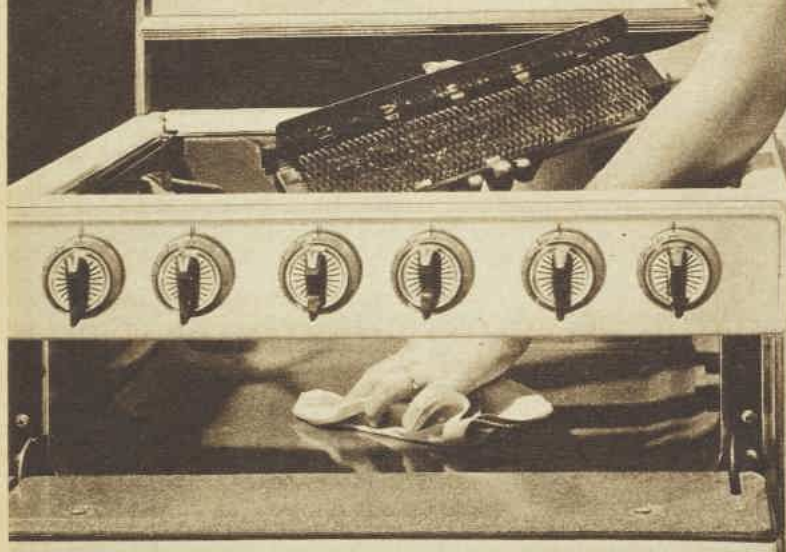
## COOKING CHART (use moderate oven)

Fish	20 mins.
Chicken	1 hr.
Pieces	1 hr.
Cutlets	45 mins.
Chops	45 mins.
Parboiled Potatoes	1 hr.
Skinless Sausages	40 mins.

\* Registered Trade Marks K551



Some day  
all gas ranges  
may clean  
as easy  
as this



## right now it's a CARMICHAEL PARKINSON exclusive!

They're a good cook's dream, these new Carmichael-Parkinson gas ranges. Not only because they look and cook so good but because they clean so very easily. Ease of cleaning was one of the many important considerations in our design. The whole cooking top lifts out for easy access to every corner—no grooves, crevices or protrusions to hold grease—re-assembles in a minute, bright as new. Ask your range salesman to show you how easily it's done. Ask him, too, to show you the many other outstanding features of Carmichael-Parkinson gas ranges.

There's double the quality in  
**CARMICHAEL  
PARKINSON**  
The best-known names in cooking



AVAILABLE FOR OPERATION  
ON TOWN GAS  
OR L.P. BOTTLED GAS

### \*2 GREAT NAMES

The two best-known names in cooking are now linked together to bring you the very finest cooking appliances available. Look now to Carmichael-Parkinson, your two-fold guarantee of quality.

5 models, priced from  
as low as £69/17/6.



Continued from page 41

lightly the onus of having retained someone else's driver's licence. Because while it was possible that one envelope from the Motor Vehicles Bureau might have wandered mistakenly into the possession of the elder Mrs. Barlow, it was hardly conceivable that two should have.

Joanna was halfway out the front door when Kate got downstairs; she said airily over her shoulder, "Look who's here," and slipped through, a blade of navy-and-white silk stripes against the ripening afternoon light. Anyone driving by, thought Kate removedly, watching her approach Mr. Symmes on the lawn with every appearance of cordiality, would gather an impression of ease and pleasure: there was the long gleaming car in the drive, the wide clipped lawn, the handsome house behind it.

**H**OW many existences were tooth and claw like this, how many savageries lingered behind surface gestures, like Joanna's solicitous arm through her father-in-law's as they walked toward the apartment?

There were unmistakable signs of alien occupancy there, but Joanna would no longer care; she was very much in the driver's seat. Kate felt a small surprising tug of sympathy for Mr. Symmes as she dropped down on the end of the couch to wait. Joanna had evidently confided in her mother at last, because the house was completely silent; there was to be, today, no fluster over butter knives.

The minutes went by, the apartment door slantingly visible across the lawn remained closed, the two envelopes began to wilt under the tense pressure of Kate's fingers. Georgia had thought her unfit to drive and had quite successfully curtailed her driving activities—but why had she thought so before the accident, when the application for renewal had come? Had Kate shown signs of instability even then, when she had believed so innocently that her nerves were healed?

Her face burned all over again at an imaginary discussion, involving Carpenter. Georgia and Joanna would have told him decidedly that

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 140.—BABY'S NIGHTGOWN AND JACKY  
Easy-to-make nightgown and matinee jacket is available cut out to make in flannelette. Infant's size, 24/6 plus 1/- postage.

No. 141.—DUCHESS SET  
Pretty duchesse set featuring a flower design is available cut out to be embroidered on pink, blue, green, lemon, cream, and white Irish linen. Price is 9/11 plus 1/- postage.

No. 142.—EMPIRE-LINE TENNIS DRESS  
Smart, easy-to-wear tennis frock, featuring Empire-line, is available cut out to make in white drip-dry poplin. Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust. £1/7/6, 36 and 38 in. bust, £1/9/6. Postage 3/6 extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Prints, Fashion House, 244/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Prints, Inc., 4660, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Mrs. G.H. Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



## THE WASP

Kate was not recovering as she should, that perhaps the therapy of work, the facing up to responsibility again, would do what time and cossetting had not. She was a good typist, would he give her a chance?

Kate stood up because the apartment door had opened. Mr. Symmes came out, followed by Joanna, and walked directly to his car; there seemed to be no parting amenities. Joanna waved as he left, but it seemed the kind of appreciative salute the cat might have given the canary feathers.

Kate said automatically, "Did you arrange things?" and Joanna gave her a cool, imperturbable look. "He really isn't so terribly unreasonable when you get him alone. Gerald does rub him the wrong way sometimes, and I knew the situation only needed explaining."

"How nice anyway," said Kate to the clear rebuff, and crossed the lawn to the apartment. It might have been resentment that made her reclaim the place instantly as her own, moving back a chair that had been moved forward, emptying Joanna's half-smoked cigarettes and Mr. Symmes' frayed cigar end from the ashtrays, gathering up her purse and gloves from the drawer where Joanna had placed them. It was certainly imagination that made her think the apartment altered somehow.

A lawyer was far more important now than any speculation about her driver's licence; if possible, she must make her move before the Maynards did. The yellow pages of the telephone book listed a number of lawyers. Kate knew from Joanna that Snaith and Snaith handled mainly estates and she had heard that Cupples, Robertson, and Kuhn were especially sought out for divorce. How to find a lawyer who would help her in the matter of a child she had—as a driver with a lapsed licence—injured to an unknown extent?

Carpenter would know: it was the kind of information with which he acquainted himself in an interested but impersonal way.

Kate picked up the phone and dialled his number, and replaced the receiver after a number of unavailing rings. He was out—or perhaps he was merely outdoors, moodily regarding the flowers left in his trust.

It was almost dusk, the safest hour, in between sunlit winging of wasps and the secrecy of night. Armed with her driver's licence, Kate got into her car and drove to Carpenter's cottage.

The last of the light

To page 47



## KIDNEY TROUBLES

When your kidneys are not properly, urine acid and other deposits accumulate in joints, causing aches and pains, making life a misery. The wonder-drug THOROS helps your system rid these deposits, and restores you to normal healthy condition. If you or your family have bladder weakness, back aches, muscles and joints, rheumatism, bursitis, or kidney stones, THOROS is the answer. THOROS, with diet chart, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

## MACKENZIE'S MENTHOL

Hair beauty consultants advise  
**DRY  
BRITTLE  
HAIR**  
Don't despair

Most women want to have hair with hair. They know they hesitate. They know they are perming or over-colouring their hair to dry and split their hair. So relax! Science has come to your rescue with "Kerose" From the laboratories of the University of Paris—"Kerose" is a conditioner which actually gives the hair—giving it body, bounce, and natural beauty.

Anne Bryson  
Hair Beauty Advisory Service  
Nicholas Marigey Pty. Ltd.  
699 Warrigall Rd., Cheltenham

\*TRADE MARK



# AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● In your household there are at least 1095 meals cooked every year. How many of them do you cook: 1095? 1050? 1000? If you've got it down as low as one thousand, then you're EXTREMELY lucky, I'd say.

THAT started me thinking about this was a book I've been reading on parent-child relationships in America.

The more of this sort of thing I read, the more I feel family set-ups (at least as they're described in books) are totally different there. I wish I had the time and the money to go and find out.

I have an Australian friend who has become an American and mother in one of the south-western States, and she writes to her and says, "I'm coming for a visit to shop and cook and wash and go to parents' things just to see what the differences are."

The only trouble is that when I last heard she'd just cut a finger by taking an angry, misdirected swipe at a infuriating son as he ran away from her.

She missed her son and hit a tread of the stairs, which sent her for the finger and probably proves she's more a controlled Australian than a controlled American mum!

It got back to the subject of meals. This book took a long time for granted that, in a well-regulated household, the members of the family were responsible for cooking the evening meal on different nights of the week—

on Monday, one of the daughters on Tuesday, on Wednesday, 12-year-old son on Thursday, and so on depending on the size of your family.

The book took this part of the arrangement without question, but suggested that the younger members of the family would get more fun out of it and take more pride in the job if they were allowed to choose the menu for that night and do the marketing themselves.

Yes, yeah? How do American women get their families firmly under their thumbs?

Can you imagine Hugh's response, even if he was let off the setting, if he was expected to dash home from work

one regular night every week and wash the spinach and peel the potatoes and get the dinner on.

He'd do all those things, and more, if there was some sort of medical crisis in the family, but certainly not when he's got three able-bodied females in the house.

And I can imagine, without even trying it, the sort of conversation I'd have with Mike if I suddenly tried to revolutionise the catering in that way.

"It's your turn to cook the dinner on Monday night."

"Can't, Mum — football practice." "Tuesday, then."

"Nope. Scouts." "Wednesday?"

"Gee, you'd think you'd know by now that Monday, Wednesday, and Friday's footy."

"Oh, well, Thursday, then?"

"Thursday! That's the ONLY spare afternoon I've got. You'd think a mother would want her children just sometimes to have . . ." and so on, and so on, and so on.

Even if I won, who wants to have frankfurts and tomato sauce for dinner every Thursday night, which would surely be Mike's choice if he was choosing the menu.

## Something easy is the order of the day . . .

I CAN'T honestly say that the girls are much better. They get spasms of liking to cook new and exotic things, but the spasms rarely coincide with my plans, and what I usually hear is: "If you and Dad are going out, leave us something easy, won't you?"

If Di is in charge the meal consists of what she calls naked chops—in other words, grilled chops served on a plate in lonely isolation. It saves cooking, it saves washing-up, it even saves vegetables," she says cheerfully.

I suppose really there are millions of American mothers who cheerfully cook their 1095 meals a year the way we do, but somehow the books always give the impression that American women have persuaded their families that they're doing something terribly generous and unselfish by whipping up a batch of scones or putting a roast in the oven.

I wish I'd learnt the trick before my family hardened into their habit of expecting to be substantially fed, by me, at regular intervals.

## There just aren't enough hours to go round

I'VE had a letter from a reader in Beecroft, N.S.W., who is constantly annoyed by statements that Australian women don't take their proper place in public life.

I pass it on without comment (because the subject was thoroughly aired in The Australian Women's Weekly on July 8), except to say I think there are very many happy and busy women who'll agree with her. She writes:

"I have been wondering whether you feel as I do when constantly coming across the statement that 'women are usually finished rearing their families by the time they are 40, and are then in a position to go into Parliament,' etc."

"I have a family of three, all daughters, and have led a fairly typical life, judging by the experiences of my friends. I married at 22, acquired my eldest at 23, their ages being now 23, 21, and 19 respectively. This makes me 46."

"About eight years ago an elderly parent came to live with us, also something not unusual. Our house is full of boy-friends and girl-friends at the weekends, when it is unusual to sit down to a meal with fewer than seven at the table."

"Certainly the eldest is now married, which, no doubt, will mean babysitting in due course. Practically all of my friends are similarly situated, except those who remained single and are holding down jobs."

"We see no let-ups for some time to come, so how are we to teach these unthinking people who make silly statements to get to work on some simple arithmetic?"

## Cheek-to-cheek situations can occur anywhere, any time!



LUCKY THIS YOUNG COUPLE KNOW ABOUT COLGATE



JUST AS THIS INVISIBLE SHIELD PROTECTED ME—SO NEW IMPROVED COLGATE WITH GARDOL PROTECTS YOU...

AS IT HELPS FIGHT TOOTH DECAY AND STOPS BAD BREATH

GARDOL

INVISIBLE SHIELD

## New improved COLGATE DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL STOPS BAD BREATH FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY

Only new, improved Colgate Dental Cream has exclusive GARDOL to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay as no other toothpaste can. And, there's still the same minty flavour you've always liked.



Buy Colgate with GARDOL today . . . get protection from the very first brushing.

More people buy Colgate than any other Dental Cream





Choose the perfect gift for Father's Day, September 6. Remington 25 De Luxe (illustrated) £16.17.6. Also available: Remington 25 £14.17.6; Remington 25 Car Shave £12.17.6; Cordless Remington Lektronic, world's first shaver that needs no power point, 22 guineas. Big range of Remington Shaving Aids and Lotions also available priced from 9/- each.  
(Remington Shavers are on sale everywhere)

ON SEPTEMBER 6

## say "Happy Father's Day" the **REMINGTON** way

Because he means  
so much...

If you're asking yourself "What on earth do I get him for Father's day?" — let Remington solve your gift problem. On September 6 give him a new Remington 25 De Luxe — and you'll be giving him today's newest, smartest, most powerful shaver. It has more shave-power than all others — to shave as close as he adjusts it. And it's the *only* shaver he can adjust to suit his beard and skin. He'll enjoy years of closer, faster, more comfortable shaves. No more nicks and cuts. No more bathroom shaving mess.

See the Remington Father's Day displays.

at your nearest retailer. In addition to the new Remington 25 De Luxe, you'll find a special model that lets him shave without a power point. Prices start at a new low £14.17.6\* (this is the lowest price ever for a fully-powered completely efficient shaver. And only Remington gives you the backing of a nation-wide chain of service stations). If he has an old model shaver, talk to your retailer about a trade-in. Say "Happy Father's Day" the Remington way!

\*Also: Remington 25 Car Shave — operates from car cigarette lighter — only £12.17.6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1961



cooler and misty, holding rain on some invisible level. When Kate reached the cottage in the first thin darkness it was like a place seen in a dream, its lights soft and wreathed at the end of the lane. Not harbor — she must not think that — but a place of detached common sense.

Kate got out of her car and walked across the dewy soundless grass to the door, rehearsing what she would say. Now more than ever she did not want to appear to throw herself on Carpenter's mercy, so she would be very brisk and careless, as if it really didn't matter much.

But it was not Carpenter who answered the door to her; it was a small woman with an exquisitely withered face and the commanding eyes of a tragedienne, except that they were gay instead. Carpenter's aunt, home from abroad, Kate thought instantly, and introduction proved it.

"William's out," said Mrs. Tellier, tipping her head disarmingly to one side, "but won't you come in and have a glass of sherry with me? I expect him at any minute."

Even a week ago Kate would have withdrawn at once. Now the purpose of her immediate future had become so tightly channelled that she said, "Thank you, if it isn't a bother," and stepped inside.

Mrs. Tellier, who disappeared with a murmured excuse, had left plain marks of her reoccupancy upon the cottage living-room. Carpenter's winged typewriter stand, piled high with manuscripts and old coffee cups and strays and an occasional seer can, had been banished; in its place was a delicate Queen Anne table holding a low silver bowl of flowers.

There was an unfamiliar piderdy brocade chair against one wall, and a neat sheaf of opened correspondence occupied another silver bowl where Carpenter had kept his bills, memos about things he intended to insert in his copy, and anything else that came up.

"... there," said Mrs. Tellier, reappearing with a

tray. She poured sherry for both of them; tactfully, she did not glance at Kate's face as she said in an off-hand voice, "Won't you try one of those crackers? They're new to me, but they're supposed to be good... Tell me, how is Georgia? I called as soon as I got back, but she was out."

Kate responded automatically. Her first cracker told her that she was ravenously hungry, her first sip of sherry burned with a warning headiness. Outside, it had begun to rain.

"Joanna is fine..." Where was Carpenter? Mrs. Tellier deprecated the sherry,

Continued from page 44

too. "I'll just wrap them for you."

"Oh, don't bother. You've gone to trouble enough as it is, and I'm going straight home." Kate put out her hands to receive the flowers, but Mrs. Tellier shook her head.

"They're soaking wet, and muddy... there." She picked up a folded newspaper from the table beside Kate's chair, glanced at it, and said resignedly, "William's marked it, so I suppose he wants it for something — why do men

## THE WASP

Kate's heartbeats gathered thickly. "A Binghamton, N.Y., postman collapsed yesterday after being stung by wasps nesting in a mailbox on a rural route. Robert B. Martinique, 39, was pronounced dead on arrival at a local hospital."

It was today's paper. But: "We've lots of newspapers in back..."

Kate managed to thank Carpenter's aunt for the flowers. Mindful of her sherry, carefully not thinking about anything but the road,

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



so that Kate had to finish hers with protestations. She stood up then, amazed to find that she was not quite steady, and Mrs. Tellier said, "I'm so sorry about William, I can't understand what's keeping him... Oh, could you wait just a minute, Mrs. Barlow? I always send Georgia some of my asters, and I wonder if you'd mind—?"

She opened a closet door, whisked herself into a raincoat, switched on an outside light, and disappeared. Kate, fighting the effects of her one glass of sherry, heard damp, grassy snapping sounds from without. Mrs. Tellier came back in with a great bouquet of rose and white and blue-purple asters; she had, she said, picked some for Kate,

mark things, instead of tearing them out then and there? But we've lots of newspapers in back, and I won't be a minute."

The rain-wet flowers had left shining, recoiling droplets on the polished table-top, and blots of dampness on the newspaper. Kate, glancing idly down, saw that Carpenter had indeed marked it; black oblique pencil strokes at the two top corners had gone partly through the paper to isolate a short item. It was impossible not to read it.

"Mailman Stung; Dies."

**A**LL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

she drove home through the rain, saw a car depart from the driveway as she neared it, and tried not to recognise it as Carpenter's. Her time sense seemed dulled, so that she did not hurry across the lawn under the crisp, solid raindrops; Georgia, exclaiming over the flowers, said alarmedly, "Kate, you're drenched!" and then, with an anxious and searching glance, "You haven't changed your mind?"

Kate stared blankly.

"About the land, I mean?"

"Oh. No."

But she had changed her mind about something else. She would take counsel with no one, except a lawyer of her own choosing, and first she would wait a necessary day.

Part of the next afternoon was occupied with the closing of the land sale; there were no complications, as everything was exactly in order. Georgia, still looking disturbed, wrote a cheque; Kate, unnaturally calm, signed her name to a number of documents. The downtown office, with its absorbed and meticulous men, was completely impervious; destiny dwindled to nothing in this atmosphere of beige lence-hung walls, soundless carpeting, special pens.

Georgia was withdrawn on the way home, and Kate's mind, travelling ahead to the finding of Barney Maynard, isolated her equally. It was not until they turned in at the driveway that Georgia, braking the car she shared with Joanna, said abruptly, "Bill Carpenter was here last night. He's quite worried about you."

Kate knew very well that Carpenter had been there, and there was no reason for the sudden rush of blood to her face. "Is he? It's kind of him, but he needn't be."

"He isn't the only one," said Georgia, tracing the wheel with a finger. She turned her head suddenly, and her usually soft blue gaze was clear and direct. "Can I help, Kate?"

She was making a communication deeper than the surface words, and to Kate it was like being invited to lie down if she was tired, or to drink if she were thirsty. But — who to trust? Georgia, who had kept the driver's licence in her desk? Carpenter, who had marked out for himself a newspaper item concerning wasps? The new cool Joanna, who seemed — in Kate's mind at least — to have left a strange imprint on the apartment? Gerald...

... but however understanding he was, Gerald had all the usefulness of a rubber cane. Anything Kate told him about her plans would go instantly back to the Barlows.

Which left her alone. Perhaps irrationally, but alone. One of her gloves had seeped

To page 56

## Bethal TABLETS RELIEVE ASTHMA



**Bethal** TABLETS

Wheezing, gasping, fighting for breath... that's the unpleasant lot of the Asthma sufferer, but fortunately quick relief is readily obtainable with Bethal Tablets. Bethal Tablets succeed because they dissolve quickly, soothing breathing passages and breaking up congestion. Soon you'll be deeply breathing clean, fresh air. Try Bethal. You'll discover the wonderful relief Bethal Tablets have brought many thousands of Asthma victims over the years.

**Bethal** TABLETS FOR ASTHMA, RAY FEVER, HEAD COLDS, CATARRH, ETC.

**Bethal** TABLETS

2/9, 6/3, 19/6 at chemists

**FAB** suds keep on washing, working, when other suds are dead and gone!

that's why

**FAB** CLEAN!

THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS



# You make the **NICEST** ICE CREAM from richer purer **CANNED MILK**

A million Australian mothers can't be wrong. They know the nicest ice-cream is home-made from canned milk. Good-looking. Good tasting. More-ish. But easy on the budget. Try these NEW flavours.

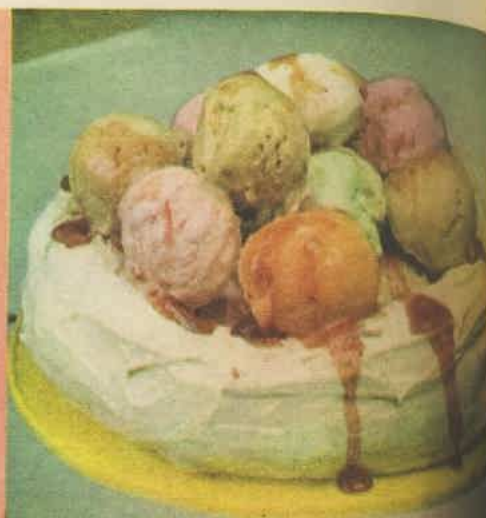


## FROZEN LIME SURPRISE PIE

- 2 baked 8" pie shells
- 1 large can evaporated milk, icy cold
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- 1 pkt. lime jelly crystals
- 1 large can sliced peaches\*

Dissolve lime jelly with sugar in 1 cup very hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice; gradually add to stiffly whipped evaporated milk, beating constantly (there is no need to cool jelly mixture before adding). Pour into two baked pie shells which have been lined with sliced peaches. Freeze. (This recipe may be halved.)

\*Fruit cocktail or crushed drained pineapple may be used instead of peaches.



## SUNNY ORANGE SHERBET

(10 to 12 servings)

- 1 large can evaporated milk, chilled icy cold
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice
- 1 can frozen orange juice concentrate, softened
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar

Set refrigerator on coldest setting. Whip chilled evaporated milk till very stiff, gradually add lemon juice and sugar. Fold in orange concentrate. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze (about 2 hours).



## RAINBOW PAVLOVA

Into a 9" meringue shell (four egg whites) place scoops of various ice creams — mocha, orange sherbet, lime, vanilla and strawberry. Spoon strawberry or apricot jam lightly over top.

Ice cream scoops may be made well in advance and kept frozen for use.

Make strawberry by following frozen lime recipe — except: use strawberry jelly crystals and fold in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup crushed strawberries.



## MOCHA ICE CREAM WITH TOASTED ALMONDS

- 3 eggs, separated
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup golden syrup and 1 tbsp. water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 tbsp. instant coffee, dash salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  can ( $\frac{1}{2}$  cup) evaporated milk, chilled icy cold and whipped
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup blanched sliced almonds, toasted

Beat egg yolks till creamy. Mix in syrup, water, salt and sugar. Cook and stir over low heat till mixture thickens. Add coffee, mix well. Cool thoroughly.

Fold into whipped milk, stiffly beaten egg whites, almonds and vanilla. Place in refrigerator trays and freeze firm. Top with additional almonds. Makes 8 to 10 servings.



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# PIE

Serve it

# A LA MODE

● A pie-case, baked until golden brown, filled with a fragrant fruit or chiffon mixture, and served a la mode—with a scoop of ice-cream on top — makes a wonderful dessert at any time of the year. In this feature are delicious pies and the ice-creams to accompany them. The recipes begin overleaf.



ORANGE CHIFFON PIE, shown above.

FRUIT MINCE PIE is shown above.

By

OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE, at left.

APPLE PIE (below) with ice-cream.





## OUR LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

THE recipe below is a delicious version of a popular first course, usually denied to dieters because of its calorie-laden mayonnaise base.

But this seafood cocktail has a dressing that is almost calorie-free.

### SEAFOOD COCKTAIL

Half pound prawns,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. crab meat, shredded lettuce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup tomato juice, 1 teaspoon bottled horseradish relish, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon vinegar, salt and pepper, juice of 1 lemon, dash tabasco sauce, chopped parsley, lemon wedges.

Shell prawns and pick over crab meat, removing any pieces of bony tissue. Make bed of lettuce in base of 4 goblets and top with the seafood. Combine all remaining ingredients except parsley; mix well. At serving time, spoon dressing over seafood. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, serve with lemon wedges.

Serves 4; calories per serving, 124.

Continuing . . .

## PIE—serve it a la mode . . .

ON this page are the recipes for the luscious pies shown in color on the previous page.

### ORANGE CHIFFON PIE

**Pastry:** Four tablespoons self-raising flour, 4 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, yolk 1 egg, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk.

**Filling:** One dessertspoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup orange juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, extra

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, whipped sweetened cream.

**Pastry:** Sift flours with salt, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add sugar, mix to fairly dry dough with beaten egg-yolk and milk. Turn on lightly floured board and knead lightly. Roll out to fit 9in. greased pie-plate. Trim and decorate edge, prick base. Bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes; cool.

**Filling:** Soak gelatine 5 minutes in cold water. Combine sugar, orange juice, salt, and beaten egg-yolks in top of double boiler. Stir

over gently boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add orange rind, lemon juice, and gelatine. Stir until dissolved. Stir while cooling. When beginning to thicken, fold in egg-whites, which have been beaten to meringue consistency, with extra sugar. Fill into prepared case; chill. Top with cream before serving.

### APPLE PIE

**Pastry:** Six ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. plain flour, 2oz. cornflour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon baking-powder, egg-white, sugar.

**Filling:** Six apples,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup apricot jam,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nutmeg, egg-white, extra sugar.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs, and beat well. Sift dry ingredients, add to creamed mixture. Knead well before using. Roll out half and line 9in. pie-plate. Allow to chill while preparing apples by peeling and slicing. Spread apricot jam over pastry base and arrange apples in layers; sprinkle with nutmeg and nutmeg. Top with remaining pastry, trim, and decorate edge. Brush with egg-white, sprinkle with extra sugar. Cut few slits in top to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce to moderate, bake further 30 minutes.

### FRUIT MINCE PIE

**Pastry:** Eight ounces plain flour, 4oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. custard powder, 2oz. cornflour, 1oz. icing sugar, 8oz. butter or substitute, water to mix, egg-white, extra sugar.

**Filling:** One medium-sized can crushed pineapple, 1 cup sultana, 1 cup raisins,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup currants, 6 glacé cherries (halved), 1 tablespoon chopped mixed peel, 1 grated apple,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar, grated rind lemon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, 1 tablespoon cornflour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sweet sherry.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Mix to stiff dough with water. Allow to chill 1 hour. Roll out half the dough, line 9in. pie-plate. Fill with cooled fruit mince. Roll out remaining pastry, cut into strips. Arrange on top of pie in lattice design. Trim edges, pinch in attractive pattern. Brush with egg-white or water, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce to moderate, cook further 30 to 35 minutes.

**Fruit Mince:** Combine in saucepan all ingredients except cornflour and sherry. Stir over low heat until mixture boils; simmer 3 minutes until fruit is plump. Blend cornflour with sherry, mix into hot fruit mixture. Stir until thickened, then simmer 1 minute longer; cool.

### CHOCOLATE-CREAM PIE

**Pastry:** One and a half cups plain flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg yolk, water.

**Filling:** One dessertspoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 2 cups milk, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 3oz. dark chocolate,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cream, chocolate shavings.

**Pastry:** Sift flour with sugar and salt; rub in butter, then egg-yolk. Add a drop or two of iced water, if necessary, to moisten dough so it can be gathered into a ball. Wrap in waxed paper, refrigerate 1 hour. Roll out to line 9in. pie-dish, prick edges decoratively; prick well. Bake in moderately hot oven until nicely browned (about 15 minutes).

**Filling:** In top of double saucepan, mix gelatine and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar. Stir in milk gradually, cook over boiling water, stirring occasionally until milk is scalded. Separate egg-beat egg-yolks with cornflour until very light, gradually stir in the hot milk mixture. Return to top of double saucepan, cook, stirring until thickened. Chill until mixture is consistency of unbeaten egg white.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually beat in remaining  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar. Beat cream until thick. Melt chocolate over hot water. Beat chilled custard mixture until fluffy, fold in egg-whites, then whipped cream, then melted chocolate. Turn into cool pie-shell, refrigerate. Decorate with chocolate shavings.

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## ... with these ice-creams

FOR a really gala dessert, serve the chocolate-cream pie on the opposite page topped with the mocha or strawberry ice-cream below; or the orange chiffon pie with the orange ice-cream. Try the other ice-cream recipes, too. They are all delicious.

### ORANGE ICE-CREAM

Half pint cold water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup fresh orange juice, 1 egg-yolk, 1 pint cream, grated rind of 2 medium-sized oranges.

Turn refrigerator controls to maximum. Place sugar, orange rind, and water together in thick pan, allow sugar to dissolve before mixture boils. Bring to slow rolling boil and maintain 7 to 10 minutes until mixture forms very thin syrup; strain. Beat egg-yolk lightly with fork, add this and orange juice to syrup, and cook over gentle heat 5 minutes, stirring constantly; cool. Pour mixture into refrigerator trays, leave until quite cold. Whip cream stiffly, add orange mixture gradually, beating until smoothly blended. Return to refrigerator, freeze without stirring 1½ hours. Then reduce temperature control and leave until required.

### FRENCH VANILLA ICE-CREAM

Three egg-yolks, 1 cup milk, ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, ½ pint cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Beat egg-yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Place in top of double saucepan, add milk, sugar, and salt. Cook over just-simmering water until mixture thickens, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, cool. Whip cream, stir into custard mixture with vanilla. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze.

### MOCHA ICE-CREAM

One large can evaporated milk, ½ cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon gelatine (softened in little cold water, then dissolved in 1 dessertspoon boiling water), 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

Beat thoroughly chilled evaporated milk until thick and foamy. Blend cocoa with coffee essence, add with all other ingredients, whip until well mixed. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze until set.

### STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM

Two cups milk, ½ cup evaporated milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine (dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water), 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup powdered milk, 1 cup chopped, washed, hulled and dried strawberries.

Heat fresh milk and evaporated milk, add sugar and butter. Stir until sugar dissolves and butter melts. Add powdered milk and dissolved gelatine. Beat 4 or 5 minutes. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze to a mush. Remove from trays, beat until doubled in bulk, fold in strawberries. Return to trays, freeze until firm.

### ICE SNOW-CREAM

Half cup sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 1½ tablespoons maple syrup, pinch salt, 3 large eggs, 1½ pints cream.

Add boiling water to sugar and boil slowly 12 minutes; add maple syrup and salt. Beat whole eggs thoroughly, pouring syrup slowly over eggs while still beating. Cool quickly in refrigerator (do not freeze). Beat the cream until thick, fold egg mixture in slowly; freeze at once. Do not re-stir.

Note: One teaspoon vanilla and ½ teaspoon almond essence can be substituted for maple syrup.

### CREAMY CHEESE ICE-CREAM

Sixteen ounces soft cream cheese, 1 1-3rd cups sweetened condensed

milk, 1 cup cold water, ¼ teaspoon salt, vanilla to taste, 2 cups cream.

Turn temperature control of refrigerator to coldest point. In electric mixer combine cheese with milk, then with water, salt, and vanilla. Refrigerate until well chilled. Whip cream to custard consistency, fold into chilled mixture. Turn into ice-cream trays and freeze until frozen in. From edges of tray. Turn mixture into chilled bowl, beat until smooth but not melted. Quickly return to ice-cream trays, freeze until firm. Then reset refrigerator temperature control to normal.

### ECONOMICAL ICE-CREAM

One pint milk, 1 cup dry powdered milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine (dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water), 1 tablespoon butter, vanilla.

Beat the powdered milk and sugar into the warmed milk. Add the dissolved gelatine and melted butter, beat with rotary beater 5 minutes. Pour into 2 refrigerator trays, allow to freeze until just firm. Return to basin and add vanilla and beat again for 3 to 4 minutes. Pour back into trays and freeze until firm.

### NEW WAY TO ROAST LAMB

A RECIPE for a leg of lamb with an unusual stuffing wins the £5 prize this week.

#### LEG OF LAMB DE LUXE

Half pound minced raw veal, ½ lb. minced cooked lean ham, ½ cup fine dry breadcrumbs, ½ lb. mushrooms (finely chopped), 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 small clove garlic (crushed), 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon orange marmalade, 1 large leg of lamb (boned), vegetables for baking.

Heat oven to moderately slow. Mix together all stuffing ingredients until smooth and compact. Pack into leg of lamb, sew up opening with heavy cotton or cover with greased aluminium foil and wrap string round leg to hold in place. Any left-over stuffing can be baked with the lamb in small greased container. Place lamb, fat side up, in baking-dish on rack, bake about 20 minutes per pound, or 30 to 35 minutes per pound if you prefer lamb well done. Place vegetables in baking-dish (adding a little extra fat if needed) about ½ hour before end of cooking time. Serve piping hot, cut in slices, with accompanying vegetables and gravy made from pan drippings.

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Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature.





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# CLEVER COTONEASTERS



• A splendidly shaped cotoneaster (*glauco-phylla* species).

• The versatile cotoneasters are hardy, usually fast-growing, and tolerate a wide range of soil and climate, although disliking very moist, shady sites. Some of the taller kinds reach 20ft.; others, between 6ft. and 10ft., can be used in shrubberies and hedges; and there are the low-spreading bushes, 1ft. or 2ft. high, excellent in rockeries, for spilling over walls, or as ground cover on banks.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 51

THERE are about 50 species, from temperate Europe, Asia, and North Africa. China and the Himalayas provide some of the best.

Most are easily grown from seed. They will stand hard pruning, and sometimes it is necessary to cut back the summer growth to reveal the wealth of berries.

Cotoneasters are grown mainly for their richly colored berries, usually in tones of red or orange-red but occasionally black. Flowers, though small, are produced freely, mainly white or pink, and are quite attractive.

The foliage of some species colors well in the autumn. Most are evergreen, some are deciduous, others partially so.

## Wide choice

Among the best of the cotoneasters are:

*Cotoneaster glaucophylla* (usually listed as *C. serotina*) — fast-growing, hardy, with gracefully arching branches, attractive white flowers, and red berries which last nearly six months. Grows 6-12ft. tall.

*C. salicifolia* — has gracefully spreading branches, distinctive wrinkled glossy leaves, and bright red fruits. 6-10ft.

*C. pinnosa* — a very useful species, fast-growing and able to stand hard conditions. The small, somewhat silvery foliage is useful for decorating even when there are no berries. 8-12ft.

*C. franchetii* — often grown in gardens, forming a spreading graceful shrub up to 8ft. with orange-red fruits. Makes a good hedge.

*C. harroviana* — strong-growing (12ft.), with red berries persisting for many

months. The foliage colors pleasantly during autumn.

*C. simonsii* — at times semi-deciduous; small roundish leaves are arranged in opposite rows, coloring in autumn. Berries scarlet or orange-red. 4-8ft.

*C. conspicua* — a bushy shrub up to 6ft. high, with large orange-red berries untouched by birds and long-persisting.

*C. wateri* — a vigorous hybrid up to 20ft. high with large deep-green leaves and big berries. Very suitable where a small specimen tree is required.

*C. bullata* — a striking deciduous shrub up to 10ft. high with long pendulous branches and large clusters of red berries.

*C. horizontalis* — semi-deciduous, with small rounded leaves and a flat, fan-like habit of growth. A beautiful species, especially in cold climates, with pink flowers and bright red berries. Excellent for rockeries, for training against walls, or spilling over banks. Several varieties, including a variegated one with silvery foliage.

*C. hodginsii* — a dainty little shrub, 1-2ft. high, with small, glossy leaves and tiny, red berries.

*C. microphylla* — a slow-growing shrub, 2-3ft. with small glossy leaves, studded in spring with white flowers followed by showy scarlet fruits. Suitable for dwarf hedges and rockeries. The variety *thymifolia* is compact and has thyme-like foliage.

*C. parneyi* — an upright-growing shrub, rather similar to *C. harroviana* but with larger leaves and fewer but larger berries.

*C. pendula hillieri* has a prostrate habit of growth and produces bright red berries in autumn and winter. Suitable for rock gardens or trailing over low walls.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 52

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



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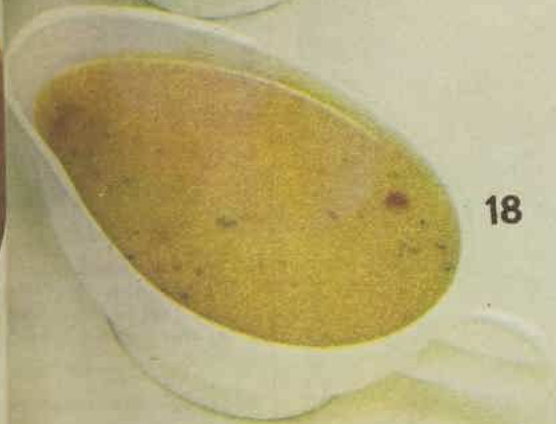
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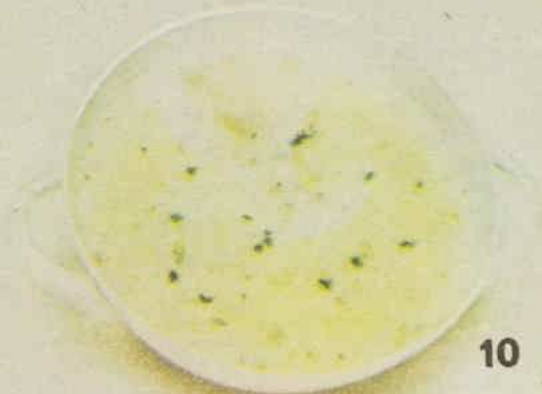
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WES45

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down between the seat cushions, so that she was able to busy herself with that and say, "Oh, I think I've got one of those hang-on colds," without meeting Georgia's eyes at all.

The mail came elfishly late the next morning, at after eleven. An uproar of wind had followed the night's rain, chasing dark waves of cloud-shadow on the heels of brilliance, so that Kate felt safe in volunteering to go out to the black iron box clamped to the gate: wasps could hardly manoeuvre in this violent air.

She had thought herself forewarned and braced, but the weightless and merrily looped letter for her, post-marked Bridgeport, fell like a leaden stroke. Impervious to the whip of her dress and the spin of hair about her face, she ripped the envelope open. And there it

was, the little clipping: "Mailman Stung; Dies."

Young Mr. McDermott, junior partner of McDermott and McDermott, Attorneys-at-Law, was clearly alarmed at Kate's appearance at a little after three o'clock that afternoon. Midway through what she thought was a calm and impersonal account he lifted his receiver, pressed a button, and spoke inaudibly into the phone; presently two tall glasses of iced black coffee were brought in by his secretary.

Kate's heart sank at his youth and his hopeful tact, but she went on, and, when she stopped speaking, slid across his desk the newspaper clipping and the glossy print of the Maynards at the beach with the man who had called himself Dr. Sanders.

Continued from page 47

McDermott studied both with an air of wisdom and attention that looked to Kate transparently false. Of the clipping he said in a deprecating way, "Well, Mrs. Barlow, I don't know—I don't believe this is covered by any of the usual rules. It isn't obscenity or extortion; even an anonymous letter. I know it's unpleasant, but . . ."

Of the photograph: "Doctors do take days off, and it could be argued that this is therapy for Mrs. Maynard. I know of a doctor who takes depressed patients to baseball games—sounds nutty, but he does."

He smiled humorously at Kate as he said it, but she could see the wariness in his likeable pink, blue-eyed face. Well, probably she looked

## THE WASP

more in need of psychiatric treatment than Mrs. Maynard, and to anyone not steeped in the obscure and foreboding atmosphere created by Maynard's letters, which she had foolishly thrown away, the whole issue must look like a tempest in a teapot. Had the Maynards actually threatened to sue? No. Had their request for financial assistance been couched in the form of a demand? No. Well, then, why anticipate trouble?

Kate stood up, fingers clenching into her palms as desperately as though all this had been actually said aloud. "Then you don't see any point in finding the boy."

"I would think," said McDermott very cautiously, "think, mind you,

that if it could be established that Mrs. Maynard never entered the nursing home—and that what you could dismiss the whole affair from your mind."

He did not understand, or at least not completely. But then, how to explain clearly the connection between a small boy on a tricycle and a nurse that had begun to devour her state? McDermott did not understand either; as far as her obsession with wasps went, he obviously came her with females who jumped on chairs and screamed prettily at mice.

"I have to find him," said Kate, and only realised from the repetition sound on the air that she had said it twice. McDermott glanced at her face and began to flip the pages of a desk calendar, frowning. "Well, my father will be back from Chicago on—let's see—the twentieth. I've got my hands full now, but we ought to be able to start on it for you then."

Two weeks. To Kate, it might have been two months, but she pulled on her gloves in silence, though absentmindedly she picked up the photograph on the table and slipped it into her bag. At the door, she said, "You will try the nursing homes in the meantime," and McDermott, clearly relieved at this evidence of common sense, said that he would, and that he would also check on Dr. Sanders.

Kate drove home in her windowed, airless car. Her back ached and she was drenched with perspiration by the time she reached the apartment, but before she took a shower, before she did anything, she wrote a single sentence on a sheet of notepaper.

"Dear Mr. Maynard: Speaking of witnesses, I have come into possession of a recent photograph which I think might interest you."

## FROM THE BIBLE

● "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

— John 3:6

session of a recent photograph which I think might interest you."

She signed it, addressed the envelope, and forced herself back on the breathless heat of the car. When the letter was safely posted, did her tightness slacken faintly.

If the Maynards were what she thought they were, surely this would flush them into the open. Here they had seen themselves in the blurred background of the newspaper reproduction, they would have no way of knowing that it was the photograph mentioned by all they knew, Kate might have caught them far more convincingly than that.

Although what she really wanted was not the Maynards at all, but Barney, because evidence from a dozen nursing homes could not match the image that had transferred from glossy paper to Kate's brain: the Maynard's roguish, intensely handsome glance at the man Kate had met at Dr. Sanders' the bullish vitality of Maynard's flung-back head.

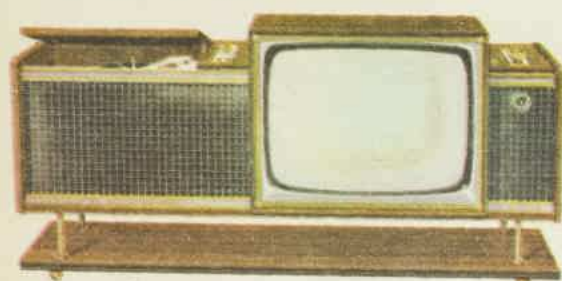
Had Barney been a few feet across the sand, out of camera range? Or at home in a seething hot apartment, because his wife was irritating and attention-seeking?

In the silence of her own apartment, Kate faced the second alternative. The Maynards' open hostility notwithstanding, she would not be linked for ever with a child's unaged speech, and the memory and fear that went with it. But if that was the price of escape, it had to be paid. From being turned into the very reverse of a sundial, counting only hours of darkness, the social life live with such a question inside her, like a forgotten pair of scissors from an operation.

To page 57



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Continued from page 56

And there was a physical aspect, which struck her with mild surprise when she changed for dinner: she was gradually shrinking out of her wardrobe. Dresses she had worn only six weeks before gathered awkwardly about the waist, or hung over the shoulders, or exposed her newly thinned arms.

Kate had got used to the change in her face, with its automatic demands for soap and water or lipstick; she was somehow startled at the dangerous slenderness of her body, and its incoherence. Joanna's tally seemed to lie in a similar string-down, but it was not a condition natural to Kate.

She crossed the lawn to the house to find everyone else just leaving. Joanna, incisive in black linen, the gold bracelet gleaming over her short black glove, said with a serious glance, "Sally Wainwright's buffet, remember? You begged for it."

"Oh, that's right." But Kate did not remember.

Georgia said with a last pat at her high-dressed honey hair, "Kate, dear, you look tired. Haven't you been dashing about an awful lot lately?"

"Just-enjoying" being a licensed driver again," said Kate, smiling carefully. "It's wonderful—like getting citizenship papers."

A tiny silence fell. Into it, Gerald remarked unhappily that the last time he had been at the Wainwrights' he had had to fill his pockets with inedible morsels, being napkinless at the time, and that whenever he wore that suit, despite numerous cleanings, he attracted her marinated herrings. While he said it, he dropped one eyelid at Kate; the almost-wink said, "Aren't you lucky, getting out of this?"

**B**UT Kate did not feel lucky, when the sound of the door had died away. She had been alone in the house before, but never with this alien, trespassing feeling; she had known in advance, she thought, she would have provided herself with a sandwich to eat in the apartment. But it would be singular, only to herself, to depart from custom now, and she opened the refrigerator door automatically.

The remains of the cold lamb had a faintly defensive air, as though earmarked for curry or hash; the egg-ringed potato salad looked impossibly heavy. There was a can of tomato soup which Kate thought she could manage with a cracker or two, and she opened that.

How frightened that she could not remember ever hearing about the Wainwrights' buffet, let alone declining it. And how quiet the house was, mocking her when she dropped a spoon, folding into permanent record the rasping close of the drawer. The crackers, when Kate took them out of their box, resounded like tumbling shingles.

"I'm getting peculiar," she thought acidly, staring at the steeps and chimes of the soup, and that would never do for Robert's wife. Of course that's why they didn't tell her about the Wainwrights.

The house seemed suddenly to explode with sound. It was only the doorbell chimes, but the sound plate fell shatteringly from Kate's hand.

Carpenter helped her clean up the wreckage; something about his dispatch suggested that he was an accomplished dropper of plates. Smiling at her from under the front door lantern, he had said, "Hello, Kate. I knocked at your door but you weren't there," and then, hastily, as though to cover up this profundity, "Was it my imagination, or did I hear a sound of breaking crockery?"

"Yes, you did." Anger at her own instability—and at Carpenter, who had succeeded in making her think satirically, just a moment ago, "That would never do for Robert's wife"—turned Kate's voice short. In silence she turned and went into the kitchen, and Carpenter followed her.

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## • More Australian place names

### Apsley (Tas.)

Named after Apsley House, Piccadilly, London, which was presented by the nation to the Duke of Wellington in 1820. The house was originally built for Lord Apsley by the famous Adam brothers on the site of the old Hercules Pillars Inn, mentioned by Fielding in "Tom Jones."

"Hercules Pillars" was the classic name for the Straits of Gibraltar, considered by the ancients to be the end of the world, and inns with this title were invariably on the outskirts of their town (though, of course, the site of Apsley House would scarcely be considered to be the outskirts of modern London).

### Algebuckina (S.A.)

"Christened" by Governor Buxton, 1898. The native name for a waterhole.

### Brighton (Vic.)

First called Watervale. Rechristened, 1841, after the English Brighton, which was evolved from Brighthelmstone. Brighton, Victoria, is the birthplace of the famous Australian pianist the late Percy Grainger.

### Blackall, Blackall Range, and Bunya (Qld.)

Colonel Samuel Wensley Blackall was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Queensland, 1868-71, dying in Brisbane. Near Blackall, at Alice Down Station, Jack Howe sheared 321 merino sheep with hand

shears in less than eight hours, establishing a world record.

The Blackall Range was called by the aborigines "Bon-yi," corrupted by white settlers to Bunya. Here the natives gathered every three years to eat the ripe nuts of the bunya-bunya pine.

### Blue Mud Bay (N.T.)

The master's mate of Flinders' vessel was fatally speared here by natives.

### Ivanhoe (N.S.W.)

After Sir Walter Scott's novel, which he said he "put together" while suffering from cramp in the stomach.

### Mushawandry (W.A.)

Aboriginal: "Place where good people go."



# TULIP

Cakes like Grandma used to make, taste all the better with Tulip, Australia's quality margarine.

**DUNDEE CAKE:** 6 ozs. Sultanas, 6 ozs. TULIP, 2 ozs. Almonds, 1 lev. teasp. B/Powder, 2 ozs. Peel, 3 eggs, 3 ozs. Currants, 6 ozs. Sugar, 9 ozs. P/Flour. Milk to mix if required, approx. 2 tbsps.

**METHOD:** 1. Prepare fruits, chopped peel and almonds, save a few almonds for top of cake. 2. Sieve flour, salt and b/powder and stir in the fruits, etc. 3. Cream Tulip and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. 4. Stir in the dry ingredients, adding a little milk if required. 5. Bake in a greased and lined 8" pan. Mod. oven 1½ to 1¾ hours.

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Postage 3/- extra.

If ordering suit and blouse, postage only 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given on page 44. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

The soup was almost as uncapturable as quick-silver, and there seemed enough jagged fragments of blue-and-white flowered china to supply a banquet table. Unadmitted on the air, but thoroughly understood, was the fact of Georgia's deep displeasure if she had been there. She was fond of her possessions, and as neat as a laboratory technician about her kitchen; with the Barlow calm and sure-handedness she would not be able to understand such clumsiness, and it was not a subject she would easily let drop. ("But I don't understand, Kate—were you balancing it on your palm, or . . . ? Oh, but you must have knocked it against something, because otherwise I don't see—")

It made a scene of ridiculous intimacy, two adults peering about the floor like guilty children, and as though he were aware of it, Carpenter did not glance again at Kate's set, white face. He said casually that his aunt had told him of Kate's visit to the cottage, and he was sorry he had been out; that, in fact, he had been here, and they must just have missed each other. Was there something he could do?

"Oh, no. As I'd made such a mess of the manuscript, and I was driving by anyway, I thought I'd ask if there were any pages you wanted re-typed."

Carpenter did not reply directly. Instead, straightening with a last palmful of blue-and-white chips, he said, "Where do these go?"

"Oh—anywhere. Here." Georgia would see the fragments at once, but Kate did not care. She said formally, "Thank you very much," and turned away. Behind her, Carpenter made a sudden sound of exasperation, and she turned back to see him

Continued from page 57

squinting at his hand and turning it under the light. "Splinter," he said. "It's broken off."

There was a drop of blood welling at the base of one finger, and Kate came automatically close to inspect it. Instantly, Carpenter's other hand came out to close over her wrist. He said very quietly, "Kate, what the hell is all this?"

She would not wrench her hand away, she would not show him the slightest reaction, although her skin burned queerly. "All what?"

"Well, that's typical," said Carpenter flatly. "Looking like the devil, and acting as though you were surrounded by hostile Indians, and still pretending everything is just fine. Or do you always drop dishes when the doorbell rings?"

Kate bit back a savage, "Yes, always," because there was a chance that he might tell her the truth. She said steadily, lifting her gaze, "I suppose I'm nervous. I got something quite unpleasant in the mail this morning."

The even pressure of his fingers did not alter. "What was it?"

"A newspaper clipping about a mailman who died from wasp stings. Sent," said Kate, still very steady, "by some fond and thoughtful friend who knows how terrified I am of wasps."

Now was the time for him to say, "I sent it," or even, "I saw that in last night's paper," but Carpenter did neither. He said instead, holding her gaze innocently, "Those people, do you think? The—what was their name—Maynards?"

How right she had been not to trust him—and she

## THE WASP

could not remember having told him the Maynards' name. "Possibly," said Kate without expression.

Carpenter gave a thoughtful little frown. "What would be the point, do you suppose?"

Kate felt suddenly sickened. She released her wrist with a brusque gesture and turned away, collecting her cigarettes and matches from the table. "I don't know. I've got to get back now."

"But wasn't that your dinner we just cleaned up?"

"I wasn't really hungry." "Come and have dinner with me," suggested Carpenter, and Kate, at the door, turned to look at him with real astonishment. After a moment she said quietly, "I don't believe I could eat."

SHE had never said such a thing to another human being before, but then she had never been so cruelly taunted and lied to, either. Carpenter said measuredly, "Thank you," and she could feel the quick dangerous pressure of anger in him. "You know," he said, holding the door politely for her and then closing it behind both of them, "I've wronged you. In time, I think you're going to make a very good Barlow."

"Good-night," said Kate stonily and walked across the dark grass to her apartment. She had been inside a full minute before the door of Carpenter's car slammed with such energy that she would not have been surprised to hear it collapse into a heap of nuts and bolts. But it did not; it revved furiously and roared away.

Her head ached badly, and although it was a ridiculous

hour for bed, about eight-thirty, she took an aspirin and undressed and lay staring blankly at her book. She was not hungry at all, which worried her a little in a detached way, but she thought I'll be all right when I find Barney. Briefly, it was as though a spotlight had been turned on a child's face, so that all the surrounding faces—Georgia's and Joanna's, Gerald's and Carpenter's and the Symmes—dropped back into an uninteresting dusk.

The aspirin on an empty stomach made her drowsy, and she fell into a half-sleep with the light on. "A very good Barlow." Carpenter must have hated Robert to say that. And here came a sound, the soft sound of something tracking her, almost a purr, to deceive her. It was the wasp cluster, the monstrously drifting, locked-together organism that would seek her out and kill her—

Kate woke to the humming pound of her heart: wild moments went by before she knew the yellow lights of her room, her disordered sheets, the corner of her alighted-down book digging into her arm. There was an inquisitive fly circling her bed lamp, and the clock said ten minutes after three.

She got up, trembling, wondering on a sane deep-down level how much of this the human mechanism could stand. She drank a glass of water and smoked part of a cigarette, smoothed her sheets and turned her pillow and went back to bed.

At four o'clock, knowing the after-effects and not caring, she got up again and swallowed a sleeping-pill. At a little after eight, leaders with the drug, she drove to Bridgeport.

(To be concluded)

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Coughing is nature's way of clearing and breaking up congestion. But excessive coughing restricts breathing, causes discomfort, and damages the sensitive membranes in your throat. Just one sip of Buckley's brings instant, soothing relief, breaking up the congestion, that is the

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I will pick you up outside the staff entrance tonight at six-fifteen, Miss — er — ?"

"Allison," said Joy limply. "Thank you, Mr. — er — ?"

"Rogers," supplied the Underserving Case as he hurried back to his display. Joy was still gazing after him as his smooth red hair popped back round the corner to wink wickedly at her.

Still slightly dazed, she heard the senior assistant say, "Time for you to go on Second Lunch, Miss Allison." She picked up her bag and gloves and wandered out to meet Sara.

Her twin emerged from the other doorway at the same time, and they walked up the side street with-

out speaking. Still silent, they exchanged their luncheon vouchers for sandwiches at the corner shop and strolled along to the park.

They sat on their usual bench in the midday sunshine, crumbling the bread thoughtfully and throwing the broken pieces to the greedy pigeons, watching them shoulder each other out of the way and quarrel over a large bit until an impudent sparrow stole it from under their beaks and fled with it.

Joy did not know how to tell Sara. She knew her twin had dreaded the inevitable split as much as she had, even though they both knew it would have to come some day.

Finally she made herself say it. "I met someone today." "So did I," said Sara dreamily. They both held their breath and looked at each other, then said together, "Darling, I'm so glad!"

"I was sort of afraid to tell you," confessed Joy. "I didn't want you to feel hurt."

"Me, too," admitted Sara. "Isn't it marvellous that it should happen to both of us on the very same day!"

"Well, things do tend to happen to us together," grinned Joy. "Measles, mumps, chicken-pox, being born . . ."

They smiled happily at each other and threw the battered remains of the sandwiches to the waiting birds.

"What's yours like?" asked Sara at last. "Gorgeous," sighed Joy. "Mmm, so's mine," said Sara. "Tall, broad shoulders, twinkly blue eyes, and the most fabulous red hair I've ever seen in my life. All thick and dark and deliciously smooth."

Joy felt a nasty cold weight inside her, as if she had swallowed a large lump of ice. "And his name," she said in a small chilly voice, "is Rogers, and he is meeting you outside the staff entrance at six-fifteen."

They regarded one another with horror. At last Sara said, "We've been pinged, sweetie. Well and truly pinged. Beaten at our own game."

"And with malice aforethought," said Joy bitterly. "He must have known all along there were two of us. The rat! The absolute rat!"

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# FRYMASTA

100% vegetable fries these tasty  
Meat Cakes golden crisp

**HAWAIIAN MEAT CAKES:** Serving for 5 to 6 people, 1½ lb. pork or hamburger mince, 1 egg, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, FRYMASTA for frying. **METHOD:** Blend all ingredients together, mix well, shape into cakes with floured hands. Dip in plain flour, beaten egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in FRYMASTA until golden brown. Serve on slightly fried pineapple slices with deep fried potato curls or chips. Garnish with grilled tomato halves, topped with grated cheese and parsley and celery curls. **SAUCE,** if required: 1 tablespoon FRYMASTA, Medium onion, finely diced, 4 tablespoons Tomato Sauce, 4 tablespoons water, 1½ level tablespoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 level teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 level teaspoon salt. Pepper to taste. **METHOD:** Heat FRYMASTA in saucepan, gently saute the onion until tender, add remaining ingredients and simmer gently for 10/15 minutes. Do not cover saucepan. Serve over Meat Cakes and Pineapple.



TO SEAL IN FLAVOUR AND AVOID  
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**J**OY said dreamily. "There was one poor little in this morning. I think his name must be Henry. He looked if someone shouts 'Hener-ee' at me I was so sorry for him that I went and stood right in front of him and tied screwdrivers like a noose."

"And then, when he came to say 'Hello', I looked at him and he was so soulfully and gave him the biggest smile I had in stock. And, neatly, he grew six inches taller right there and then. You'd think someone had taken hold of his head and given them a big ping! He'll be happy for the rest of the day."

"You wait. He'll come back and start following you around," warned Sara.

"Not with the sort of wife he's got," decided Joy. "No, Sara, it was a good safe ping."

And that was really how the ping game began. The rules were simple. Only one ping each per day, and then only on a safe and deserving case. Also, it had to have a right effect, or it was no score. The day's ping was recorded by sticking a small adhesive label to the outer handle of the swing doors, where the other twin could see it. It was an amusing game, especially when they both pinged the same person and saw the expression on his face. But, as Sara had pointed out, it had its dangers.

Toward the end of the second week of the game, Joy fell into the trap she had dug herself. She had been watching a genuine candidate for a ping as he looked covetously at an all-purpose electric tool.

He was a diffident little man in a well-worn gabardine, with a bad back and rather bent shoulders, and Joy's soft heart melted as he sighed and turned away to look at cheap screwdrivers. But just as she prepared to drift gently over to his direction a pleasant voice from behind her said, "Excuse me."

She turned round, looked up, and gave the ping of a lifetime! "There's the book of rules!" she thought confusedly. For this was certainly not a deserving case. He was tall, broad shouldered, with thick red hair and impudent blue eyes. Dark blue!

"Can I ping — I mean — help you?" she stammered.

"You can!" said the Underserving Case. "You can give me your name, your phone number, and a date for this evening!"

Joy pulled herself together. "I must certainly cannot, sir," she said. "Members of Fordyce and Holyoke's staff are not allowed to encourage advances from customers."

"But I'm not a customer," said the Underserving Case. "I'm on the staff, too, and I've come to borrow a small hammer. The one in my department has gone adrift just when I need it to finish putting up the display."

Wordlessly, Joy passed him a hammer and a packet of tacks. "All his and intelligence, too," beamed the Underserving Case. "Well, since I always take silence for consent,





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\*Firms, if phoned, will name nearest shop selling their brand



## HAPPY THE REST OF THE DAY

Continued from page 59

"And weren't we just too stupid for words!" mourned Sara. "I'll bet you just stood there and goggled at him, exactly as I did."

"I did!" said Joy savagely.

THEY sat on the bench a little longer, watching resentfully as the sparrows cleared up the last traces of their wasted lunch. Then they got up and wandered back to the store. As they drew near, however, Sara seemed to find one comforting thought.

"So that smooth operator had the nerve to make a date with both of us at once — same time, same place, eh? Right! We'll darned well keep him to it! There's only one way he can get out of the store at the end of the day. And we'll both be there. No matter how long it takes him to come out. And for once we are going to be a pair of case-hardened gold-diggers. It's the Savoy Grill for us!" They shook hands on it and separated.

The afternoon passed very slowly for Joy. Every time anyone came into the department she looked to see if it was the ubiquitous Mr. Rogers, so as to be prepared in case he should dare show

himself again. But he did not appear.

At six o'clock, with everything tidied away, she sat with her bag and gloves ready to hand. At one minute past six the staff from the other building came, and with Sara leading the way, by several lengths, her own

Together they raced to the cloakroom, combed their hair, washed, made up their faces in record time, brushed each other down, and made for the staff exit. Together they stepped out into the evening sunshine, looked around and studied, carelessly, the stopped and swallowed hard.

At that moment two large red-haired men got out of an open car at the left, came across to the girls, turned, and looked round at each other.

"Sorry, Charles," said Mr. Rogers 1.

"Me, too, Colin," murmured Mr. Rogers 2.

The two identical men looked at each other for a moment, then one of the Rogers twins cleared his throat apologetically. "I want to admit this," he said, "after twenty-four years of combined hell-raising, the place is definitely on Charles and me. Would you mind telling me, please, which of you is the Hardware Department?"

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## \*\*\*\*\* AS I READ \*\*\*\*\* THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting August 12

<b>ARIES</b> MAR. 21-APR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 7. * Gambling colors, tricolors. * Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.	* Although August 8 is a married folk, romantic days with the opposite sex are dogged with treachery and muddle. You could be hurt by a double-crossing friend.
<b>TAURUS</b> APR. 21-MAY 20 * Lucky number this week, 4. * Gambling colors, pink, black. * Lucky days, Sat., Monday.	* Strong, insidious influences tending to undermine your career and status culminate this weekend. August 7 and 8 are adverse. Don't trust appearance or form partnerships.
<b>GEMINI</b> MAY 21-JUNE 21 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, rose, navy. * Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.	* Muddled judgment could lead to legal entanglements and heighten accident risk on the highway. Count the week as adverse, and keep on the vive.
<b>CANCER</b> JUNE 22-JULY 22 * Lucky number this week, 5. * Gambling colors, red, grey. * Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.	* Although the star of love enters your sign and quickens romance, especially on August 12, watch out for weird and deceiving conditions.
<b>LEO</b> JULY 23-AUG. 22 * Lucky number this week, 6. * Gambling colors, lilac, tan. * Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.	* Bad for marriage, companionship, and personal relations. Keep everything above board. Don't succumb to sweet promises. Leo generosity could lead to deception and disillusion.
<b>VIRGO</b> AUG. 23-SEPT. 23 * Lucky number this week, 1. * Gambling colors, green, brown. * Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.	* Communications—both mental and physical—could be mixed up. Censor everything you say and say. Keep an eye on the whilst commuting, especially on August 7 and 8.
<b>LIBRA</b> SEPT. 24-OCT. 23 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, orange, red. * Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.	* In the main a difficult week with off-beat moments. Guard against loss, both of money and possessions. Home life could be positively puzzling. Keep balance—bank and otherwise.
<b>SCORPIO</b> OCT. 24-NOV. 22 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, blue, gold. * Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.	* You are perhaps the most vulnerable target for the very dominantly chaotic aspects of the stars. Beware the odds and turn out to be a headliner. Appearances could be misleading.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> NOV. 23-DEC. 22 * Lucky number this week, 9. * Gambling colors, violet, rose. * Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.	* Your forthright, outgoing tendencies this week could lead you in a trouble that everyone has to realize that everyone is not like your frank and magnetic self. Hence, suspicion.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> DEC. 23-JAN. 19 * Lucky number this week, 8. * Gambling colors, indigo, red. * Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.	* A week that will sweep your sense of disciplined order. Your native circumspection to the utmost, especially in regard to the promises of a friend. August 7 is adverse.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> JAN. 20-FEB. 19 * Lucky number this week, 4. * Gambling colors, grey, silver. * Lucky days, Friday, Monday.	* Don't be lured into wild schemes, somebody could offer you an apparently sensational proposition. Plan is to get out and become temperate and anthropic.
<b>PISCES</b> FEB. 20-MAR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, mauve, tan. * Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.	* A lot of Pisces folk, through compassion and gullibility, become victims of a "hard" story or even a "soft" proposition. Try to avoid emotionalism and woolly thinking.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]





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for big sneezes plus softness so kind to tender  
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● "The world is vastly entertaining and marvellous still, in spite of its troubles," writes a foot-loose Australian abroad

# SLOW BOAT

By EILEEN CRAMER

WHEN you are going to travel by cargo ship you usually have to go to some outlandish port to board it. I was leaving New York to go back to Europe, so I had to go to Newark, which is in New Jersey, about an hour's bus ride from Manhattan.

It was one of the long-distance buses, with a compartment for luggage. I had two suitcases and a typewriter, and, when we reached Newark, took a taxi to the wharf. This would have taken only a few minutes had the taxi-driver known the way, but he didn't—or pretended that he didn't—and drove to the wrong side of the harbor.

Eventually I reached the ship. Men were at work, loading it with small cars.

No one took any notice of me, so I climbed up the rickety gangway and got my gloves covered with oil. But I didn't mind, and it was nice to be there at last.

Mine was a large cabin with a clean pink carpet and several portholes. The fare was about £70 Australian from Newark to Swansea in Wales, and the trip was to take about ten days, depending on how long the ship stopped in Nova Scotia, where she had to take on more cargo.

I went to lunch and found the First Officer and the only other passenger already seated. The passenger was an American boy from a small country town, and it was his first trip abroad.

"I don't know what I'm going to prove," he said rather self-consciously, and this remark revealed quite a lot.

One, he was seeking something within himself, and was going to Europe to see if he could find it. Two, he hadn't very much money and intended to hitch-hike in Europe if he could. And, three, his family couldn't quite understand why he should want to leave his nice, comfortable village to go off to wicked Europe.

He told me all this afterwards, anyway, and said that he came from a conservative New England family and his father and mother had never been anywhere except to the nearest town. He had a camera and hoped to send a lot of pictures back to them, so that they might share some of the pleasures with him.



**The apprentice looked profound**

He wasn't very happy about the English food. It was not "fixed" the way he was used to. I remained silent on this subject and made the best of the starchy lunch. I had been on English ships before!

That evening we plunged into a meal of chops, potatoes, cheese, and tart, and cups of tea. The American boy and I looked at each other as if to say, "Well, it's you and me for the next ten days."

The Chief Officer and the Chief Engineer were at the table also, but, apart from a formal greeting, they paid no attention to us.

At another table the other officers chatted among themselves more brightly, and at the third table a lonely young apprentice ate solo with a profound, thoughtful expression on his face. I discovered afterwards that he was thinking about The Beatles.

The Captain was having his meal in his cabin, and continued to do so until we were well away to sea.

So Bob—that was the American's name—and I started a conversation about travelling. He explained to me all that he hoped to achieve, so far as covering space was concerned. He intended to go from Swansea to Bristol, London, and then to Germany, Holland, and Scandinavia.

After that he expected to get on another ship and go to Egypt and Israel, and then to take a ship back to the States.

"Not Italy? Not France?" I said, surprised that he had not mentioned Paris at least.

"I'm not very interested in France, I guess," Bob replied. "My folks are of German and Dutch stock, and I want to see those places where they sprang from."

I was looking forward to returning to Paris after a short stop in Bristol, where I was going to visit another Australian dancer, Basil Pattison, who now teaches and lives at the Bristol Ballet School. Well, he's a New Zealander actually, but when you're a long way from home New Zealand and Australia seem very close.

By the time we reached Nova Scotia I discovered more about Bob.

He was very religious and he belonged to one of those sects in America which we hear of sometimes but don't often come in contact with. In his town the church is the only social centre.

He doesn't smoke or drink or commit any sins if he can help it, and he usually feels guilty about something.

"I can't go for a walk up town without feeling guilty about something," he said. But he seemed to think that this was a good thing. He thinks man must never forget that he was born guilty and must constantly strive to become good.

"Oh, I don't think so," I said. "I think we were all born good, and just get into muddles and difficulties before we reach the calm harbor of our natural goodness again."

"When I saw the men loading the ship on Sunday," he went on, "I thought, 'Boy, some disaster will overtake us before we reach England!'"

He laughed when he said this, but I could see that he half-believed what he said. I supposed it was this guilt that he was trying to be relieved of by travelling, especially to the home of his ancestors.

But when you're at sea you seem to become superstitious, and I, too, began to think about my sins when, half-way across the Atlantic, a terrible storm arose and seemed to threaten the small ship.

The waves at one time were about forty-five feet high, and Bob and I were utterly terrified.

It seemed to me, too, that even the officers were frightened. For a whole day there was no respite. We were flung this way and that, and it was all we could do to keep ourselves planted in the deep lounge-chairs while we

measured the angle of the ship by the angle of the curtain as they swung away from the portholes and the doorways.

They moved in eerie fashion like ghost curtains in a haunted-house film, and remained sticking out into space for a moment while the sea decided whether to submerge or not.

The gigantic waves which we could see when we were looking through the saloon windows were like mountains with valleys between them, and when we saw the ship's bow diving into these valleys and the horizon rising above the mast, we closed our eyes and waited.

The waves rushed over the decks and lashed against the windows, and we returned to our lounge-chairs, which were fixed into position. The saloon was the best part of the ship at such a time.

In our cabins we'd have been tipped out of our beds.

## Did you know these facts

you'll find them

interesting

THE REASON FOR 'ASPRO' SUCCESS AGAINST

### COLDS & FLU

Ever notice how the symptoms of colds and flu vary from year to year? One year they start with a sore throat, another year feverishness, or a heavy head and so on. The great virtue of 'ASPRO' is that it is equally powerful against all the symptoms—not just one. You can get



sure relief from aching muscles, painful joints, sore inflamed throats, burning eyes, painful raw chest. 'ASPRO' for every cold and flu symptom.

REASSURANCE FOR

### RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS...

There is a sound reason behind the success of 'ASPRO' in rheumatic treatment. Noted authorities, Goodman and Gilman, in their textbook "The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics" say:—

"The salicylates reduce pain, immobility, swelling and inflammation in acute rheumatic fever and this constitutes a major therapeutic use of these drugs." 'ASPRO' because it consists largely of the most important of the salicylates—acetylsalicylic acid—is therefore a well-proven anti-rheumatic agent. Coupled with this is the fact that 'ASPRO', unlike cortisone and ACTH, can be taken freely without medical supervision and with an easy mind because 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart.

'ASPRO'—GROWING FASTER THAN AUSTRALIA ITSELF... 11½ MILLION TABLETS EVERY DAY

These days, when exports are news, it is a source of pride to Australians to know that Australian discovered 'ASPRO' is sold in over 100 different countries. With its wide variety of uses 'ASPRO' has ready application among all races and climates.

THIS IS ANOTHER IMPORTANT ASPECT WELL WORTH KNOWING

One of the features of 'ASPRO' is that its users are regular users. This is not because of some kind of habit ('ASPRO' is not habit-forming) but because of strong medical reason. It is this: many medicines, including a lot of pain relievers, cease to have their full effect after repeated use. The system becomes accustomed to them and the force of the medicine becomes much less all the time. Not so with 'ASPRO'. There is no such thing as "becoming used to" 'ASPRO'—it has the same 100 per cent efficiency every time it is taken. Further, it is important to remember 'ASPRO' has no "side effects".



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 12, 1955



# TO THE BRITISH ISLES

and I couldn't face the sight of the lifebelt-locker door bursting open and flinging the belt on to the floor. I had gone in to pack up the manuscript of my novel, thinking that this was the thing I wanted most of all to take with me when we had to take to the lifeboats. Bob went to his cabin to get his New Testament.

## The Captain glared at Bob

The Chief Steward, who'd been shipwrecked twice, showed us how to undo a raft and throw it overboard, but advised us to get into the boat if the time came.

"It'll sink," I said, trying not to show my fear.

Bob and I decided that if the time did come we'd try to throw the raft over, in case we missed the boat. The Chief Steward had been through the war in the Merchant

Navy, and the danger, to him, was a real one, something that *could* happen.

This lifeboat drill took place after the worst of the storm was over. But it was still very rough and the waves still washed over the deck.

Bob and I watched the members of the crew, whose cabins were over the propeller and who must have had a much worse time of it than we'd had the previous night, form a line to take their belts from a big wooden locker near the lifeboat. They looked a trifle sick, too. But they were orderly.

"After all, you're on a British ship," the Chief Steward said.

When the worst was over and we were able to sit at the table again the Captain glared at Bob. It seemed that he was the culprit.

"I hope you're satisfied," the Captain said grimly.

At the beginning of the trip Bob had expressed a wish for some "rough" weather so he'd be able to get a good picture of waves lashing the bows.

The Captain was what was known as a "dour" man, and years of solitude at sea (for he thought it was necessary to remain aloof from even the First Officer) had made him even more dour than nature had intended.

One expects a ship's captain to be a god-like creature, leading his ship safely to port. It is true that our Captain strongly felt his responsibility, but he also gave the impression that he was sadly captured by the sea and an even larger unseen presence (the shipping line he served).

He would have liked to win a lot of money at bingo or in a lottery, and retire.

"But you probably wouldn't be happy ashore all the time. You'd have to buy a ship of your own and sail about like the Flying Dutchman," I wanted to say . . . but I didn't.

I tried several times to make him smile, and he tried to respond, but the smile quickly faded and I felt I just hadn't got anywhere. He looked at his watch and murmured, "Well, I'd better get up and see if we're going in the right direction."



## Chief Steward did the Twist

But before leaving the table he glared at Bob again and said, "Anyone who asks for bad weather at sea ought to get it."

"I seem to be in his bad books," Bob grinned, not feeling at all guilty about having pulled a storm out of the universe. He pretended not to, that is.

The only person who had seemed to regard the storm as fun was the apprentice. He laughed it off bravely, being too young to admit he was scared.

As soon as it was calm enough again he resumed his practice of bringing his record-player to my cabin at four o'clock in the afternoon, so that I could do my exercises. He lent me his "Four Seasons" by Vivaldi, and his recording of The Beatles.

There were two schools of thought on board — for and against Beatles. The Chief Officer, a tall, good-looking young man who boasted of having five children at home, was For Beatles, but perhaps this was partly because he himself came from Liverpool and partly because the Captain was Against.

Bob was Against, but he'd never even heard them. He didn't approve of girls fainting all over the place and wearing sweaters with "I love The Beatles" on them.

The Chief Engineer was a reasonable person, however. "It depends on what mood you're in," he tried to explain at the table while we were having dinner. "Sometimes you're in the mood for jazz, and sometimes you're in the mood for musical comedy."

The dear innocent had no idea of the true nature of The Beatles—that much was clear.

"Ya Ya Ya!" the Captain suddenly bellowed, startling me very much. "I could play Ya Ya Ya on my guitar and make a lot of money, too."

"Oh," I said politely, "you have a guitar! Do you play Spanish music?"

"What?" he barked. "Haven't got a guitar, but if I had I'd play something better than Ya Ya Ya."

The Chief Officer hid his smile in his napkin. Bob sided with the Captain, but the Captain wasn't accepting any support from a storm-raiser. "Enough of you, young man. Anyone who asks for a storm at sea . . ."

At his lonely table the apprentice smiled delightedly, and included me in his delight. He loved hearing his superiors arguing about The Beatles. That afternoon I found not only the Beatle record but a copy of some of the short stories of John, the writing Beatle, in my cabin.

People are full of surprises. That night the Chief Steward who is a short, fat man with a streak of natural humor, was exasperated by the way the Captain had been summoning him all day to talk about the crew's wages.

Unable to express his irritation in words, he suddenly went into the Twist. He was one of the best Twisters I have seen — so rhythmical. His style was rather free and he made loose, expressive movements.

Bob was worrying about money. He was studying the book which told tourists how to travel through Europe on five dollars a day.

He didn't say how much he had, but I imagine it was more than some Australians have when they start off. Americans don't have the same cheerful expectations of getting jobs that many Australians seem to have, and are afraid of being without money for the most part, but I've met many Australians whose fortunes consist of about £20 when they arrive in England.

But Bob wasn't looking for a job. He was looking for something more elusive—himself, or Truth, or Life.

"I think you should just look at things when you are travelling, and not for them. The world is so vastly entertaining and marvellous still, in spite of all its troubles, that you find yourself by forgetting yourself quite often," I told him.

# about 'ASPRO'

informative, helpful, comforting

## HEADACHE

### 'ASPRO' UNIQUE ACTION

There are many causes of headaches but basically they are a pain problem. 'ASPRO' success against all types of headache stems from its unique, *dual* action. After absorption in the blood stream 'ASPRO' goes to work in two different directions — first, by acting on the central nervous system (the point of control) and second, by acting *locally*, at the very spot where the pain is. Nothing is quite like 'ASPRO'. In addition, 'ASPRO' is always maintained well in the blood stream thus providing a prolonged relief.

Most pain relievers on general sale derive from various sources. One of these is aspirin yet the products concerned do not reveal this on the label.

Aspirin and stimulants also are contained in some. All these substances are conducive to habituation in the unwary taker.

'ASPRO' does not need the inclusion of such drugs in order to do its work. 'ASPRO' is 'ASPRO' — all medicine 100 per cent pure and effective.

## WHAT IS MEANT BY 'ASPRO' AS A MODERN MEDICINE

'ASPRO' is no "here today, gone tomorrow", form of relief. 'ASPRO' is finding wider application today than ever. The reason is understandable; the pace and strain of living in 1964 is infinitely greater than 10 years ago and calls for a form of relief that is soothing and steady. So 'ASPRO', with its typically "sympathetic" action and freedom from irritating after-effects, is more valuable today than at any time. 'ASPRO', too, can be taken freely without fear of harm to the heart.

## 'ASPRO' IS KIND TO THE NERVES..

People undoubtedly take "everyday" medicines at a far higher rate than ever before. Many are paying a heavy penalty for over-use of them and taking some which are in the narcotic class. The result inevitably is nerves in a ragged state. 'ASPRO' does all that can be asked of a reliever of daily discomforts and does it in such a manner as to assist the nerves and not angle them. The soothing action of 'ASPRO' is something everyone can be grateful for.

## 'ASPRO' IS NOT A NARCOTIC

Though many do not realise it, there are pain relievers on general sale which have a narcotic effect. To the unwary taker these present a danger of developing habituation. The sure way to avoid this risk is to take 'ASPRO' which does not contain any harmful additive. 'ASPRO' is *all* medicine, 100 per cent pure and effective.

## IF PAIN PERSISTS, SEE YOUR DOCTOR

In cases of "everyday" aches, pain and minor discomforts, 'ASPRO' can be depended upon to alleviate the trouble. If pain becomes persistent, however, you should regard it as a warning and not delay obtaining medical advice. 'ASPRO', tried and proven for:

Colds & Flu • Sciatica • Sleeplessness • Headache  
Nerve Pains • Periodic Pains • Rheumatism  
Lumbago • Neuritis • Sore Throat • Fibrositis  
After effects of alcohol • Muscular Pain  
Toothache.

## 'ASPRO' WITH A CUP OF TEA WORKS WONDERS AMID HOUSEHOLD CHORES

When you feel fed-up with housework, knock off for a while, make a cup of tea and take a couple of 'ASPRO' with it. You'll be surprised. It's a great combination; the tea speeds up the action of the 'ASPRO' in soothing you while leaving you with quite a "lift". You try it.

- \* 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart
- \* 'ASPRO' does not create a habit or craving
- \* The purity of 'ASPRO' conforms faithfully to the standard of the British Pharmacopoeia.

Have you 'ASPRO' handy?  
— in medicine chest?  
— in drawer or glove box?  
— in pocket or purse?



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"What are you doing?"  
 "Selling books," she answered.  
 "I don't believe it."  
 "Why not?"

"I mean that any girl could have such eyes, like the Mediterranean on a cloudless day . . ." He paused, then smiled and said quickly, "In Paris that time I tried to think of all the things you might be doing. I wandered backwards and forwards to the Louvre and the shops and the cafes looking for you. I suppose it was rather a forlorn hope, like hunting a needle in a haystack, yet things like that can happen — look at this!"

His pleasure was exciting. He insisted on taking her out to lunch to celebrate their discovery of each other, and before long they were meeting every weekend.

Sally felt her entire life had somersaulted. With David she

Continued from page 25

noticed things for the first time in her life, like the wide sky over Hampstead Heath, and the long shadows of the trees, the poetry of the light shining on the river at Richmond, and the sharp green of the bracken uncurling in the park.

With him she began to enjoy things she had never understood before. He took her to the National Gallery, to the ballet and the opera, and to little restaurants in Chelsea where the food was good and the atmosphere delightful. But he seemed determined not to talk about himself.

He lived with two quite young aunts who shared a flat in Hampstead. One of them was a stage-

designer — her bedroom was full of model theatres and wisps of material; the other played the oboe and could be heard practising in the dining-room. They were both very nice to Sally, but scatter-brained, and apart from telling her that David's parents had been killed in a motor accident, they brought her no nearer to solving the mystery about him.

Perhaps the mystery was part of his fascination for her. However well she thought she knew him and however intimately they spoke, there was a shyness in him, a sort of detachment, an ultimate reserve that was tantalising and sometimes, when she was away from him, extremely aggravating.

## IDLE YOUNG MAN

It was then that she was most vulnerable to the criticism of her family. To them it was important to be doing something all the time. To David the moment of being seemed more important than any amount of doing. He was not in the least ashamed of going to sleep in the afternoon.

He had lived abroad a good deal, studying at the University of Perugia. That in itself was suspect to Sally's brother, who had got his rugger Blue at Oxford. But when she asked David casually one day what his plans were, his eyes narrowed and he told her not to be inquisitive.

They were sitting on the grass by the lake at Kenwood.

"Tell me about your brother," said "Is he ever afraid?" "Jeremy?" she was startled by the question. "I don't think she said."

"I mean when he's putting on football boots or whatever he does before a match. Is he nervous of failure?"

"I don't know. I've never thought about it. I suppose a bit nervous."

"That's not what I meant. The fear of failure is a very different. A sort of watch beetle inside. The way old beams in a cathedral sag and crumble into dust and are being them." He hunched his shoulders, brooding on the problem. "I had a friend in Perugia who went to bits like that," he murmured. "I've never seen anyone such a state."

"But was there any reason?" "Not really. He had too much imagination . . . There is no son in fear, or in love, or in any of the things we prize most there?"

She laughed. He could not believe anything.

"My family have a passion for being reasonable," she said. "I've ever I did anything naughty as a child, my mother used to say, 'be reasonable, dear.'"

"And were you?" "Yes. I thought it was the aim of existence."

He touched her cheek with a long tassel of grass and smiled. "We were nicely brought up, Sally."

"I can't help the way I was brought up," she said. "My mother still goes on asking me to be reasonable. Don't let's talk about it. I don't want to."

SHE was almost suddenly of the distance between her family's disapproval drawing back imperceptibly when she wanted was to enjoy her life in being with him. Then she took her hand and pulled her feet and they started walking toward the high dark woods beyond the lake, she forgot.

But her mother continued to insist that she was wasting her time on a good-for-nothing young man while her father tried a different approach to his daughter.

"You know, if you could find what he's supposed to be doing," said, "I think you'd be able to throw the air. We really do want happiness, Sally, not to be throwing yourself away."

"My happiness is with David," she said. "But I don't think you believe that, do you?"

"Well, yes — I do and I don't," Kenneth Robinson tried to remember his own feelings at the age of twenty-four.

"What I don't quite understand," he said, "is why he seems to be so long in coming to the point. I know if it is the right thing for him of you. I believe I knew what he wanted as soon as I saw his mother. I remember going to Stevens and asking him for a larger salary because I wanted to be married."

He laughed. "It was a very brave thing to do, really. But such an autocrat, though I suppose it now sounds a very young and rather old-fashioned idea to have done."

Sally warmed to his growing suaviseness. It was hard to see such a kind and self-effacing man as known all her life as a young hero, yet she was grateful for his understanding.

"What are you trying to do?" she asked.

"Well — get him to talk a bit more. Unless he's ashamed of what he's doing, I can see why he shouldn't tell you. He's fond of you, I would think. I thought he would enjoy sharing thoughts and inspirations, and ever you like to call them yours. But perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps he isn't fond enough. He's the only person who can help that, Sally."

"That's not fair, the thought was it? Had he no courage to put out? Was it easier and happier less alarming to drift in a dream?"

To page 66

"Tell us Loxene  
 why does everyone love you more than us?"



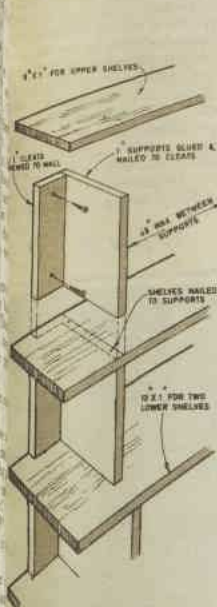
because i'm the shampoo for everyone.  
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 and glimmer and glow,  
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 glow!"  
 i'm at your chemist or store, let's get together  
 . . . soon"

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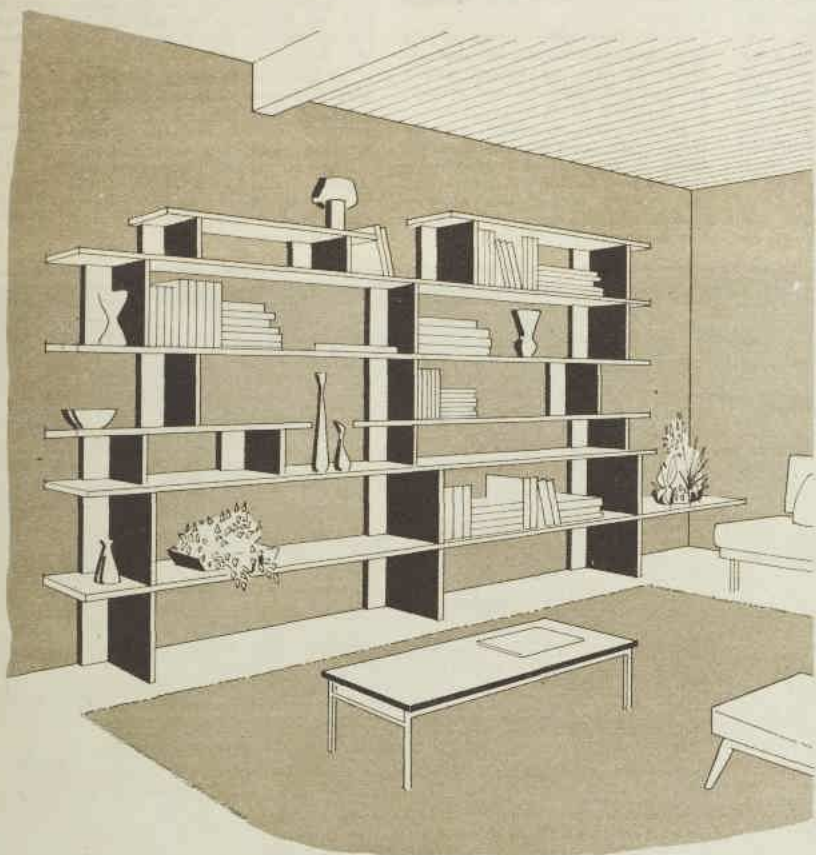


BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

# Unit holds books, ornaments



DETAILED CLOSE-UP (above) of section gives easy-to-follow working instructions. Book case design (right) is flexible and shelf spacing can be staggered to provide necessary storage space. Suggested wood to use is Tasmanian blackwood.



● Looking for a bookcase that will also hold pottery, bric-a-brac, and perhaps a radio? Then this adaptable unit is the answer, because versatility is the keynote of its design.

HERE is a unit with a difference: It provides great flexibility in design and can be made with all shelves the same length or in random lengths.

Spacing on shelves is staggered to allow storage space for books, plants, china, and vases, or in fact anything to be displayed.

The supports for each shelf consist of L-shaped timber brackets which are glued and nailed together.

Close-up diagram of one section gives the most effective wood measurements for this unit (shelf widths can be varied if desired).

First, position bottom support on top of floor and screw to wall. Then nail lower shelf to this, and subsequently fix next set of supports in position.

The remainder of shelves are built up in this manner to the required room height.

Support-brackets (which should not be spaced more than 48in. apart to prevent sagging) can be fixed directly above one another or staggered as shown in sketch above.

An attractive wood to use for this unit is Tasmanian blackwood; a good alternative would be black bean.

The whole unit can be finished with liquid plastic or, to provide a contrast, the supports can be painted and shelves only left with a natural finish (Pacific maple would be an ideal wood for this purpose).

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## Love Letters

Havis Broad presents number 5 in a series of famous love letters for your enjoyment.

**NAPOLÉON TO JOSEPHINE** (from Port Maurice): I have received all your letters, but none has affected me like the last. How can you think, my charmer, of writing me in such terms? Do you believe that my position is not already painful enough without further increasing my regrets and subverting my reason? What eloquence, what feelings you portray; they are of fire, they inflame my poor heart! My unique Josephine, away from you there is no more joy—away from thee the world is a wilderness, in which I stand alone... you have robbed me of more than my soul; you are the one only thought of my life. When I am weary of the worries of my profession... when men disgust me, when I am ready to curse my life, I put my hand on my heart where your portrait beats in unison. I look at it and love is for me complete happiness...



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David himself precipitated a crisis at their next meeting. He could not have been more difficult. He was nervy, preoccupied, and restless. He mocked at the people in the restaurant where they dined and jumped up in the middle of the Italian film they went to see.

"Let's go. I've had enough," he said. "Besides it's late—"

She glanced at her watch: it wasn't very late. But he hailed a taxi and gave her address.

They sat in silence, until suddenly he said: "I shan't be seeing you again for a bit, Sally. I'm going away tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" she exclaimed.

"Where?"

"Abroad."

"But David, you must know where," she said. "Don't be absurd. Or don't you want to tell me?"

"I am telling you, I don't know. I shall get on a boat or a plane and go."

"Oh, really — you are difficult! Why are you so mysterious always?" she said with a sudden edge on her voice.

"I don't have to tell everyone where I am going, do I?"

"Not everyone, no." She hesitated, feeling his tenseness beside her, but the words she needed to temper her strange excitement would not focus in her mind. Instead she tried to laugh it off. "Anyone would think you were running away or had something to hide," she ventured.

"Is that what you think?" he asked.

"No, of course I don't. I was joking. But if only you weren't quite so cagy, darling."

"Your family could look me over, put a toothcomb through my hair, eh?"

**S**HE was furious. Whatever the difference was between her and her family, she loved them and she had no intention of allowing him to sneer at them.

"I don't know what you are getting at," she said coldly. "But it's not unreasonable for them to want to know something about you."

He laughed angrily. "Would they like my birth certificate, my passport, my driving licence? A full character reference?"

"David!"

She was appalled. Neither of them noticed that the taxi had already stopped outside her front door.

"I thought you loved me," he said.

The taxi driver got down and opened the door.

"So I do," she said, "so I do."

But she got out of the taxi and when he stayed where he was she drew on her courage and called gaily over her shoulder: "Send me a picture postcard, won't you?"

The taxi drove away. She turned from the front door and walked up and down the street trying to calm herself. When her anger died away, despair and misery seeped in like a surreptitious tide and she could not stop shivering. The whole evening had been a disaster — unaccountably. Going back over it she could not see how it had begun to go wrong or what had come between them, only the horror of its ending.

She told no one; and she received no postcard.

She was too proud to ring up his aunts, too concerned with concealing her distress from her family to say more than that David had gone abroad for a while: to Paris and the South of France. Not really knowing his destination she wondered unceasingly where he was and what he was doing.

She imagined him lying in the sun, sitting in a cafe, or exploring with the eager excited interest he had in everything—and perhaps with someone else.

It was painful to think of him and more painful not to think of him. Yet she despised herself for living in a state of torment, watching for the postcard which never came, and as time went on she realised that she had not succeeded altogether in fooling her family.

Her mother was brisk and cheerful, her father wonderfully gentle and kind, and her brother

Continued from page 64

showed his affection and consideration for her in many little ways.

They were determined to interest her, to amuse her, to look after her, not to let her brood.

Jeremy asked a friend of his, Clive Mitchel, to stay, and they took her out in the evenings. Clive was a charming, good-natured young man who laughed easily and sometimes rather foolishly. She enjoyed his company and his immense capacity for enjoying himself, and he was a very good dancer. When she danced with him, she succeeded in forgetting David, or at least in smothering the thought of him.

It was time to snap out of this foolish romantic dream, she told herself, to have the courage to see

it for what it was without any of the trimmings. David was idle, neurotic, too highly strung, too intellectual, too selfish. Obviously he didn't care for anyone except himself. It had amused him to fall in love for a while with someone he could impress.

If he had been sincere at the beginning, searching for her in Paris, he was no longer sincere after he had found her and satisfied his curiosity about her.

Bitterly she dismissed all the sweet evidence of his affection, the honey in the hive of her memory, and became harder and more cynical, buying herself lots of new clothes and changing the style of her hair, though laughing and ad-

mitting that it didn't really suit her when Jeremy and Clive teased her about it.

Clive stayed longer than he meant to. The engineering firm he worked for extended the time they wanted him to spend in their London office and the Robinsons insisted that he was no trouble, they enjoyed having him there.

He fitted in like one of the family, Mrs. Robinson said, and Sally was surprised that she was not more annoyed by her mother's obvious meaning underlying the invitation.

She had ceased, perhaps, to feel anything very deeply. If there was no ecstasy, there was no despair either, and it was better that way, more reasonable.

## IDLE YOUNG MAN

But one evening when she got home from the bookshop she found Clive alone in the sitting-room reading the evening paper.

"Hello, Sally," he said. "Hail a good day?"

"The usual sort of day," she answered. "You're back, aren't you?"

"Yes. I had to go to the Hammersmith factory and they let me off early. As a matter of fact, I'm rather pleased. They've invited me to take over the factory there, after me the top job."

"Oh, Clive, how wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Have you told the others? Where are they?"

"I don't think they're in yet, anyway," he paused. "I wanted to tell you, Sally, before I told anyone else."

To page 67



Continental pack of 12

International pack of 20

...ALL OVER THE WORLD...SO MUCH MORE TO ENJOY



## IDLE YOUNG MAN

She was at the cupboard, busy getting out the glasses. "Gin, sherry, whisky—what would you like?" she said. "A small whisky, I think." She poured it out and brought it over to him. Then she picked up the newspaper from the arm of the chair. "You see, it's a step up, a quick one," he said, "and I was wondering, Sally—"

She wasn't listening. She was staring at the newspaper and her face had become very white. "This—," she said.

"What?"

Her finger pointed to a photograph of David. YOUNG SCHOLAR WINS A FELLOW-SHIP was the caption, and underneath it said: David Chippenham, aged twenty-four, is the youngest scholar ever to have been appointed to the British School in Rome as

Professor of Italian Studies. Mr. Chippenham won this unique distinction for his thesis on Italian Painting of the 13th century and is well on his way to becoming a leading art historian.

"Must be a clever chap," Clive said. But, to his horror, she turned away abruptly and burst into tears. "Sally, my dear Sally!" He put his arm round her. "Don't, I can't bear it," he said. "What is the matter, Sally?"

"Let me go," she protested. "Please let me go."

"Oh, but I can't—not like that. Can't I help?"

She shook her head. "Surely there's something I can do," he said gently. "Won't you tell me what it is?"

"Someone I used to know," she said. "That's all." Then the anguished flood of memory was too strong, and she poured out the whole story.

She told him about her family, how their mistrust of David had gradually destroyed her own faith in him, and she told him about their last evening together.

"It was my fault," she exclaimed. "I didn't understand. I went on nagging and teasing him when I ought to have been soothing and helping him. Oh, what a blind fool! Why didn't I trust him? And now it's too late."

Clive took both her hands. She had stopped crying. "I think you still love him," he said.

"Why do you say that? What's the use?"

"Because I . . ."

Suddenly she was aware of the way he was looking at her. "Don't tell me," she said quickly. "Don't, Clive, you mustn't, or you'll get hurt, too."

He smiled. "That's my pigeon." "No, it isn't. You are much too nice."

He released her hands and looked away in silence.

"Anyway, here's your drink," he said at last. "You'd better have it." She raised her glass and tried to laugh. "Of course, to your new job. What an awful way to celebrate."

"To my new job and to yours," he answered, as he looked at her.

"Mine?"

"Well, you are going to do something, aren't you?"

She hesitated. "There's nothing I can do. It's too late."

"Aren't you going to write and congratulate him? At least you should do that."

"I don't know where he is. He went abroad."

"Then you must get his address from those aunts you were talking about. Ring them up."

"I don't think I can."

He looked at her steadily. "Love can do anything, Sally."

"You make me feel utterly ashamed," she said.

"Oh, nonsense. It's my bad luck, that's all. If I had really known you before all this, perhaps—" He broke off and lit a cigarette. "Are you going to ring up those aunts?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," she said.

But as she was going out of the door, Jeremy came in.

"Get a drink—we are celebrating Clive's new job," she said. "I'll be back in a minute. And, Jeremy," she was already in the dark hall, "take a look at the evening paper."

CLIVE turned from the window. She had gone.

"Well, I'm damned!" Jeremy exclaimed. "Not that idle young man?"

"You'd better shut up or go on your knees and ask her to forgive you," Clive said. "Oh," he laughed, "why don't you try and write a thesis on Italian painting, Jeremy?"

"But hang it all, how was I to know?" Jeremy protested. "And how is it you know so much about it?"

"That's my business," Clive said, straining his ears for the click of the telephone dial.

Sally heard the telephone ringing in the Hampstead flat. She hoped desperately that both David's aunts would be out. She didn't know what she was going to say.

A voice answered, David's voice. He said "Hello" twice before she could find her own voice to reply.

"It's Sally," she said. "I wanted to congratulate you."

"Sally!" There was an unmistakable ring of joy in his exclamation. "But I don't deserve it," he said quickly. "You know I don't. If I hadn't been so eaten up with it, so scared of failure, I would have told you."

Suddenly she understood everything.

"The death-watch beetle," she said.

"The what?"

"The thing that gnaws into the beams of an old cathedral—like your friend in Perugia."

"Well, it wasn't my friend, you know, it was me, when I was in Perugia," he paused. "So silly," he said. "I can't help it somehow, I get all het up. But I don't expect you to forgive me."

"Or you me—"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't expect you to forgive me for being so stupid, so insensitive, so beastly."

"Darling Sally, what else? You sound like a dictionary! Look up insensitive and it means beastly, stupid, asinine, brutal, etcetera."

She was laughing, too.

"When am I going to see you?" he said. "Now?"

"I must wash my hair. I don't think you'll like it."

"Put a scarf on then and let me hate it. I'll be at Baker Street station in fifteen minutes from now."

"All right."

"Sally."

"Yes?"

"Will you marry me and come to Rome, beetles and all? You might even cure me."

"Yes, David, I might."

"Bless you."

She ran upstairs to fetch her scarf, then she looked into the sitting-room with a face so radiant Jeremy whistled and Clive had to look away.

"I'm going to meet David," she said. "He's back. Forgive me, Clive, but it's all your doing."

"Everything all right?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, "everything's wonderful."

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# WOOLWORTHS

VARIETY STORES AND SUPERMARKETS



## New Marguerite Patten book is — A "MUST" for COOKS

● A new contribution to good eating, "Step-by-Step Cookery," edited by Marguerite Patten in conjunction with Leila Howard of The Australian Women's Weekly Test Kitchen, is an ideal family cook book.

MRS. PATTEN, well known to Australian housewives through her recent cookery demonstration tour sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly and the Australian gas industry, says: "If you know the right way to do it, it is no more difficult to make a luscious dish than a rather plain humdrum recipe."

Her new cook book is brimful of imaginative but practical recipes, exceptionally easy to follow.

If you don't know how to cook, it can teach you. If you're a good cook already you'll appreciate the hundreds of new dishes.

The book has color illustrations and a stain-resistant dust-jacket.

Cost is 30/-, plus 3/- postage. Fill in the form and send them with a cheque, money order, or postal note soon to avoid disappointment.

### ORDER FORM

To: "Step-by-Step Cookery," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Please send me . . . . . book/books: I enclose cheque/postal notes/money order to the value of £ . . . . .

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## Slow boat to the British Isles

From page 63

It was sunny again, and Bob took color pictures to send home to me one day. Now land was in sight. It was the coast of Ireland.

He took a picture of us all at the tea-table and promised rather recklessly, to send a copy to everyone.

"What do you intend to do when we reach Swansea?" I asked.

"I have to go to Bristol to deliver a package to some one. I'll probably stay a few days and then go on to London," Bob replied.

We agreed to go together on the train, and when the ship docked we said goodbye to everyone and set our feet on solid ground once again. The ship was also going on to Bristol, but we passengers were only booked as far as this Welsh port.

As we drove off in a taxi we turned to wave, but the ship seemed already to have forgotten us, and we could see the Chief Officer on deck giving instructions to the men and the apprentice struggling to hoist up a long piece of cable with the aid of one of the seamen.

At Bristol the two ladies who run the ballet school gave me a bed for the night. Bob was offered a couch, and seemed overwhelmed at this gesture of hospitality on his first day in a strange country.

But he decided to telephone to the people he'd brought the package for. They immediately asked him to come and see them, so, leaving his bags, he went off.

At 6.30 he returned in a car to collect his bags. He had been invited to stay with the people he'd brought the package for. They were waiting in the car.

That was several weeks ago. I am now in Paris, and I suppose Bob is hitch-hiking somewhere in Germany. I wonder if he'll ever send the photographs. I wonder if he'll find what he's looking for.





# Teenagers' WEEKLY

Turn over for • LETTERS • BEATNIK • BANDSTAND • CLASSICS • TEENA

LOUISE HUNTER • ROBIN ADAIR • BRIGHT NEWS STORIES • STARS

## Rounded look for eyes, lips

● There's a smart new rounded look to eye and lip make-up, and here are some hints on how to go about it:

ALL the rage of Rome is the new rounded eye shape. Taking a cue from the classically shaped orbs seen in their renowned statuary, the Italians are adapting the spherical outline in their eye make-up.

And what started in Rome has snowballed from the globe and promises to be the best in high-fashion make-up. It replaces the doe- and almond-shapes with a crescent curve which actually opens the eye, making them seem larger and more noticeable.

The secret of "round" eyes lies in skillful use of eye cosmetics. For example, when eyeshadow is applied to the eyelids it is blended in an arc—a very subtle arc—never extended outward toward the end of the brow, for this would destroy the circular illusion.

It is the eye-liner or pencil, however, which spells success in achieving the new eye shape. You MUST follow the curve of the upper lashes. Beginning at the tear duct, wash (or pencil) color on to the eyelid.

As our photo (above, in the next column) shows, allow the line to dip downward at the outer corner of the eye, then swoop upward to resemble an extra lash. Now retrace the lid-liner, rounding and building it up at the centre.

Now, if you like, complete the circle by lining or pencilling the lower lids. This, too, can be done in a unique fashion that leaves no hard line or make-up. Merely place a line of tiny dots between each eyelash.

This gives an illusion of a continuous line and yet affords youthful softness.

AND, have you heard the word-of-mouth news? Liplines have changed! Instead of a full-blown smucker or an almost-colorless outline, so popular in the last season or two, the look is for rounded tips, slanted lines, and sharp corners.

The result is a sleek, clean-cut appearance. For most people it's a make-up that's quite easy to copy.



ITALIAN round look gives your eyes added depth and shapeliness.

By  
CAROLYN EARLE

The most important point is to draw the lip outline accurately. Do this with a cosmetic pencil or fine brush, tracing the normal mouth shape. Then study the outline.

Does it seem to need building up or trimming down? Use the pencil or brush to shadow these sections. Line up the points so that they are directly below the nostrils.

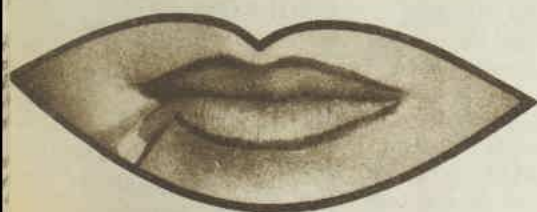
Next draw a straight line from the top to the corner, slightly "squaring" the outline at the corner. Lots of high-fashion models carry this razor-sharp line to the lip-points. However, a slightly rounded point, as shown in the pictures at the bottom of this page, is generally more flattering to the average face shape.

The rest of the mouth is filled in with a brush (preferably colored with an exciting spring color) or right from the lipstick-tube itself. If you find your lipline is a bit ragged, dip a cottonwool-tipped stick in foundation base and camouflage the outline from uneven to ruler-sharp in one stroke.

You'll find that powdering lips, reapplying color, and blotting the mouth keep it "in shape" for hours.



GLAMOROUS blond model shows how to use eye and lip make-up to achieve the new "rounded" look described on this page.



LEFT: Outline slightly rounded points. RIGHT: A ragged lipline can be touched up with a cottonwool brushing of foundation base.





# Goddard's Silver Dip

in the  
**WIDE-NECKED JAR**

NOW! 3 EXTRA OUNCES  
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The wide-necked jar is so convenient; makes polishing so easy! You simply dip in Silver Dip, rinse and dry. Wonderful Silver Dip banishes stains and tarnish without rubbing! Even between the prongs of forks, or intricate filigree! Goddard's Silver Dip in the wide-necked 10-oz. jar at only 7/9.



ASK AT ALL STORES

GODDARD'S specialises in fine polishes for over 120 years.



In Queensland, Silver Dip is only available in the big 14-oz. bottle moderately priced at 10/4



...shave my legs with a razor?

Never again! I've discovered new Silkymit which is so much quicker now and longer lasting, too. It's wonderful not to have to do it so often and razor nicks are a thing of the past. Why not try safe, simple Silkymit made specially to make your legs lovelier, smoother... Only 3/- for the glamorous new triple pack at all chemists and chain stores.



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# Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

## Clothes DO "maketh" the man

I RECENTLY migrated to Australia from Britain, and since my arrival have been struck by the conservatism of the Australian teenage boys in their dress.

Before I left the U.K. I bought a beautifully tailored purple corduroy suit in Liverpool. Here people seem to stare at me every time I wear it, but in Liverpool it was not thought extraordinary.

In Liverpool one must be either a mod or a rocker. At first I took it upon myself to become a rocker, and was quite a successful one until my mother burnt my leather jacket.

Since I could not afford another, I was forced to become a mod. It was then that I began to realise the excitement that could be found in men's clothing. — Christopher Allen, Chadstone, Vic.

## Mum's the word

A LOT of teenagers (including myself) are overlooking a very important fact in our everyday lives. This fault of ours concerns our mothers.

Have you ever stopped to consider how many useful and necessary things Mums do for us—most of the time not asking anything in return?

Of course, each of us thinks that his or her mother is old-fashioned and quite wrong at times. But what about taking her point of view into consideration and comparing it with your own before condemning?

I recently experienced the challenge (in which, I may say, I was unsuccessful) of having a monopoly over the house while my mother was away. It was then that I realised how important it was to have Mum in the home, and how much I depended on her for so many things.

So, what about showing Mum sometimes how much you really appreciate the things she does? You will both feel a lot better for it. — "Son," Bondi Junction, N.S.W.

## Home-made fun

OUR town doesn't have many dances and there are scores of teenagers with nothing to do. So my girlfriend and I held a stomp dance for a local charity.

It was a country-and-western style stomp, and we had bales of hay, saddles, and bridles decorating the hall. The band wore cowboy hats, and we even had a scarecrow.

We organised races and novelty prizes, and it turned out to be a terrific night and everybody enjoyed themselves. We are hoping to have another stomp soon. — "Sarah," Klimpton, N.S.W.

## Post taste

RECENTLY a friend of mine received a letter from a boy pen-pal in America. It was a first letter, but the boy has signed it, "With all my love, your loving Paul."

As he did not even know the girl, surely that is going a little far. What do other readers think about the signing of pen-pal letters? — J. Bruce, North Beach, W.A.

## BEATNIK



"This jazz about where are we going — I mean, like who cares, as long as we can sit back, enjoy the ride, and look at the scenery?"

## Jumper trick

GIRLS, do you have a cardigan which has gone too wide and out of shape? Well, cut off the buttons, sew up the front (taking in enough to make it fit), wear it backwards, and you'll have a new jumper.

It's especially effective with a collared cardigan, as this makes an unusual neckline. — Liliane Tantschev, Salisbury, S.A.

## Fast thinker

MY little brother was waiting for his favorite TV programme, which began at five o'clock, when impatience got the better of him.

Standing on a hassock, he reached up to the clock, turned it on ten minutes, then contentedly sat down to watch. — C. Brouett, Kurrajong Heights, N.S.W.

## Group therapy

ON purchasing part of a drum set with the intention of forming a quartet, I was stumped over what to name it. Sane or zany, there are not many catchy names left.

For instance, if we dressed similar to and called ourselves The Doctors, we could treat The Beatles if they slipped on The Rolling Stones or were attacked by The Animals. The Hoochie Coochie Men would then have to call The Valets to fetch The Undertakers, who most probably would send them to the Band of Angels.

What do other musically minded teenagers think about the present names of many new groups—and any suggestions for another one? — John D. Mudge, Mount Gambier, S.A.

## NEXT WEEK

● Pictures—you'll love to cut them out and use (one special picture in color)—of, and about, DAVE CLARK and his Five, who will visit Australia early next year.

● There's a "Teen" look for spring fashions—so see our page full of color photos that you'll find in the ever-so-popular picture.

## Happy helper

I AM a girl of 13 and am in high school. For various reasons my mother works late time, and we do not get to the evening meal (it is up to me to prepare it).

I do the dishes, and I both do the work we leave in the morning, find that none of this helps me in any way.

Two nights a week, out, I have a job on Saturday mornings, and am permitted to go to the pictures on Saturday afternoon, generally I have Sunday noons free. The house is always clean and tidy and we are a happy family. — "Happy," Ballarat, Vic.

## Beatle belles

THE majority of Beatle fans do not like The Beatles' girl-friends.

They always seem to be an excuse for not liking the looks, "she's got long hair," or "her figure's bad."

I am a devoted Ringo and I like all The Beatles' girl-friends because The Beatles so much like other girls really like them, they would also like girls who are like they are, as they are friends of Ringo, Paul, George, and John. — Rita Hall, Ballarat, N.S.W.

## STILL TIME TO WIN £250!

● There is still time for you to enter — and perhaps win a prize in — our £250 Date Ice-Breaker Contest.

YOU (girl or boy) made the most of an unpromising situation and succeeded in drawing your companion into animated, interesting conversation.

Or you failed miserably—so miserably that you're embarrassed even to remember it. Except that when you DO come to think of it, it's rather funny — or helpful — to recall now.

Perhaps, too, you thought of a wonderful ice-breaker AFTER a date had broken down and dragged on into failure.

Whatever your experience, if you are 19 or under, T.W. wants to hear your letter no longer than 250 words—and you could win you a lot of money.

There is £250 in prizes to be won. £100 for the letter we judge best, £100 second prize, £25 third prize, five prizes of £10, and five of £5.

## YOU'LL NEED TO READ THESE RULES

1. WHAT TO DO. Writing, or typing (double-spaced), on one side of paper, tell in no more than 250 words about the date ice-breaker you've tried (successfully or unsuccessfully) or thought of later.

2. CLOSING DATE. Contest closes on delivery of the last mail on August 24, 1964.

3. WHO CAN ENTER. The contest is open to anyone who has not turned 20 before the closing date, August 24, 1964. Employees (and their families) of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. are ineligible.

4. WHERE TO SEND ENTRIES. Mail to "ICE-BREAKER," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.



## A color photograph of a woman in a white lace dress and white gloves presenting a trophy to an older man in a formal tuxedo with medals. The woman is smiling and looking at the man. The man is looking at the trophy. The background is a solid green color.

**TEENA** BY *Hilla Terry*

IT'S A VICIOUS CIRCLE! HOW'RE WE EVER GONNA FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE *INTERESTED* IN IF THEY *WON'T TALK* TO US.

LOOK AT 'EM OVER THERE. SO BUSY TALKING TO **EACH OTHER**. THEY HAVEN'T LOOKED THIS WAY OVCE. I JUST WONDER WHAT DO THEY FIND SO FASCINATING.

I HAVE AN IDEA! LET'S SNEAK AROUND THE BACK AND DUCK BEHIND THEIR BOOTH SO WE CAN **LISTEN!**

## HE'LL WED A GIRL NAMED "T"

By MAURICE  
WOODRUFF

Capricorns like Elvis can never be accused of being

I predict that in the future Elvis will become extremely powerful in the film industry.

● More stars next week.

JANUARY 19

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 12, 1964



**I have to do it my way!**

People just don't understand! They think they can tell me everything... give me the benefit of their experience... make up my mind. But I have to do it my way. That's part of growing up.



Along the road to growing up, many girls face the Tampax decision. It's a very personal decision, and one that the girl must make herself. Certainly no one else can insist that a girl use Tampax, if she doesn't want to. If she does want to, it's because she realises the advantages of internal sanitary protection are very real. Invisible in place. No belts, pins, pads. No bulk, no odour, no disposal problems. Can be worn while bathing or showering. Almost eliminates differences in days of the month.

Tampax is far and away the leading brand of internal protection. Made of pure surgical cotton, lock-stitched for safety. Guarded by an applicator which ensures correct and hygienic insertion. Nicer, neater, easier to use. Your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super). Available in the standard 10's, and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.

**TAMPAX** Internal Sanitary Protection

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

**Nailoid gives you lovelier, healthier nails**

Because Nailoid nourishes and strengthens nails.

Start Nailoid care tonight. It's a two-minute application that easily becomes part of your nightly beauty routine. You'll watch your nails grow steadily lovelier, healthier. It takes 12-14 weeks for a nail to grow. At the end of that time your immaculate new nails and cuticles will amaze you. From chemists and stores.



Page 72

# BANDSTAND

## Here's 'Mr. Soul'—none too soon

● During 1960 I first heard a comparatively unknown rhythm and blues performer called Ray Charles and became a big fan.



RAY CHARLES

MY favorite album was "Ray Charles In Person," which eventually wore out—particularly the track of "What'd I Say."

I often wondered when some promoter would bring Charles to Australia.

One of the highspots of 1961 was my showing a film of Charles and the Raylettes performing "What'd I Say" at the Newport Jazz Festival.

This, I thought, would do it—he quite obviously had the crowd enraptured—but, still no Charles in Australia.

Then along came his most commercial single to date, "Hit The Road Jack," which made charts all over the world and was followed by a succession of smashes as more and more people discovered his talent.

His award-winning album, "Ray Charles Sings Modern Sounds In Country and

Western Music," also topped the million sales mark within weeks of its release.

Now Australia was ready, but there was one drawback. His representatives insisted that Charles travel with the Raylettes (understandably), assorted managers, and helpers. No one here could afford him.

But now it has happened. "The Genius"—or "Mr Soul"—arrives in Australia on September 1 for two concerts in Brisbane, Melbourne, and Sydney. There are 27 people in the company. Charles is on stage for over an hour every show.

These days it's hard to tell who will score on the stadium circuit, but I'm confident Ray Charles has enough admirers in this country.

### LOOK FOR RITA

RITA PAVONE is a cute 18-year-old Italian singer currently the rave of the Continent. As I remember it, she has only had one disc released out here—"Cuore" (Heart)—which didn't make any spectacular moves.

In January this year she made a promotional tour to the United States, and as a result will soon be releasing an album in England.

She's a tiny (just 5ft. tall) gamin type who has started a new fashion trend on the Continent with her "Little Boy Look"—black pants, braces, tailored blouse, and little caps of leather or leopard.

Her rise to fame has been swift and stunning.

In September, 1962, Rita was working as a dressmaker's assistant in Turin, when she entered a talent competition in Rome called "Competition of the Unknowns." She won, and within six months her first record was number one

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday evenings from TCN9 (Sydney); QTQ9 (Brisbane); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday evenings from GTV9 (Melbourne); NWS9 (Adelaide).

in Italy and she had sold her first million discs.

A year later she toured Germany, cut a disc there, was signed for her first film, and plans for recording and personal appearances in France were under way.

Her fame spread, and she is now well known throughout South America, Spain, Japan, Belgium, Holland, and Argentina.

Rita loves to collect stuffed animals, study languages, and care for her wolfhound puppy, Whisky.

In Italy she receives an average of 4000 fan letters a day.

### BIG "HAND"

A SWINGING big band arrangement by Richard Hayman for the Boston Pops Orchestra of the Lennon-McCartney number "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" is the flip side to "Hello, Dolly!" on an R.C.A. single.

Despite the popularity of "Dolly" I go for The Beatles track, which is conducted by Arthur Fiedler.

### SNAPSHOTS . . .

KELLY GREEN is out with a new single, "Do You?" written by Sven Libick. The flip side, "Tell Me That You Love Me, Too," was written by her "very steady" boy, Barry Stanton.

JOHNNY REBB and The Atlantics are negotiating for a trip abroad later this year. No definite plans yet, but they hope to go to Malaysia, Japan, and through Europe to England.

LOOK out for Diana Trask—she will probably be bringing out a locally produced album soon.

## THE CLASSICS

### DVORAK: Slavonic Dances

NATIONALISM in music is more recent than many people realise. It came into being in the latter part of last century as part of the romantic movement and particularly as a form of counter-attack by other nations against the domination of German music.

It is true that before that time there were national characteristics in music that could be easily recognised; but the idea of music based on national folk styles as an expression of patriotism was something new.

Czechoslovakia (or Bohemia, as it used to be called) was one of the first nations to assert itself through musical nationalism, and among the most agreeable expressions of it are the Slavonic Dances of Dvorak.

A spirited recording of nine of these dances by the London Symphony Orchestra under Jean Martinon has been reissued by R.C.A. in its low-priced Victrola series.

These dances, full of color, melody, and lilting rhythm, have an instant appeal. That this appeal is not narrowly "national" is proved by the fact that they can be sympathetically played by an English orchestra under a French conductor and distributed in Australia by an American record company!

—MARTIN LONG

## ROUND ROBIN SHANKS FOR THE MEMORY!

● I see that a Sydney man has "invented" a "modesty panel" for desks.

SUCH a panel fills in the space between a desk's front legs—at the same time effectively screening the legs of the girl sitting down.

The panel's purpose, apparently, is to allow the girl behind it to sit comfortably—and to protect her pins from the stares of male co-workers!

After the announcement of the "invention," many girls voiced their approval.

To me that's pretty unfair. A girl wears skirt, shoes, and stockings (not to mention legs) to interest a bloke—then won't let him look at work.

This could be described as wanting to eat your (cheese)cake and have it, too.

Offices introducing modesty panels could well find that young men will leave for new jobs.

A fellow might explain his resignation by saying, "There were no eye-openings for a bright young man."

Office romances, too, will be left without a leg to expand on.

I must query the expense of adapting desks.

It sounds to me just like no-sheer extravagance.

Some daring girls no doubt will defy the new convention and, refusing modesty panels, bare their legs for all to see.

As controversial as the topless dress will be the frontless desk!

Many male office-workers will oppose the modesty panel creator.

Some violent ones would probably like to punch him on the nose.

For two pins!

—Robin Adair

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 12, 1962



# East or West — The Beatles best

● Shy, 17-year-old Tunku Zahiah, from Malaysia, brought to Australia for 18 months by the Rotary Club of Frankston, Victoria, is a Beatle fan.

**TUNKU ZAHIAH**, the granddaughter of the Sultan Negri in Malaysia, says she has lots of Beatle records as well as Richard's autograph. She brought 14 sarongs to Australia, but she also wears jeans and loves to do the jive.

Tunku Zahiah is shy about discussing rank. Her home is in a constitutional monarchy, but "Tunku" is allied to members of the ruling family, male and female. She has three sisters and three brothers.

"I just want to be called by my nickname, Zah," she said.

Zah comes from Seremban, in a lovely valley surrounded by hills. (The city's population is 80,000, she said carefully from her official pamphlets.) It's the capital of one of the Federal Malay States, Negri Sembilan.

## Shy but fluent

Zah is shy, but her English is very fluent, and she is quite ready to face up to teasing fellow-students at Rotary Club meetings in life in Malaysia.

She has come equipped with a considerable amount of official reference literature, books, pamphlets, and statistics as an unofficial ambassador for her country.

At a civic reception when she arrived she met about 50 Frankston people, including the girls of her own age. They were Margaret Jones, head prefect of Frankston High School, Elizabeth Reid, another of the prefects, and Thelma King, of Toorak College, whose father is a Rotarian.

Zah will do about half of next year's matriculation year with Frankston High School students.

Her first hosts, for about two months, are Mr. and Mrs. Victor McComb. He is this year's president of Frankston Rotary. Her second hosts will be Mr. and Mrs. George Clarkson. Mr. Clarkson is a bank manager. These two men are her guardians during her 18-month stay.

Eight families will have Zahiah living with them for six to ten weeks in turn. Most have children, some Zah's age.

Mr. McComb was a prisoner of war in Malaya for almost four years during World War II.

Zah thinks Mr. McComb has old-fashioned ideas about Malaysian girls. He could not believe they wore bathing suits on the beach these days.

"We've come down out of the trees," said Zah with a mischievous smile.

Here she hopes to learn swimming and tennis, both of which she hasn't tried.

She likes to wear lipstick and nail polish, but uses no other make-up.

Though only 5ft. 2in. in high heels, Zah looks much taller, because she weighs only 6st. 12lb. She likes to wear her hair flowing freely to a little past shoulder-length.

Her favorite color is sky-blue. For ordinary day wear a Malaysian girl can wear either Western dress or the "sarong kabaya," a long slit-skirt with a three-quarter-sleeved fitted jacket.

For more formal occasions she would wear the "baju kurong," a similar skirt, with a long tunic top. On very grand occasions she would add intricate traditional jewellery.

Zah says she has no food fads. "But I like fresh fruit best," she said.

—CAROL BERTIE

# It's toga-therness!



## JACK GARDNER,

21-year-old star of "A Funny Thing Happened On The Way to The Forum," is shown above in his role as Hero.

The stage comedy is currently showing in Sydney and will tour Australia.

Jack, a New Yorker, says he is "mad about clothes" and hopes to add some locally made jumpers to the excess baggage — "mostly clothes" — that he brought to Australia.

Ironically, Jack will have little chance of publicly showing off any smart male fashions.

His stage costumes are not very modern.

He's always an Ancient Roman!

—KERRY YATES

# Shakespeare in blue jeans

● A Perth dramatic society believes it has achieved another theatre "first" by staging Shakespeare's "Richard III" in modern dress.

## ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE

(at W.A. University) Dramatic Society put on the unusual presentation, with girls from the university's St. Catherine's College Dramatic Society.

The St. George's Society says its production of "Adam The Creator" was the first ever in Australia by an amateur group, and that it was the first amateur group in Perth to produce "Crime and Punishment."

When Dame Sybil Thorn-dike brought Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan" to Australia just before World War II, other Australian States were seeing it performed for the first time.

But St. George's boys had already learned those lines the year before and Perth had flocked to the production.

In the modern-clothed "Richard," male players wore jeans and leather jackets, while girls appeared in Thai silk.

—WINFRED BISSET

# THEY'RE LIVING IN PAST

● Space rockets and jet engines just aren't in the race with old bones and lumps of rock, claim two teenagers from Warwick, Queensland.

## JOHN MOORE and

Adrian Day, both 18, are greatly interested in life which existed up to a few million years ago—or what remains of it — and they spend their spare time hunting for fossils.

John said they are lucky to live in Warwick, as the district is simply "alive" with specimens.

"We used to pick up lumps of rock and semi-precious stones just out of curiosity, and we didn't have much idea how to identify them until we began studying geology at school. That's when we became really keen."

In their sub-senior year at the Warwick High School, they entered the Queensland Secondary Schools Science Contest, with separate entries on rock surveys in the district.

"The next year we worked together and tried to find a more original subject. This led us to fossil-hunting in earnest," said Adrian.

Their survey of fossils in the Warwick area won them top honors in the geology section of the contest.

John and Adrian go out on day trips, travelling up to 60 miles by car, to clamber up hillsides and down quarries, armed with tools and a sack to carry away finds.

Their hobby is helping them in their studies for future careers. Both boys began this year at the Queensland University, where they are taking the Pure Science course, with a leaning toward geology.

—MILDRED EDEN

ADRIAN (left) and JOHN with fossils.



# LEARNT DANCING WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES!

● What does a ten-year-old boy champion ballroom dancer want to be when he grows up? A famous choreographer? Another Gene Kelly or Fred Astaire?

**WELL**, Iain Tait-Kerr, of Campsie, N.S.W. — winner of 24 competition medals and many trophies, ribbons, and certificates — wants to be an accountant!

Iain, who learnt to dance at five and won medals within the first six months, is the son of Sydney dancing instructors Bill and Shirley Tait-Kerr.

"He wasn't the easiest pupil to teach," said Mrs. Tait-Kerr (who adds that she takes children as soon as they "can tell the left foot from the right"), but after

a few crying sessions he began to enjoy the lessons.

"Now I have practically no time to teach him; in fact, he is lucky if he can get an hour's practice in a week," she said.

At nine Iain was the youngest dancer ever to receive the coveted I.D.M.A. (International Dancing Masters' Association) Supreme Award, judged on his ability to dance the fox-trot, waltz, quickstep, and tango.

As with other competitions, Iain was partnered by his

mother for the award — which did have one disadvantage: Mrs. Tait-Kerr is head and shoulders taller than Iain.

"This means that our strides are quite different," said Mrs. Tait-Kerr.

The next "step" in Iain's career will be to develop his Latin-American dancing, on which he is not so keen. "I'm not the type," he said.

Iain's opinion of modern dance crazes was quite final — "They're O.K. — for a while," he said.

—JAYNE O'FLAHERTIE.



**IAIN TAIT-KERR**, ten-year-old dancing champion, with some of the awards he has won.



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Three's a crowd!

"I AM 19 and I am very much in love with a boy of 22 who has a car. One Saturday, for my mother's birthday, we took her to dinner and a show and had a very good evening. Ever since, my mother has insisted on coming everywhere with us. I realise that this is her only way of getting out in a car, and she seems to think we enjoy her company. We don't really mind her coming—it is just that we can't talk every easily to each other when mother doesn't leave us alone for a minute. Before she started coming out with us we were talking about becoming engaged, and making plans for the future, but this has stopped because my boy-friend and I feel embarrassed in front of my mother. Also we cannot say good-night to each other in a way we would like to. Could you please

suggest a way I could tactfully tell my mother she isn't wanted without hurting her?"

"Overcrowded," Vic.

Your mother should realise that there's truth in the old saying about three being a crowd. But I agree that you must not hurt her in making her feel that she is a "gooseberry."

Couldn't you put your boy-friend's car out of action for a week or two?

Lend it to a friend or simply have him leave it at home when he is taking you out.

It will be inconvenient, travelling to outings by public transport, but I think it will break your mother's habit of coming out with you whenever he arrives in his car.

When you tell her you're off to the pictures by train or bus, I doubt whether she will feel justified in coming along, too.

After a week or two of such things, reintroduce the car gradually by this time that your mother is for your boy-friend and you alone—and that no matter how great a pal Mum is, she is infinitely out of place on your date.

### Would-be model

"COULD you please tell me if my chances are of becoming a professional model and how I should start? I am 5ft. 5in. tall and weigh 8st. 3lb. My measurements are 22in., 34in., and I am 13. I have black hair and am reasonably good with large features."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

Contact one of the large, reputable model agencies. They are sure that it is reputable and that trained eyes will be able to tell you quite definitely and honestly whether or not you have potential as a model.

If you don't get into lower modelling, send a good photograph, with details of your height and measurements.

The agency will then tell you whether or not they would like you to come in for an interview.

The head of a large Sydney modelling agency told me she prefers to take girls straight from school to train them, and has produced some of her most successful model girls that way.

Modelling can be an extremely business initially, but if you do a particular promise the agency sometimes helps you defray expenses until you can begin earning.

One of the most popular bits of advice about modelling is that you must be a girl with a good figure who automatically be a success. Only the are, and the ones who do are, are well trained in three ways: prepared to persevere, and are lucky owners of face and figure that are not only pretty but photogenic, too.

### Lifesaver love

"WE are two 15-year-old girls and we are desperate for love with two handsome young lifesavers. Our friends think we are very attractive, but the boys only speak to us and do not show any interest in us. We have tried them for some time. How can we make them feel that we are attractive enough to take out?"

"Unloved," Qld.

I hate to be a wet blanket, but little girls of 15 are VERY desperately in love.

Only time can show you the difference between infatuation for figures and real love.

It sounds to me as though the boys are older than you are and that they just think of you as a joke. Bide your time for a little while. Probably one day these boys will suddenly look at you both and they had never seen you before, and I'm betting that then you will be the slightest bit interested.

### Awkward situation

"WE are two cousins 15 and 16. We live next door to a man who is living apart from his wife. He seemed quite friendly when we used to go into his flat and often to talk to him, as he is educated and very good looking. First we 'played up' to him as a joke, but he has become very serious. The other night he made advances to one of us, since then he has become very persistent and won't leave us alone even though we have tried to encourage him. We are afraid to go past his flat after the pictures, as they are too scared to tell their parents as they are very strict about such matters."

"In Difficulty," N.S.W.

Those who play with fire are bound to get burned — and that is what you have been doing.

Naturally, when a girl "plays up" to a man, he is going to react in such behaviour as an incentive, which is exactly what it is. You realise that you could, in certain circumstances, find yourself involved in a divorce action.

Tell this man plainly that you and your cousin do not wish to see him again and that, if he persists in taking the situation any further, you will tell your parents. You could also add that you are aware of your past behaviour and that you have no false ideas about you.



open! scoop! dab!

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## Keens ready mixed English mustard

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A new green-label French with a mellow mildness and subtle continental flavour. And a yellow-label American with a flavour between French and English - not too strong, not too mild.





# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE has travelled into space to try to communicate at closer quarters with Qork, the giant castaway. Mandrake plans to land on a hand which is 100 miles long. NOW READ ON...



# Butterick

PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.



3002.—Slim, semi-fitted A-line dress with princess seaming. Make it without sleeves for hotter days. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 3002, price 5/9 includes postage.

2948.—Three-piece suit co-ordinates. Notched-collared box jacket with lapels matching the sleeveless overblouse which can be worn with or without self-belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2948, price 5/9 includes postage.

2912.—Smart basic dress cut in larger sizes. Pattern also provides for a 4-gore flared skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 44, 46in. bust. Butterick pattern 2912, price 5/9 includes postage.

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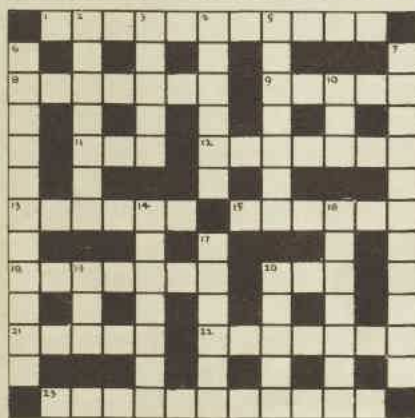
2861.—Small girl's dress has contrasting detachable collar and back elasticised waist. Jacket has detachable cuffs. Sizes 2 to 6X (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 25in. chest). Butterick pattern 2861, price 5/ includes postage.

26' 1/2" 11" 11"

## HIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Baker's worst parapet (11).
2. Mere sip (anagr., 7).
3. Fidelity starts to move at a steady, rapid pace (5).
4. Water in nicest form (3).
5. Dress, the middle of it made of torn paper (7).
6. Session, which can see (6).
7. Turkish coins headed by a venomous serpent (6).
8. Jud can't make something added (7).
9. The Maccabees had such carriage (3).
10. Short ever, that is to say causing fear (5).
11. To be found on a golf links, if it is built on a hill, but, in any case, it is excellent (3-4).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Here people may get a spare seat (2-9).
2. An exact copy (7).
3. Live in concord with a favor (5).
4. His name is incorporated in that of a State (6).
5. Kind of cuttlefish (7).
6. Pansies give peace of mind (11).
7. Wise man who gives his poor help (11).
8. Belonging to me and to you (3).
9. Study torn lace to hide from sight (7).
10. Obscure (7).
11. Pertaining to bodies at rest in the attics (6).
12. A vessel to emit a harsh sound (3).
13. Island in the Bay of Naples (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



## A WONDERLAND OF TASTE



**Alice:** Why all this silly fuss over a little plate of tarts?

**White Rabbit:** Oh dear! Oh dear! Don't let the Queen of Hearts hear you or you'll lose your head.

**Alice:** My foot!

**White Rabbit:** No, your head! You see, the Queen specially made these tarts for the King and the Knave of Hearts has stolen them.

**Alice:** I still say she's making a silly fuss over nothing. Hasn't she heard of cream biscuits?

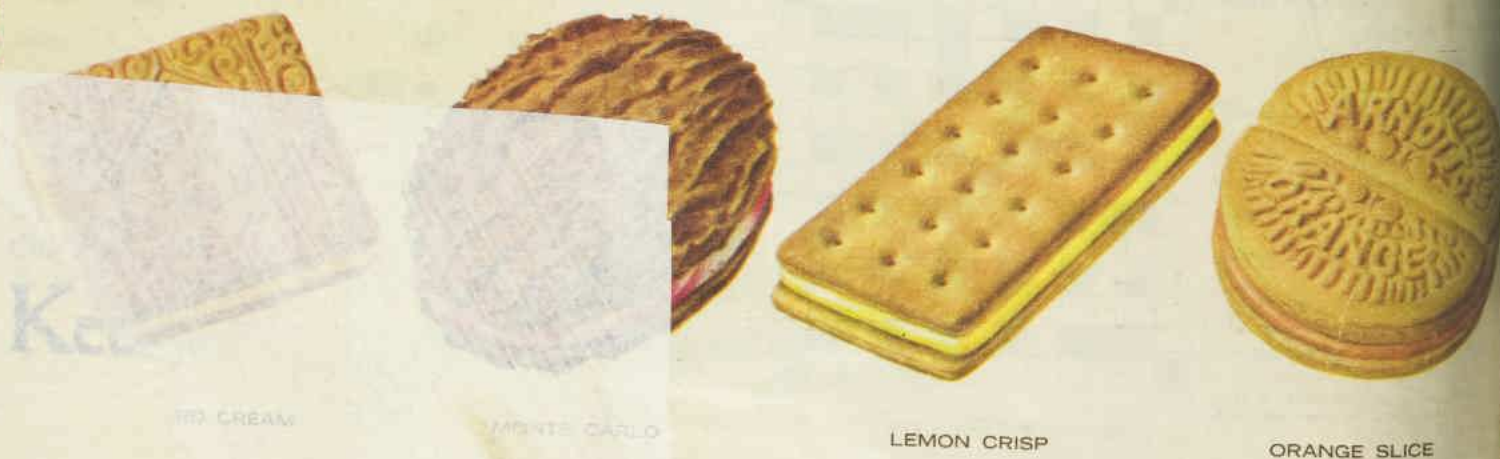
**White Rabbit:** She probably has, but she hasn't got time to bake them.

**Alice:** Silly! Arnott's bakes them and puts the deliciously flavoured cream centres in for you too! Scrumptious

textures and flavours, like Monte Carlo with its jam and cream centres Orange Slice and Custard Cream and...

**Queen of Hearts:** Speak up, girl, don't whisper.

**Alice:** I was just saying that Arnott's Cream Biscuits are enough to steal your heart away!



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MONTE CARLO

LEMON CRISP

ORANGE SLICE

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 1964